SONGS OF

PRAISE AND SERVICE

A COLLECTION OF SACRED SONGS FOR
THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND YOUNG
PEOPLE'S MEETINGS

EDITED BY

E. B. CHAPPELL, D.D.

MUSIC EDITOR

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK

PRICES

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NASHVILLE, TENN., DALLAS, TEX.

FOREWORD.

THE songs in this book have been selected with great care and with special reference to the needs of the Sunday school and young people's meetings. There is not an undesirable song in the book. A number of the best hymns of the Church, together with the more modern ones, have been included. A good many of the songs appear in print for the first time. The music is melodious, yet not difficult, while the verse is reverent, inspirational, and helpful. Those songs that will grip the heart and life of young people have been earnestly sought. We are confident that "Songs of Praise and Service" will appeal to all who are looking for a strictly Sunday school and young people's song book.

Songs of Praise and Service.

No. 1. Doxology.

THOS. KEN. (Old Hundred. L. M.) LOUIS BOURGEOIS.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise him, all creatures here be-low;

Praise him a- bove, ye heav'nly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

No. 2. Gloria Patri.

Anon. H. W. GREATOREX.

Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the

Ho - ly Ghost; As it was in the be - gin- ning, is now, and

ev - er shall be, world with- out end. A - men, A - men.

No. 3. The Lord is in His Holy Temple.

HABAKKUK 2 : 20. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

p

The Lord is in his ho - ly tem - ple, The Lord is in his ho - ly

mf

tem-ple: Let all the earth keep si-lence, keep si-lence, keep si- lence;

mf *p*

Let all the earth keep si - lence, keep si - lence be - fore him: Keep

si- lence, keep si - lence be - fore..... him. A - men.
si - lence, si - lence, keep si - lence be - fore him.

No. 4. Let the Words of My Mouth.

(May be recited or sung.)

Psalm 19 : 14.

{Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation} of my heart {be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my} Strength, and my Redeemer. A - men.

No. 5. Guided by His Banner.

LAVINIA E. BRAUFF. A. L. JUDEFIND.

1. Mes - sa - ges of wel - come, Wav - ing from a - bove,.....
2. When the tempt-er greets us, And his path we choose,.....
3. Guid - ed by his ban - ner, Point - ing to the light,.....

On the Sav-iour's ban - ner Of re-deem - ing love;
Mes - sa - ges of com - fort We are sure to lose.
May we, in our la - bor, Strive to do the right;

Fill our hearts with gladness, Tune our lips to sing; Christ, the lov- ing
But with Christ our Shepherd Doubts and fears will cease, And his ban-ner
On the "Rock of a - ges" We can rest se - cure, And the love of

D.S.—Joyful- ly we praise him For his ten-der care, For his glo- rious

FINE. CHORUS. *Parts.*

Shep-herd, Is our Lord and King.
guides us, In - to "per - fect peace."
Je - sus Ev - er shall en - dure.
} Joy - ful - ly we praise him

ban- ner Wav- ing ev - 'ry - where.

D.S.

For his tender care, For his glorious ban-ner Waving ev-'ry - where.

No. 6. Praise Him Eternally.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

1. Worship the King in his beau - ty, Bow at his feet and a - dore,
2. Sing of the mighty Redeem - er, Rul - er of earth and of sky,
3. Hail to the mighty Je - ho - vah! Hail to the Lord on his throne!

Heav'n with an an-them is ring - ing, Praise him for ev - er - more:
En - ter his gates with thanksgiv- ing, Sound forth his praise on high.
Zi - on with rap- ture is sing - ing, He is our God a - lone;

Ra - di - ant orbs he cre - a - ted, Form'd by his wise de - cree,
Foun - tain of Life and sal - va - tion, Hope of the years to be,
Crown'd with a glo - ry im- mor - tal, Bright as the sun is he,

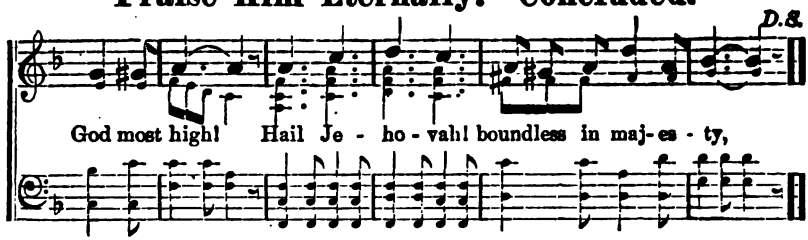
:S: *ff* *ff* FINE. CHORUS.

Praise him! O praise him e - ter - nal - ly!..... Ho - ly! ho - ly!

D.S.—Praise him! O praise him e - ter - nal - ly!

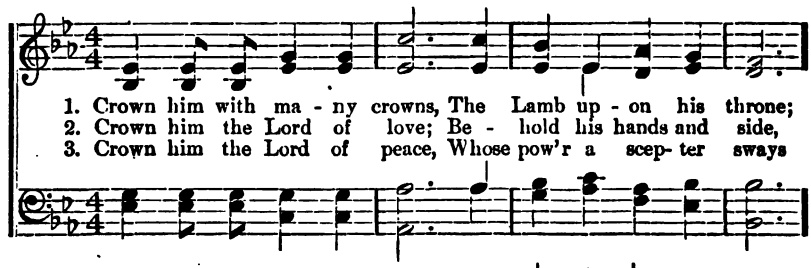
an-gels a - dor - ing cry,..... Praise, O praise him! glo- ry to

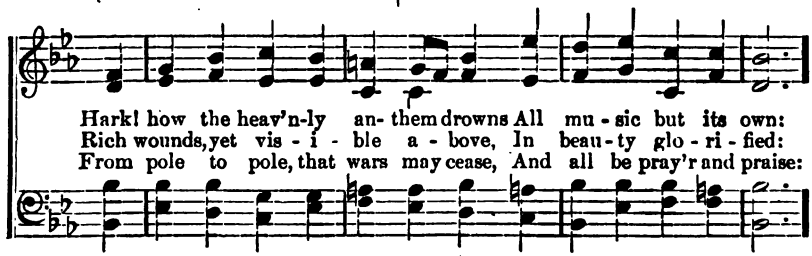
Praise Him Eternally.—Concluded.

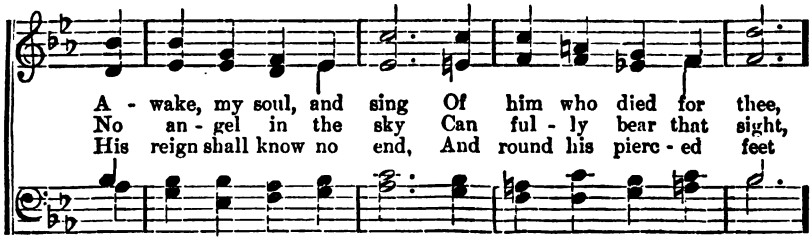


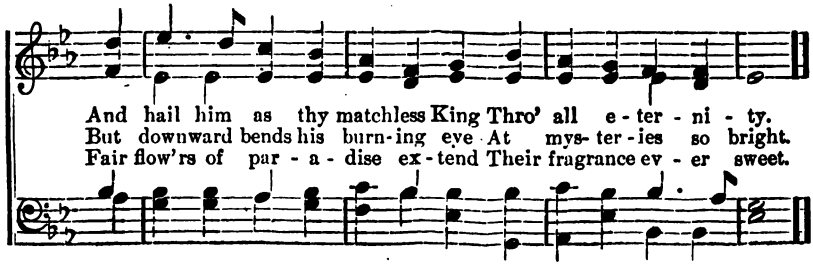
No. 7. Crown Him With Many Crowns.

MATTHEW BRIDGES. (Diademata. S. M. D.) G. J. ELVEY.



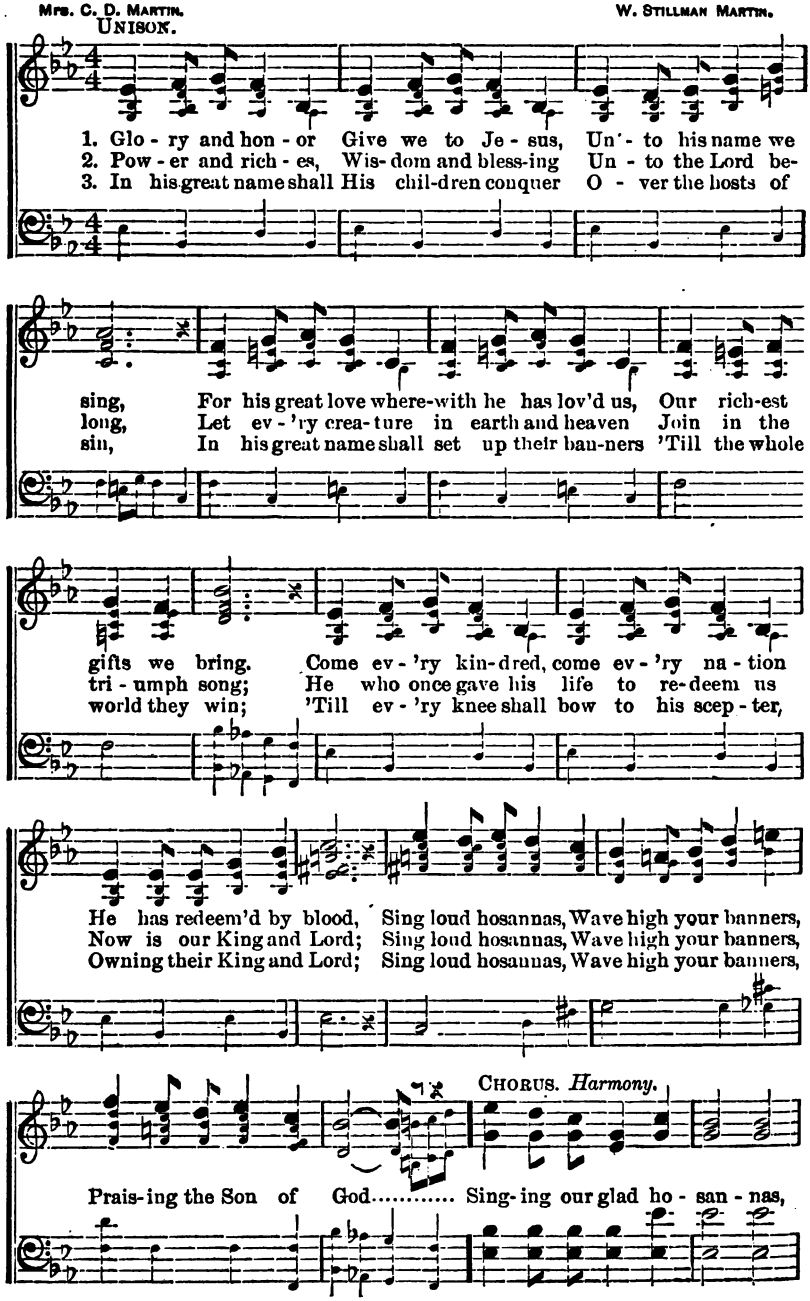




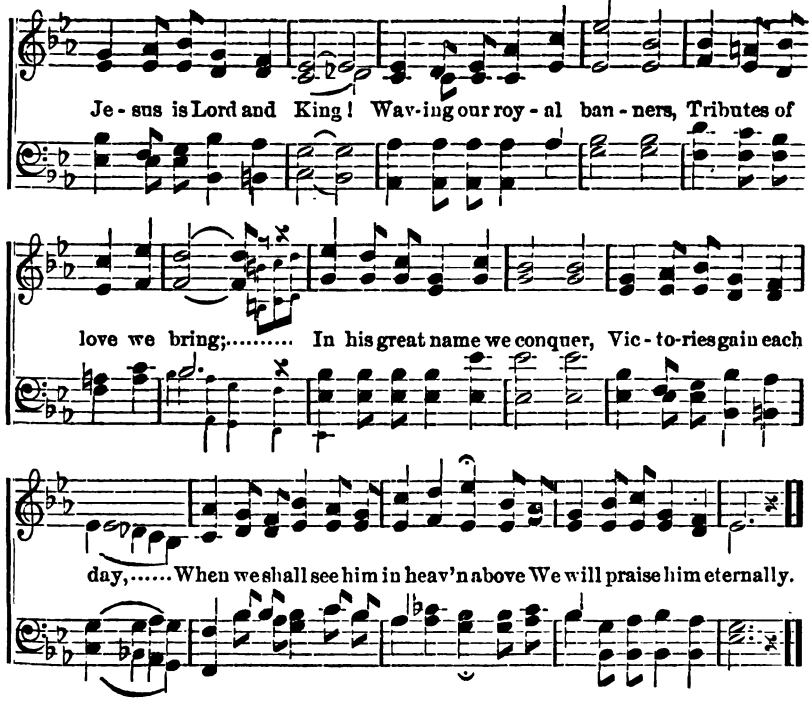


No. 8. Singing Glad Hosannas.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.

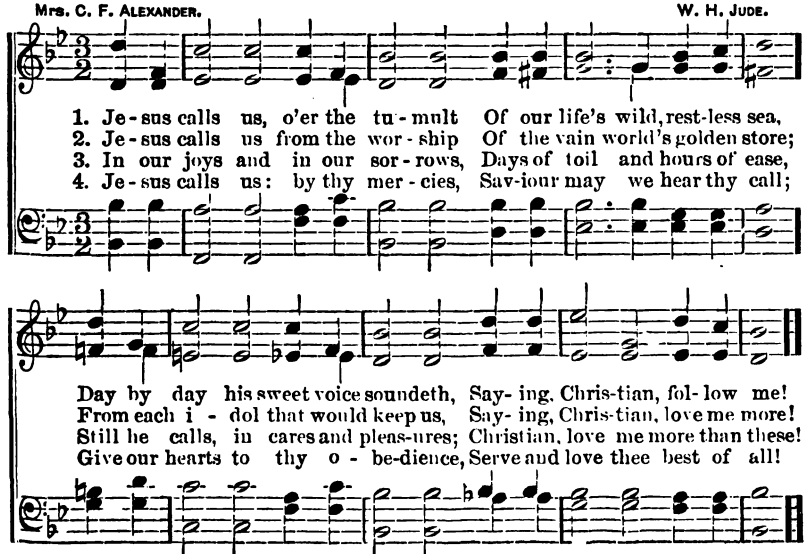


Singing Glad Hosannas.—Concluded.



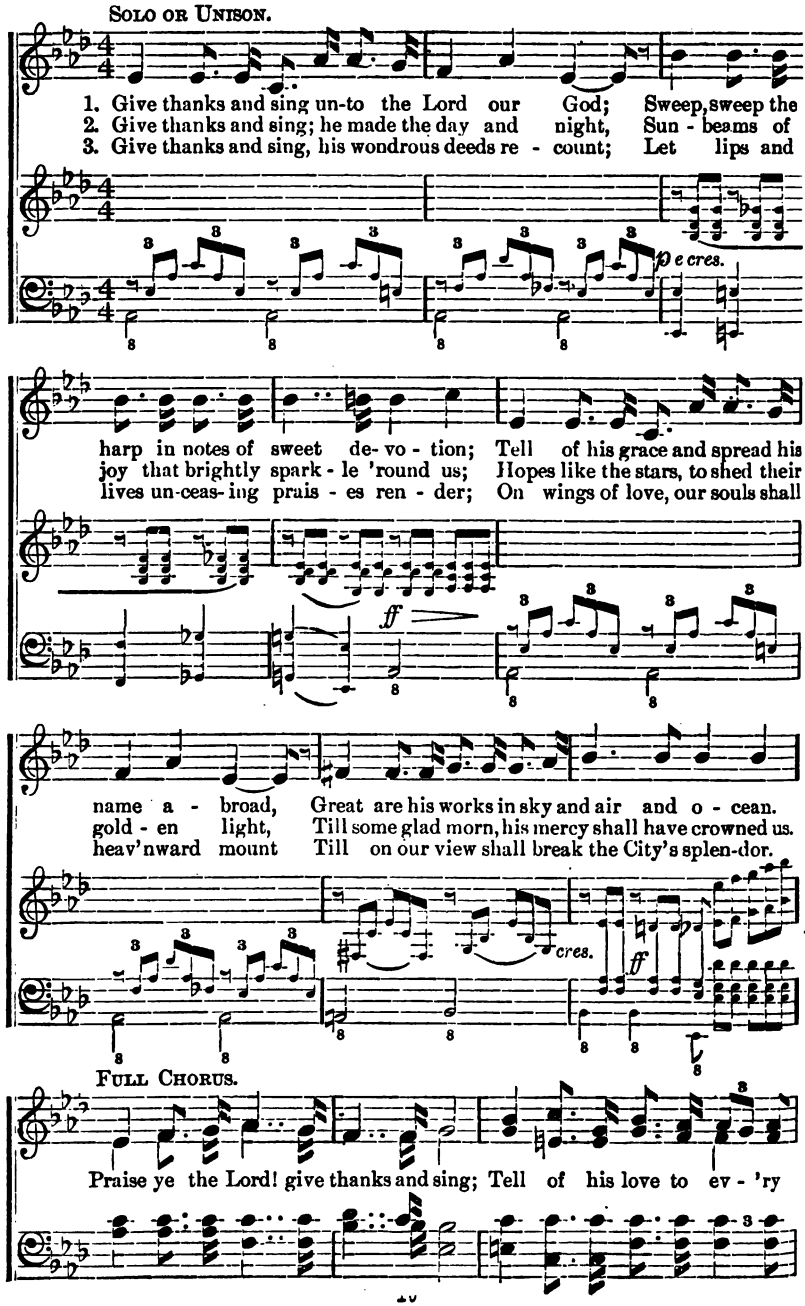
No. 9. Jesus Calls Us.

Mrs. C. F. Alexander. W. H. Jude.

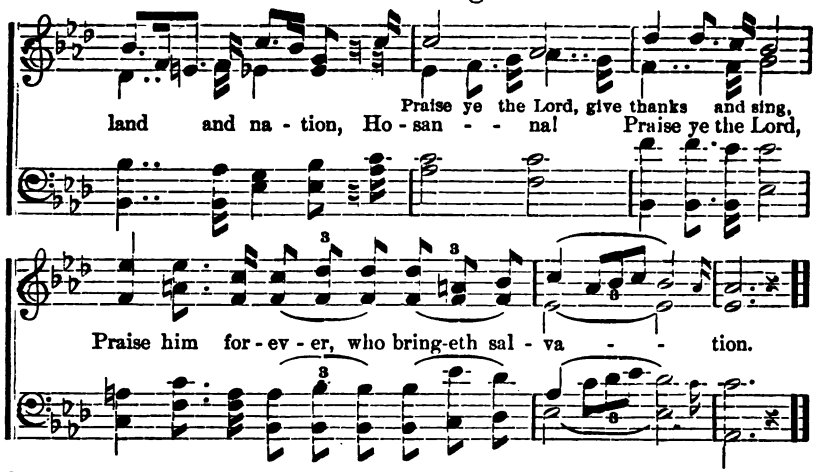


No. 10. Give Thanks and Sing.

E. E. Hewitt. J. Faure.

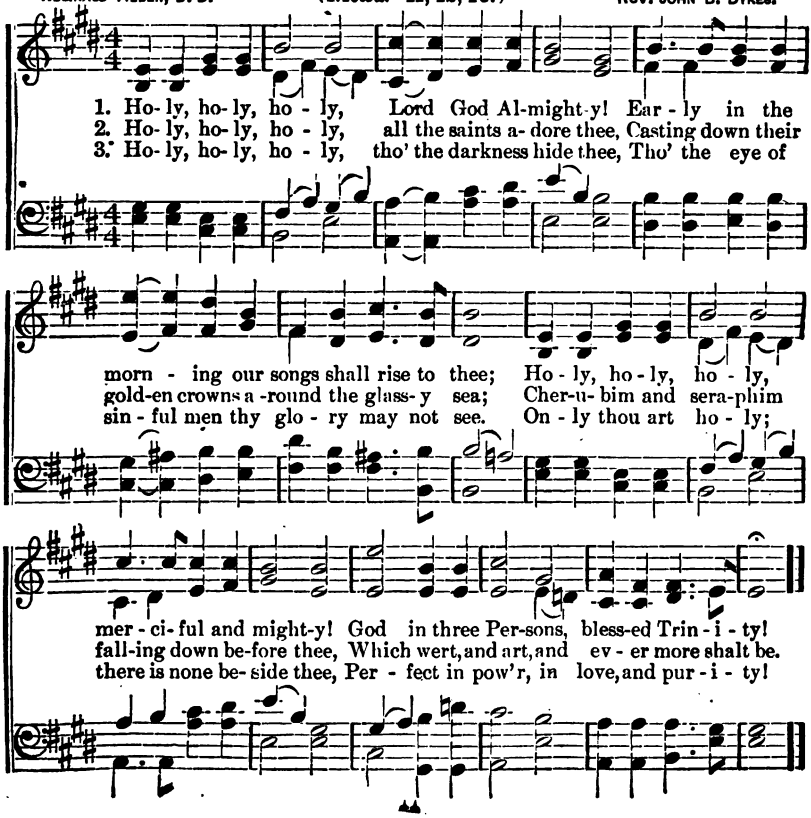


Give Thanks and Sing.—Concluded.



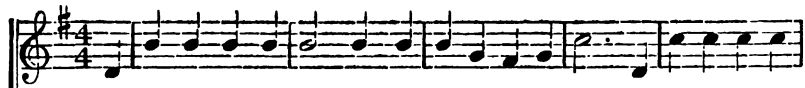
No. 11. Holy, Holy, Holy!

REGINALD HEBER, D. D. (Nicœa. 11, 12, 10.) REV. JOHN B. DYKES.

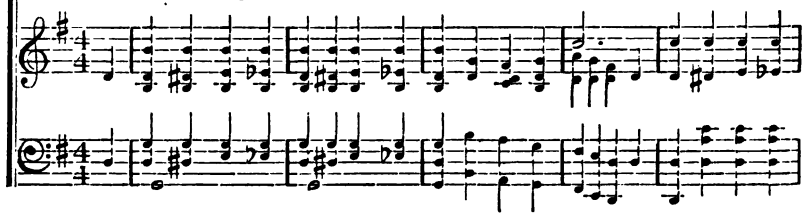


No. 12. Stand Up for Jesus.

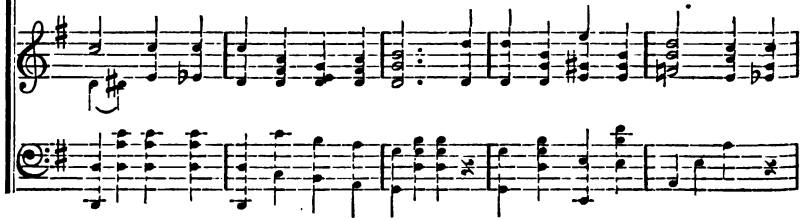
GEORGE DUFFIELD, JR. ADAM GEIBEL.



1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye soldiers of the cross; Lift high his roy al
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trumpet call o - bey, Forth to the mighty
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in his strength alone; The arm of flesh will
4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long; This day the noise of

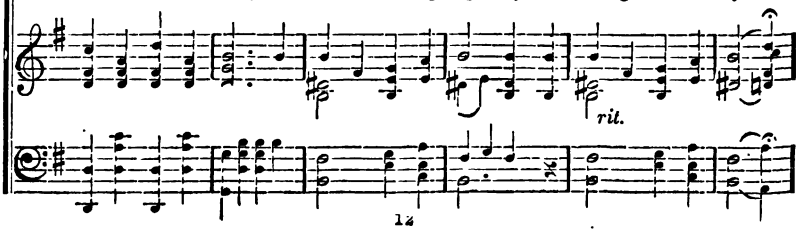


ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss: From vict'ry un - to vic - t'ry His
con - flict, In this, his glorious day: Ye that are men now serve him A -
fail you, Ye dare not trust your own: Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, Each
bat - tle, The next the victor's song: To him that o - ver - com - eth, A



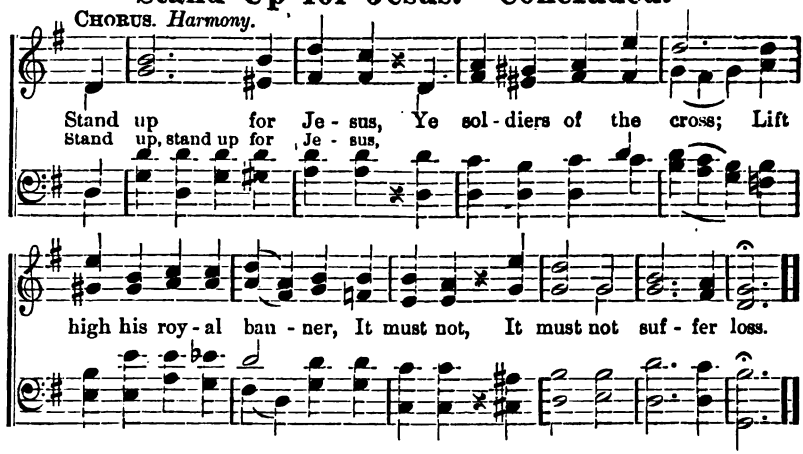
rit.

ar - my shall he lead; Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquish'd, And Christ is Lord indeed.
gainst unnumbered foes; Let courage rise with danger, And strength to strength oppose.
piece put on with pray'r: Where duty calls, or danger, Be nev-er wanting there.
crown of life shall be; He with the King of glo- ry Shall reign eter-nal-ly.



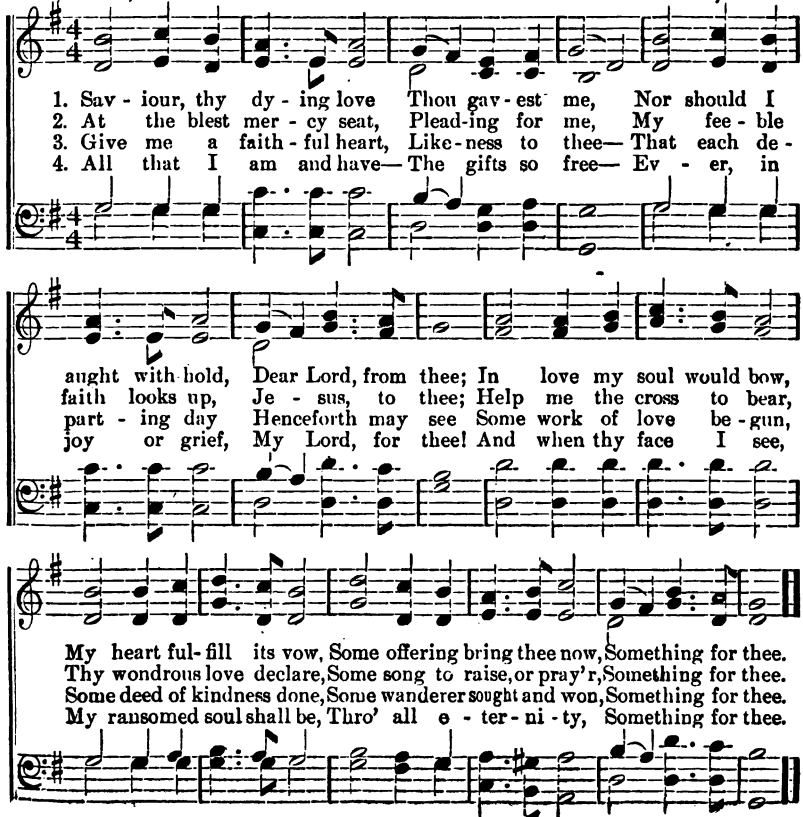
rit.

Stand Up for Jesus.—Concluded.



No. 13. Something for Jesus.

S. D. PHELPS, D. D. ROBERT LOWRY, D. D.



No. 14. O Jesus, With Thy Church Abide.

Arranged. C. AUSTIN MILES.

UNISON.

1. O Je - sus, with thy Church abide, For oft her faith is tried; O
2. O may her voice be ev - er clear To warn of judgment near; Bid
3. O may she seek the lost, and find—The broken-hearted bind; O

keep her, pa- tient to en-dure, And ev - er trust thy prom-ise sure. Be
all the strife and en - vy cease, And grant the gift of heav'nly peace. O
may her lamp of truth be bright, Its shades dispell-ing ev-il's night. O

PARTS.

thou her Saviour, Lord and Guide; Be with her all the days Till, safe from
may she one in doctrine be, In hope and char-i - ty; By win- ning
arm her sol-diers with the cross, And, brave to suf-fer loss, They count all

CHORUS. *Unison.*

er - ror's devious ways, She sings thy praise.
all in faith to thee, Thy word shall prove.
earth-ly gain but dross, Her cause to win.
} One in faith, one in hope, one in

love with thee; Lead her on un-to heights unknown; Keep her faithful and

O Jesus, With Thy Church Abide.—Concluded.

true, and from er - ror free, As the an - gels a-round thy throne.

PARTS.

Fit her all thy heav'nly joy to share, In the home for her thou dost prepare,

When she sings thy praise Thro' the endless days And is ever blessed there.
blessed there.

No. 15. O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee.

WASHINGTON GLADDEN. (Canonbury. L. M.) ROBERT SCHUMANN.

1. O Mas- ter, let me walk with thee In low-ly paths of serv-ice free;
2. Help me the slow of heart to move By some clear, winning word of love;
3. Teach me thy pa-tience; still with thee In clos-er, dear-er com-pa-ny,
4. In hope that sends a shin-ing ray Far down the future's broad'ning way;

Tell me thy se - cret; help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care.
Teach me the wayward feet to stay, And guide them in the homeward way.
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong, In trust that triumphs over wrong.
In peace that on - ly thou canst give, With thee, O Mas - ter, let me live.

No. 16. Hark! Through the Golden Sunlight.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. W. A. POST.

Dignified.

1. Hark! thro' the gold-en sun-light ris-es a joy-ous song,
2. Wor-ship the great Cre-a-tor, join in a pur-pose grand,
3. In-cense of sweet ho-san-nas floats o'er the world so fair,

Sing-ing their glad ho-san-nas, chil-dren his tem-ple throng;
Tell-ing re-demp-tion's sto-ry, all thro' the whole wide land;
Ros-es with beau-ty glow-ing breathe out their fra-grance rare;

Gar-lands of fra-grant blos-soms, twined with their hearts' true love,
Grate-ful for ev-'ry bless-ing, crown-ing the sum-mer days,
God o-ver all is smil-ing, prais-es to him be giv'n,

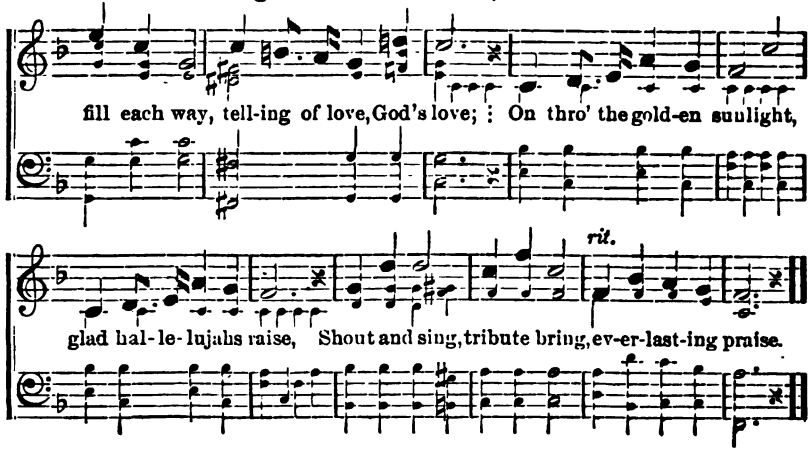
f

Bring-ing as gifts to Je-sus, liv-ing in heav'n a-bove.
Up to the throne of glo-ry, voic-es ex-ult-ing raise.
Wor-ship the King, most glo-rious, rul-er of earth and heav'n.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

Hap-py song, joyous throng, praising the blessed Lord a-bove, Car-ols gay

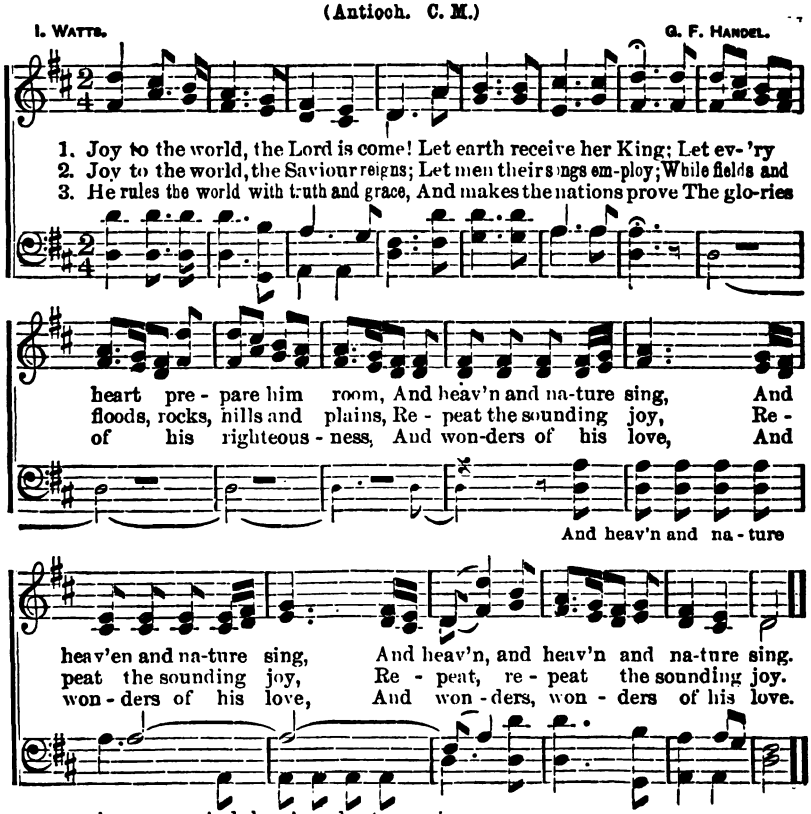
Hark! Through the Golden, etc.—Concluded.



No. 17. Joy to the World.

(Antioch. C. M.)

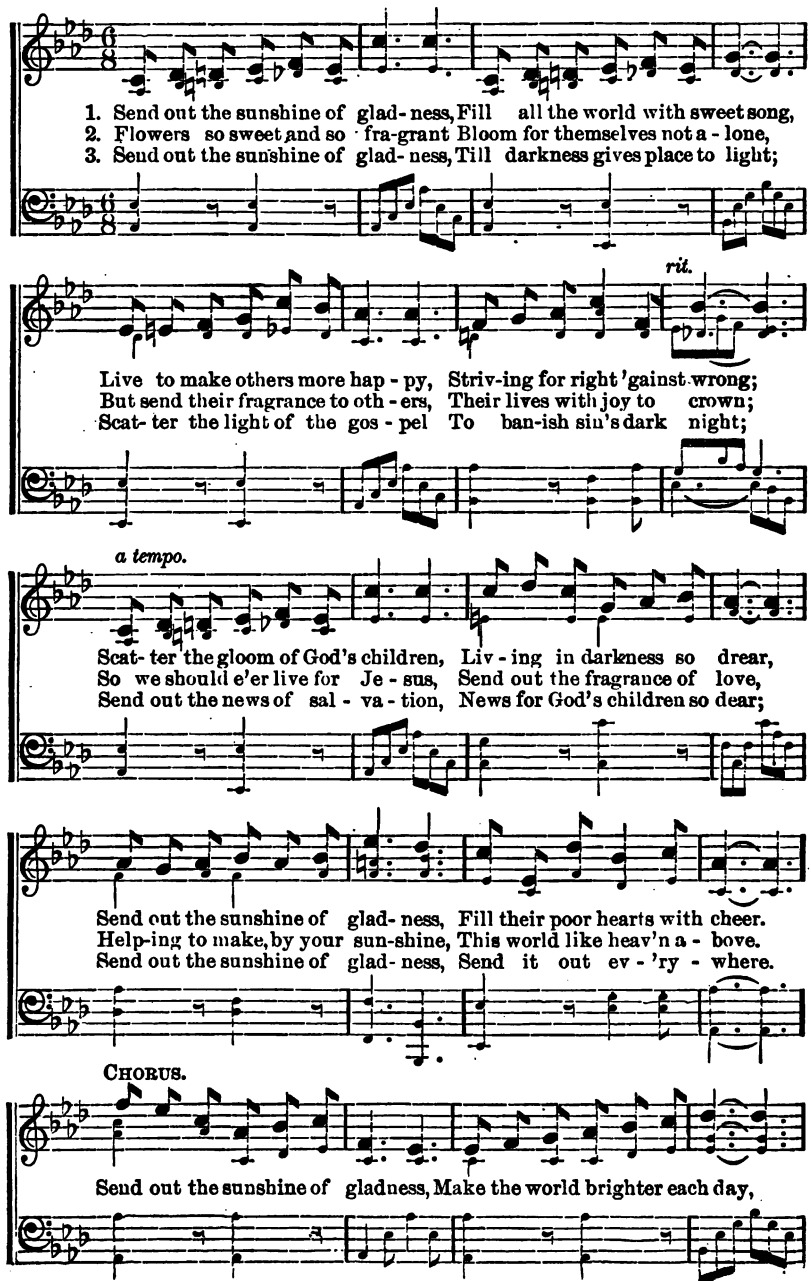
I. WATTS. G. F. HANDEL.



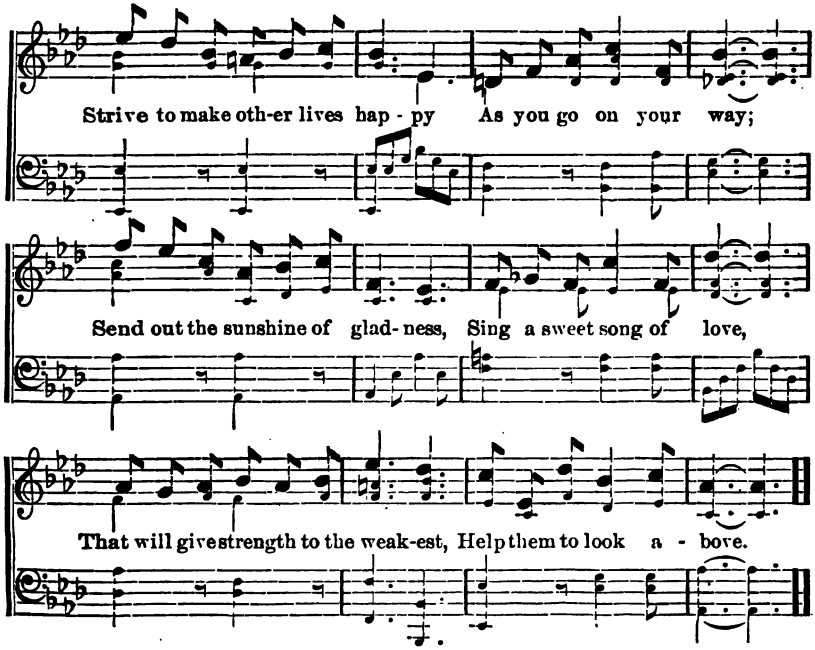
RN—2

No. 18. Send Out the Sunshine of Gladness.

MARY MILLS. W. B. JUDEFIND.

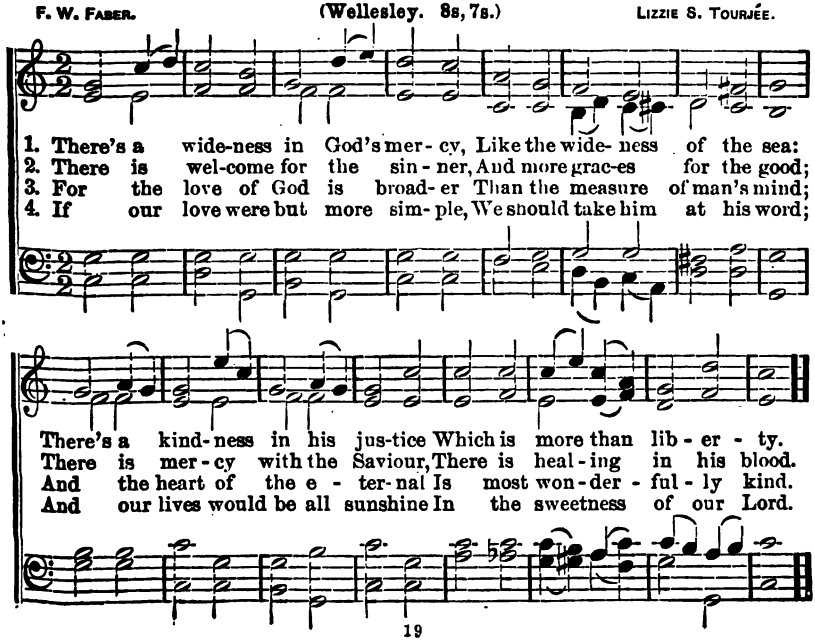


Send Out the Sunshine of Gladness.—Concluded.



No. 19. There's a Wideness in God's Mercy.

F. W. Faber. (Wellesley. 8s, 7s.) Lizzie S. Tourjée.



No. 20. Forth to the Fields.

R. C. W. R. C. WARD.

1. Forth to the fields in the name of the Mas - ter, White is the
2. Forth to the fields, 'tis the sum-mons to ac - tion, Haste, ere the
3. Forth to the fields, rich re - wards now a - wait you, Great - er than

har - vest, but la - b'rers are few; Go, gath - er sheaves for the
shad- ows of eve - ning draw near; Us - ing the grace he is
treas-ures of sil - ver and gold, Glit - ter - ing stars in your

gar - ners e - ter - nal, Strong in his Spir - it, glad serv - ice re - new.
will - ing to give you La - bor with cour-age, de - vo - tion and cheer.
crown of re-joic - ing, Shin - ing thro' a - ges of glo - ry un - told.

CHORUS. *pp* *mf* *pp* *mf*

Calling the reapers, forward, forward, Calling the reapers, onward, onward,
Call - - ing the reap-ers, Call - - ing the reapers,

ff

pp *cres.* *cres.*

Forth to the harvest hasten, hasten, Thrust in the trusty blade, 'Tis Je - sus
Forth to the harvest, Thrust in the blade,

Forth to the Fields.—Concluded.

ff

Calls to the work-ers, calls to the
Calls to the work-ers, hear him, hear him, calls to the work-ers

cres. ritardando. *ff lento.*

workers, "Lo, I am with you un-to the end, Go work to-day!"
hear him say-ing,

No. 21. Teach Me to be True.

M. VICTOR STALEY. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Be with me, Lord, each pass-ing hour, And make me pure and true;
2. Thou seest, dear Lord, my path in life; 'Tis thine to guide the way,
3. I would not ask to look be-yond The pres-ent hour, O Lord,

FINE.

Teach me to ne'er re-fuse thy call, What-e'er thou bidd'st me do.
'Tis mine o-be-dience, Lord, to yield, And fol-low day by day.
E-nough for me to hold thy hand, And take thee at thy word.

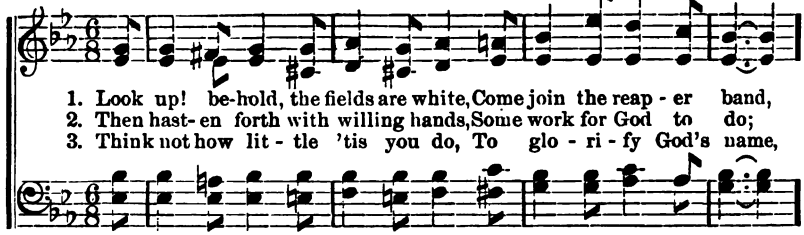
D.S.—Make me o-be-dient to thy will, And teach me to be true.

CHORUS. *D. S.*

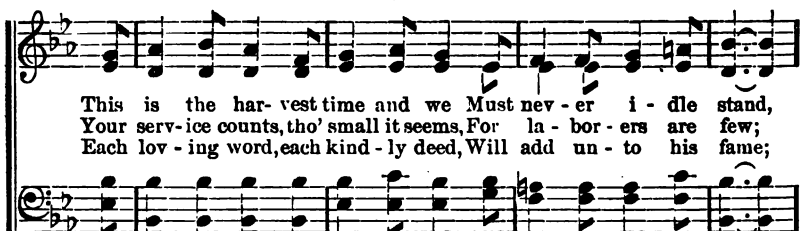
Wher-e'er thou bidd'st me go, dear Lord, Whate'er thou bidd'st me do.

No. 22. Come Join the Reaper Band.

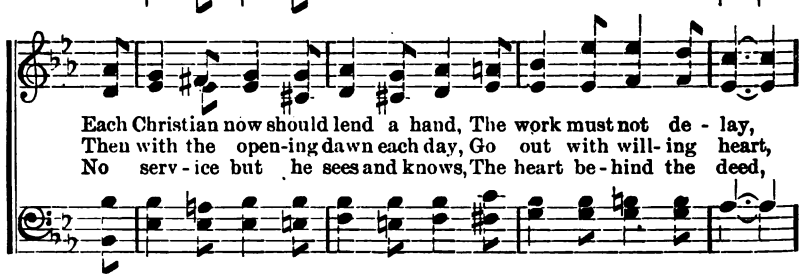
Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.



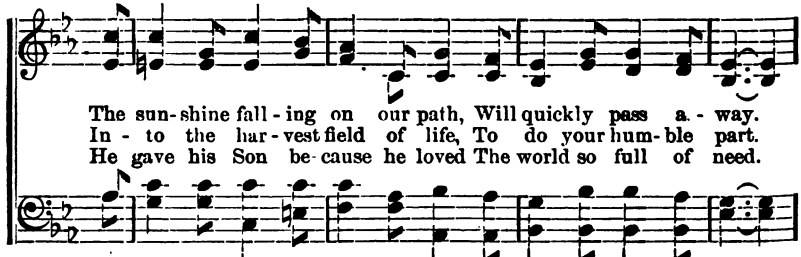
1. Look up! be-hold, the fields are white, Come join the reap - er band,
2. Then hast- en forth with willing hands, Some work for God to do;
3. Think not how lit - tle 'tis you do, To glo - ri - fy God's name,



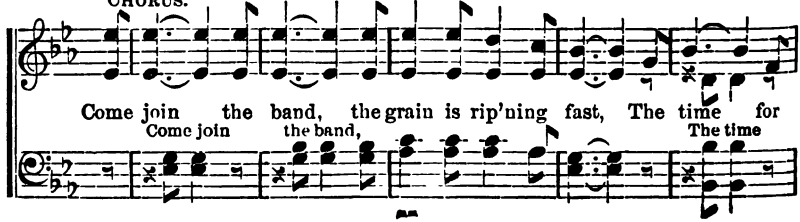
This is the har- vest time and we Must nev - er i - dle stand,
Your serv- ice counts, tho' small it seems, For la - bor - ers are few;
Each lov - ing word, each kind - ly deed, Will add un - to his fame;



Each Christian now should lend a hand, The work must not de - lay,
Then with the open-ing dawn each day, Go out with will- ing heart,
No serv - ice but he sees and knows, The heart be - hind the deed,



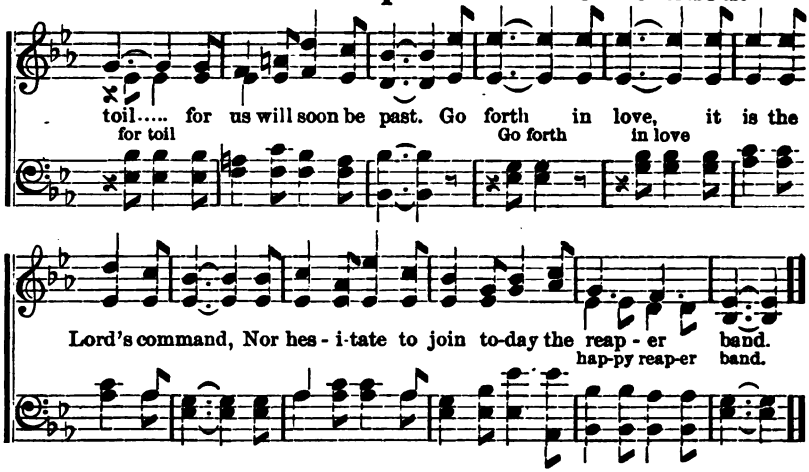
The sun- shine fall - ing on our path, Will quickly pass a - way.
In - to the har - vest field of life, To do your hum- ble part.
He gave his Son be- cause he loved The world so full of need.



Chorus.

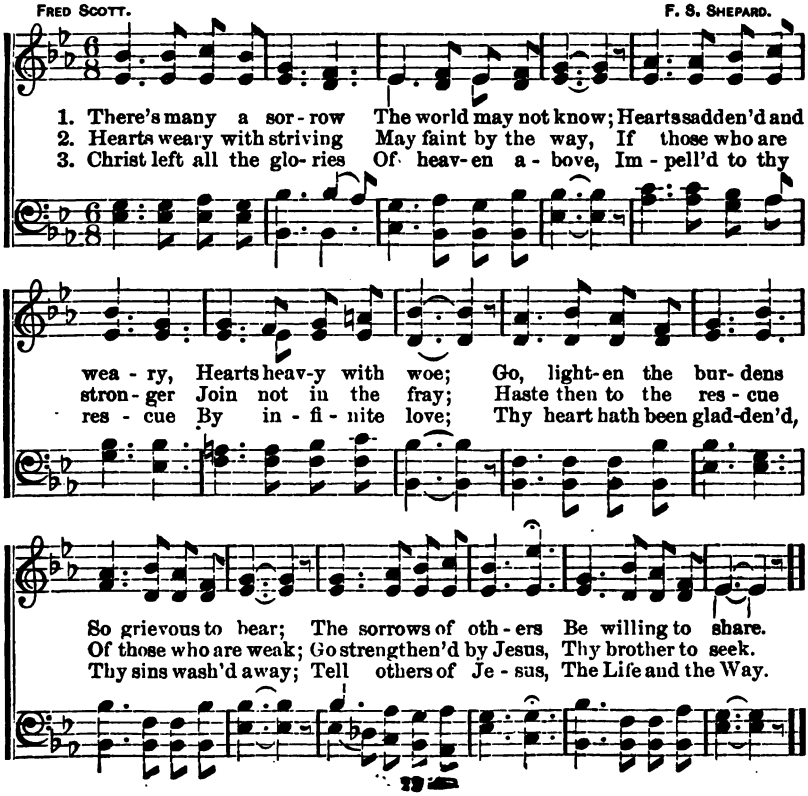
Come join the band, the grain is rip'ning fast, The time for
Come join the band, The time

Come Join the Reaper Band.—Concluded.



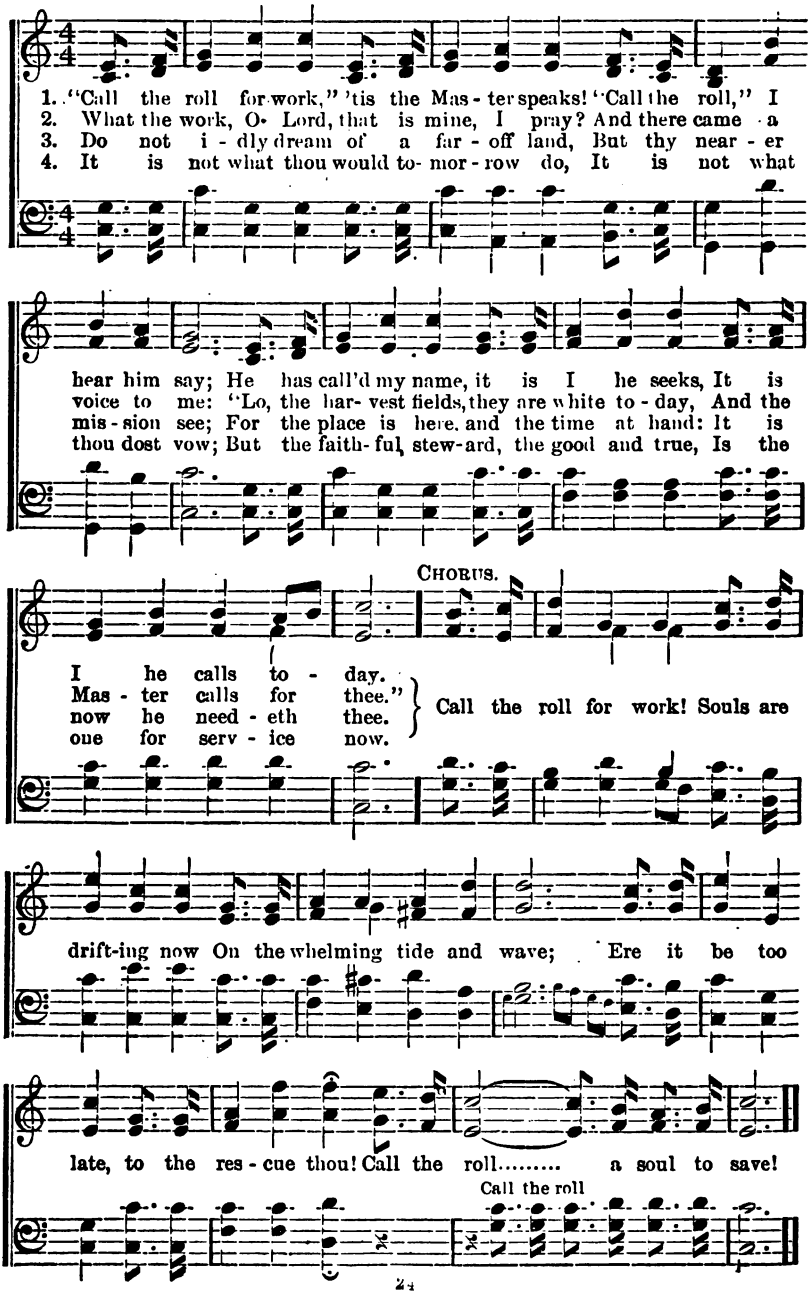
No. 23. Burden Bearing.

FRED SCOTT. F. S. SHEPARD.



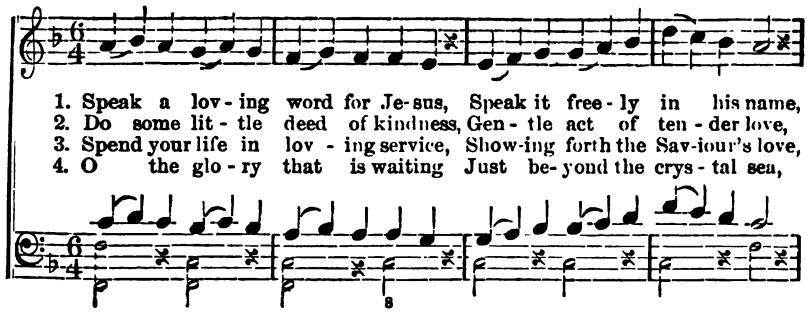
No. 24. Call the Roll for Work.

S. C. KIRK. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

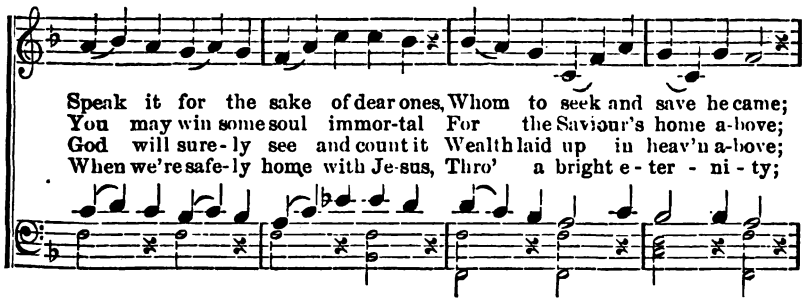


No. 25. Speak a Loving Word for Jesus.

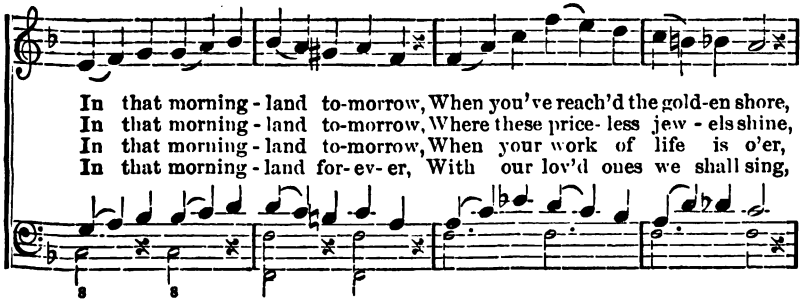
NELLIE G. RICE. (Duet.) WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



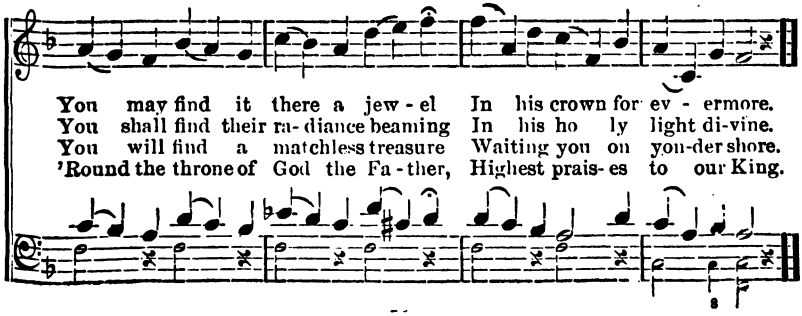
1. Speak a lov - ing word for Je-sus, Speak it free - ly in his name,
2. Do some lit - tle deed of kindness, Gen - tle act of ten - der love,
3. Spend your life in lov - ing service, Show-ing forth the Sav-iour's love,
4. O the glo - ry that is waiting Just be-yond the crys - tal sea,



Speak it for the sake of dear ones, Whom to seek and save he came;
You may win some soul immor-tal For the Saviour's home a-bove;
God will sure - ly see and count it Wealth laid up in heav'n a-bove;
When we're safe-ly home with Je-sus, Thro' a bright e - ter - ni - ty;



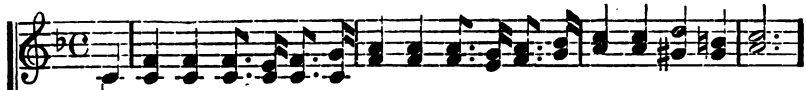
In that morning - land to-morrow, When you've reach'd the gold-en shore,
In that morning - land to-morrow, Where these price- less jew - els shine,
In that morning - land to-morrow, When your work of life is o'er,
In that morning - land for-ev-er, With our lov'd ones we shall sing,



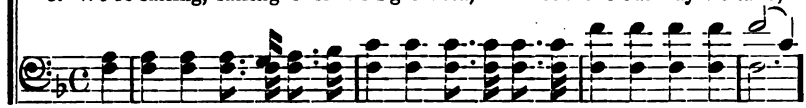
You may find it there a jew - el In his crown for ev - ermore.
You shall find their ra- diance beaming In his ho ly light di-vine.
You will find a matchless treasure Waiting you on yon-der shore.
'Round the throne of God the Fa - ther, Highest prais- es to our King.

No. 26. Ship Ahoy!

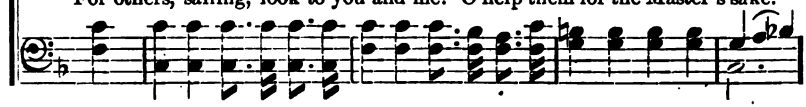
E. E. Hewitt. W. A. Post.



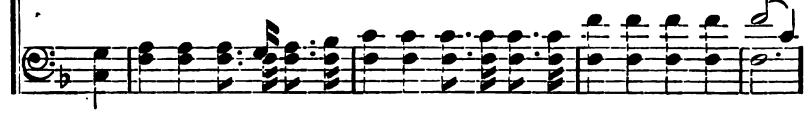
1. We're sailing, sailing over life's great sea, And other ships are passing by;
2. Lift up the beacon that shall guide the lost Unto the haven bright and fair;
3. We're sailing, sailing over life's great sea, And not alone our way we take;



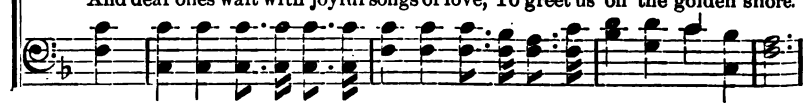
The mighty Saviour shall our Captain be, His star is shining in the sky.
O help the wand'ring and the tempest-toss'd, That peace and shelter they may share.
For others, sailing, look to you and me! O help them for the Master's sake!



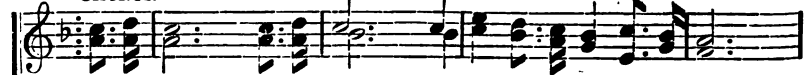
But while in safe- ty we may glide along, Led by the Light that never fails,
O bring the shipwreck'd to the Life-boat true, Our Refuge in the wildest storm;
The po- lar star of mercy shines above, Our anchor holds for ev-er-more;



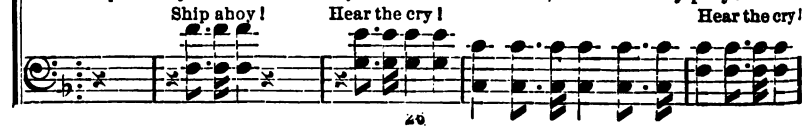
O hear the cry that rises full and strong From those who struggle with the gales.
Sing out with gladness and with hope anew, Our Captain will his word perform.
And dear ones wait with joyful songs of love, To greet us on the golden shore.



Chorus.

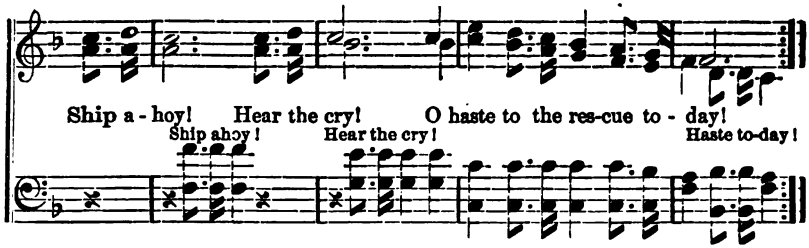


Ship a- hoy! Hear the cry! "God save them," we fervently pray!



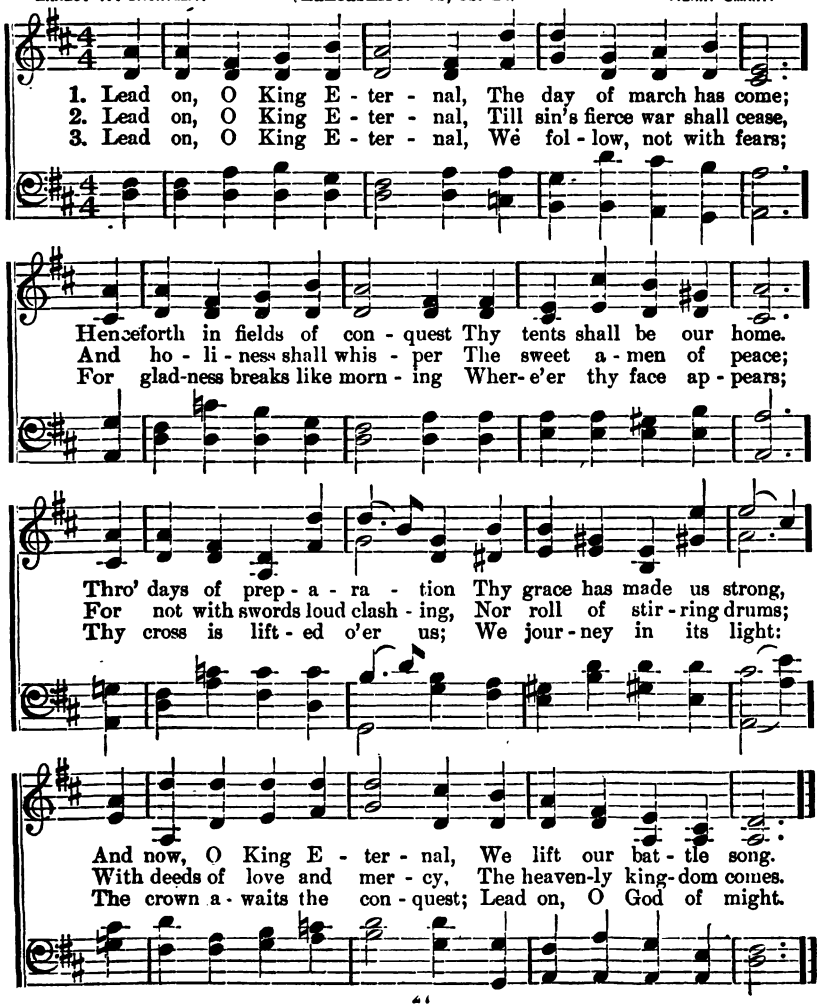
Ship ahoy! Hear the cry! Hear the cry!

Ship Ahoy!—Concluded.



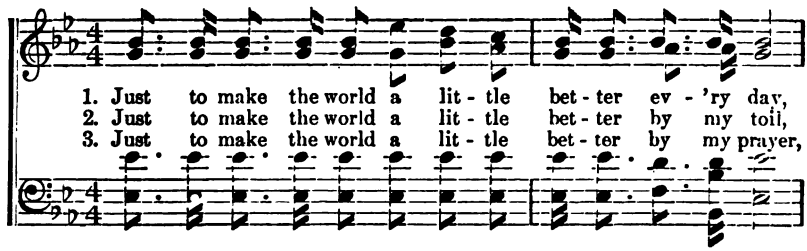
No. 27. Lead On, O King Eternal.

ERNEST W. SHURTLEFF. (Lancashire. 7s, 6s. D.) HENRY SMART.

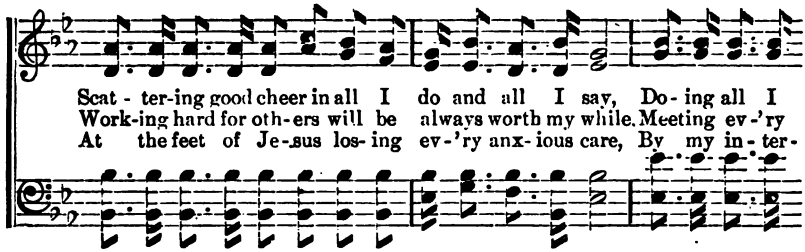


No. 28. Just to Make the World a Little Better.

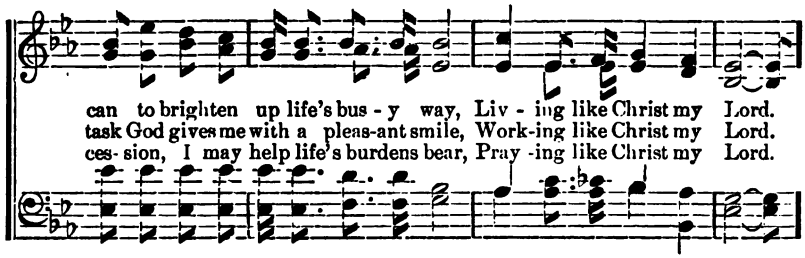
Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. S. Stillman Martin.



1. Just to make the world a lit - tle bet - ter ev - 'ry day,
2. Just to make the world a lit - tle bet - ter by my toil,
3. Just to make the world a lit - tle bet - ter by my prayer,

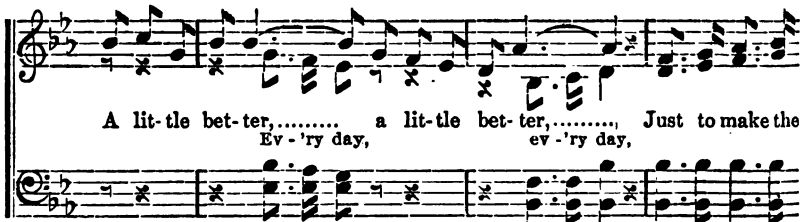


Scat - ter-ing good cheer in all I do and all I say, Do - ing all I
Work-ing hard for oth-ers will be always worth my while. Meeting ev - 'ry
At the feet of Je-sus los- ing ev - 'ry anx- ious care, By my in - ter-

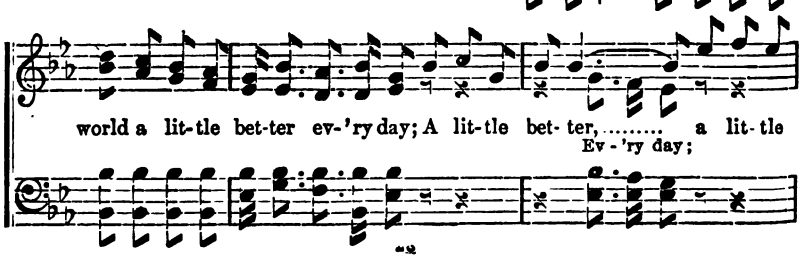


can to brighten up life's bus - y way, Liv - ing like Christ my Lord.
task God gives me with a pleas-ant smile, Work-ing like Christ my Lord.
ces- sion, I may help life's burdens bear, Pray -ing like Christ my Lord.

Chorus.

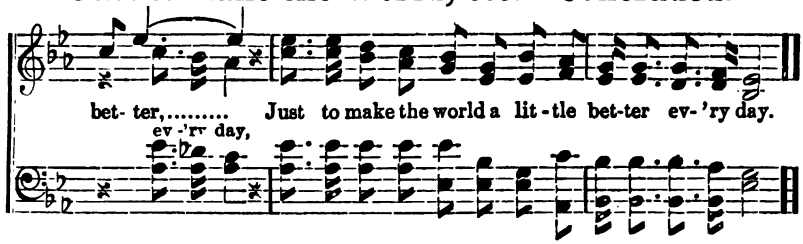


A lit- tle bet- ter,..... a lit- tle bet- ter,....., Just to make the
Ev - 'ry day, ev - 'ry day,



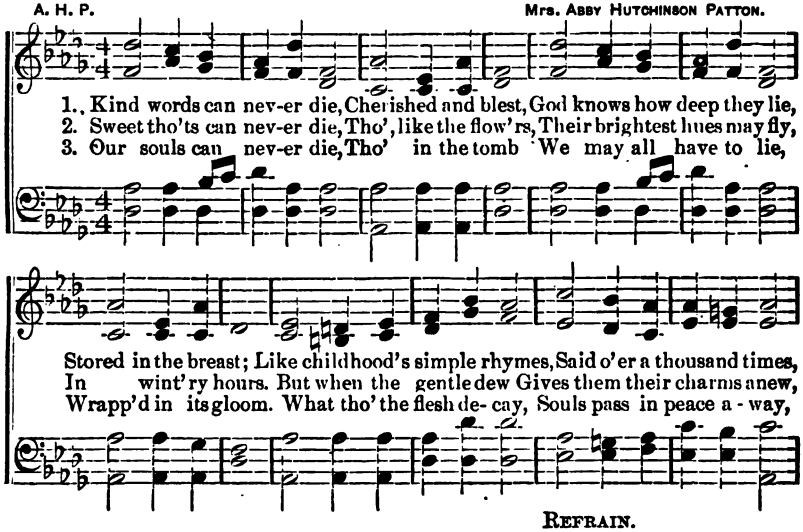
world a lit- tle bet-ter ev- 'ry day; A lit- tle bet- ter,..... a lit- tle
Ev - 'ry day;

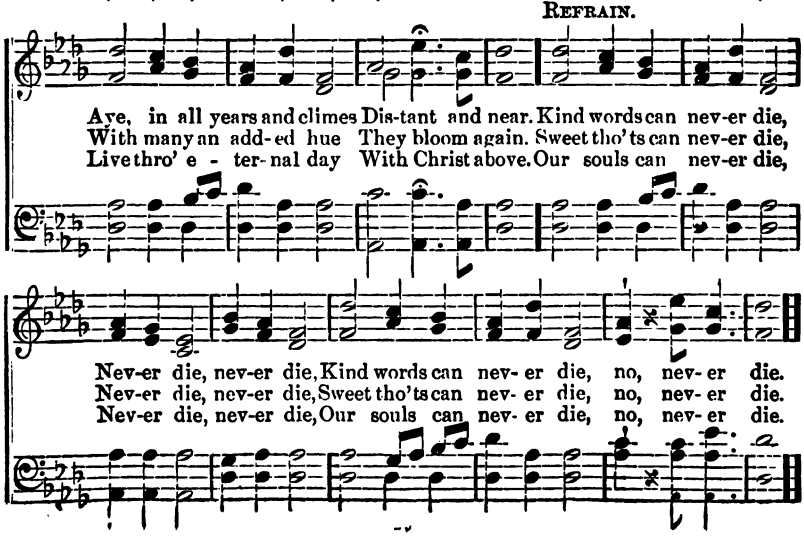
Just to Make the World, etc.—Concluded.



No. 29. Kind Words Can Never Die.

A. H. P. Mrs. Abby Hutchinson Patton.





No. 30. Add a Star to Your Crown.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Just close at your hand there is work to be done, A work that no
2. Just now by your side is a soul you may help, Speak quick-ly the
3. While long-ing and yearn-ing for some-thing to do, To lead err-ing
4. To you and to me the com-mis-sion is giv'n, "Go seek for the

oth-er can do; Some rich, ripened sheaves will for-ev-er be lost, Un-
life-giv-ing word; The won-der-ful sto-ry of Cal-va-ry tell, And
ones to the light, The un-improv'd moments on ea-gle wings flew, And
wand'rers a-stray;" A shout would go up from the por-tals of heav'n If

less they are gath-ered by you, Un-less they are gathered by you.
win him to-day for your Lord, And win him to-day for your Lord.
souls have gone out in the night, And souls have gone out in the night.
you should win some one to-day, If you should win some one to-day.

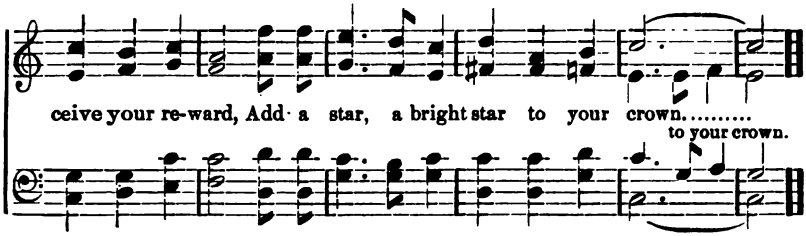
1. by you,

Chorus.

Add a star to your crown, add a star to your crown, O make haste e'er the

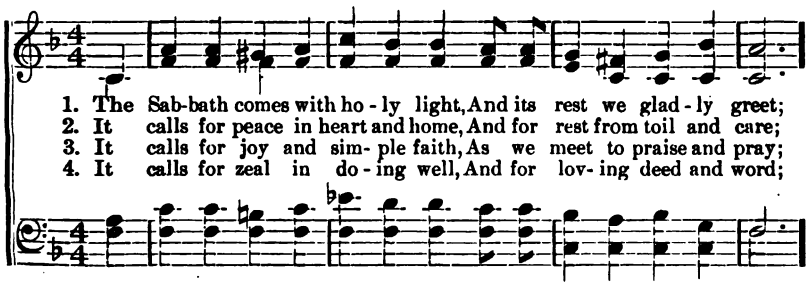
sun go-eth down; (go-eth down;) Win a soul for your Lord and re-

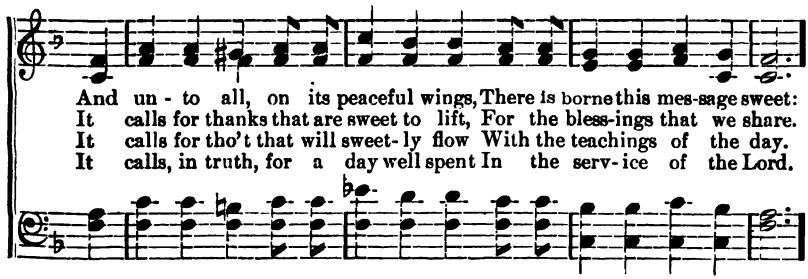
Add a Star to Your Crown.—Concluded.



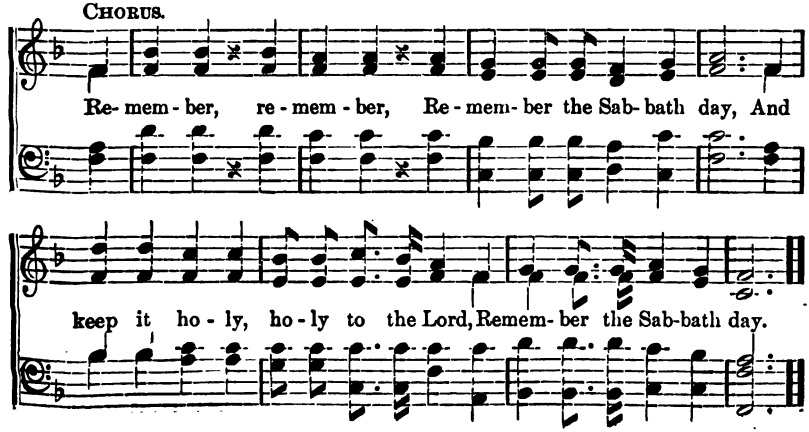
No. 31. Remember the Sabbath Day.

E. A. BARNES. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.





CHORUS.



No. 32. If Jesus Goes With Me.

C. A. M. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. It may be in the val - ley, where countless dangers hide; It may be
2. It may be I must car - ry the bless-ed word of life A - cross the
3. But if it be my por - tion to bear my cross at home, While oth-ers
4. It is not mine to ques-tion the judgments of my Lord, It is but

in the sunshine that I, in peace, a - bide; But this one thing I know—if
burn-ing des- erts to those in sin-ful strife; And tho' it be my lot to
bear their burdens be-yond the billow's foam, I'll prove my faith in him— con-
mine to fol - low the leadings of his Word; But if to go or stay, or

it be dark or fair, If Je - sus is with me, I'll go an - y - where!
bear my col- ors there, If Je - sus goes with me, I'll go an - y - where!
fess his judgments fair, And if he stays with me, I'll stay an - y - where!
wheth-er here or there, I'll be, with my Sav-iour, con- tent an - y - where!

CHORUS.

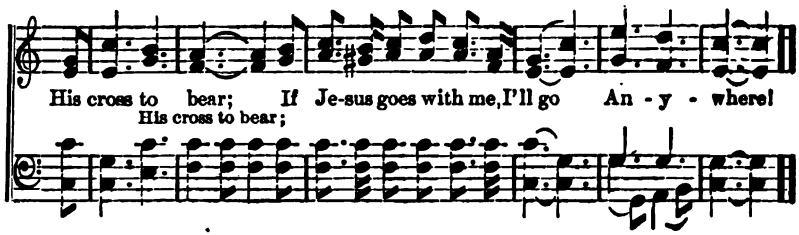
If Jesus goes with me, I'll go..... An - y - where! 'Tis heaven to me,

I'll go

Wher-e'er I may be, If he is there! I count it a priv- i-lege here.

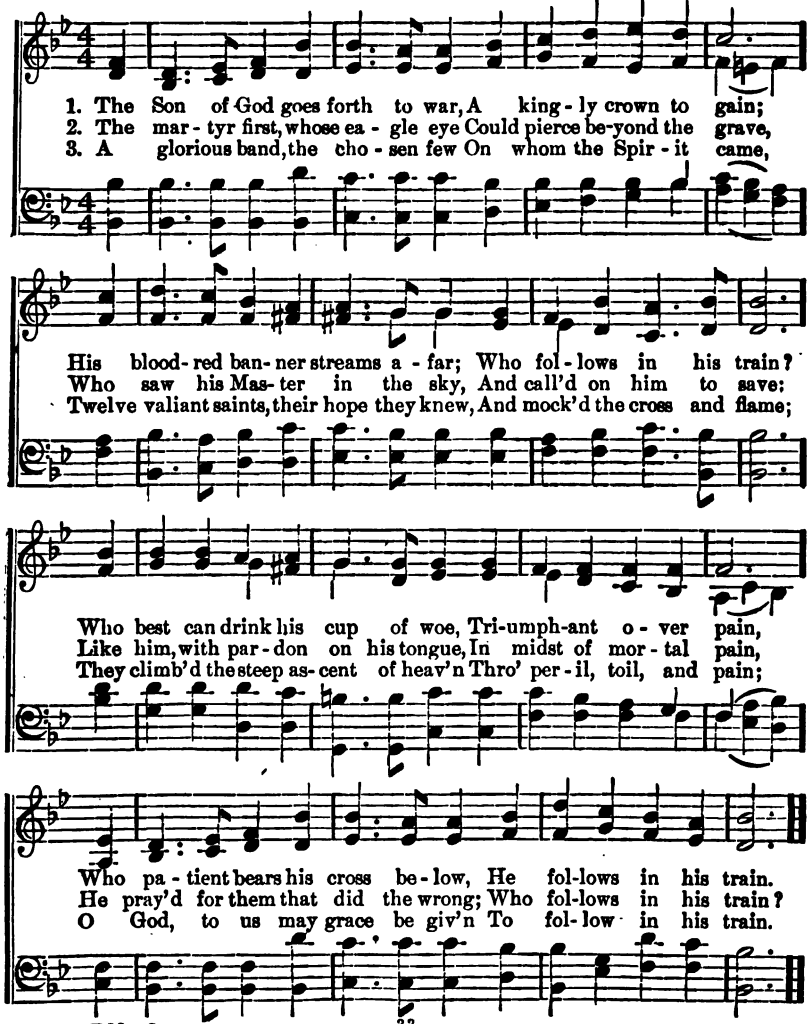
his cross.

If Jesus Goes With Me.—Concluded.



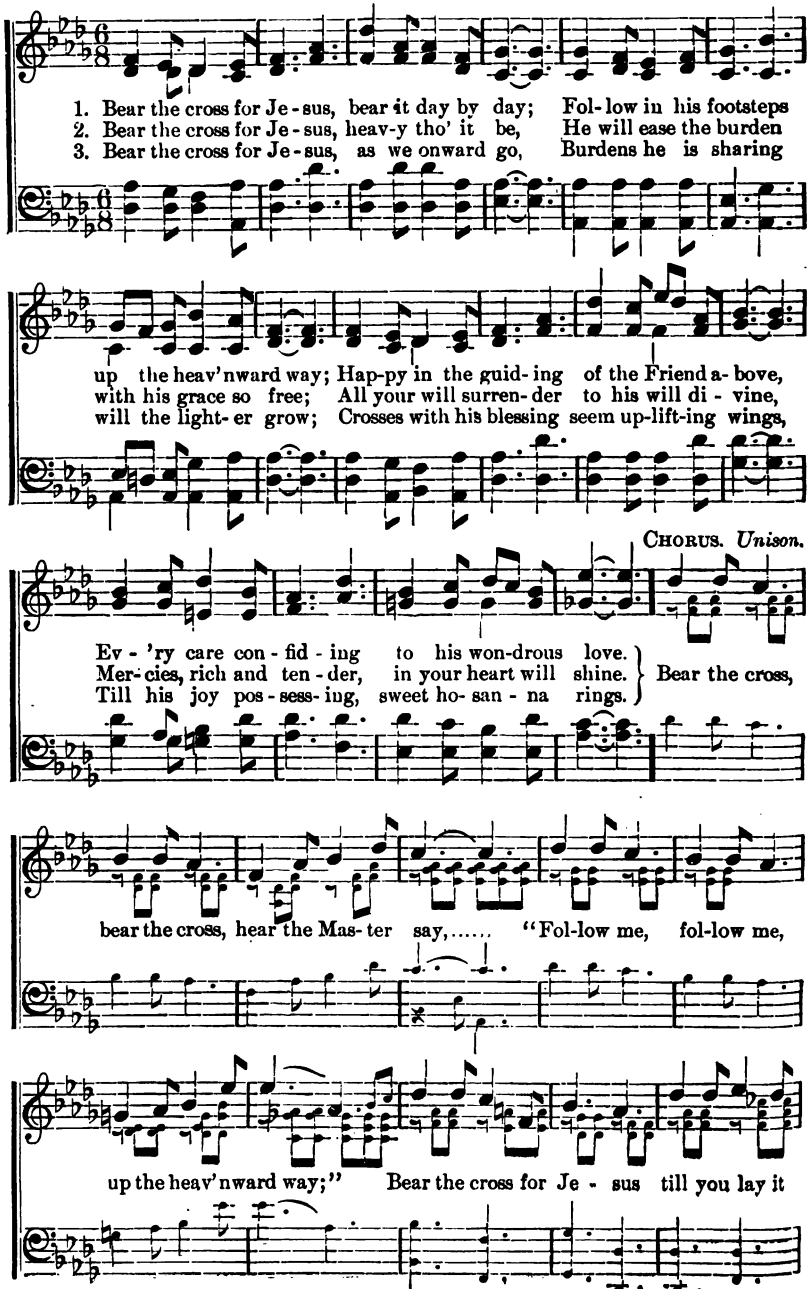
No. 33. Who Follows in His Train.

REGINALD HEBER. C. M. D. HENRY S. CUTLER.

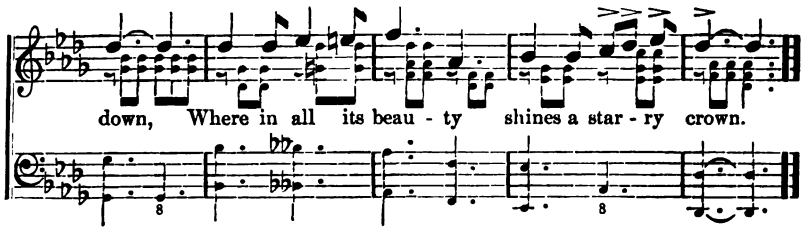


No. 34. Bear the Cross.

E. E. Hewitt. Chas. H. Marsh.

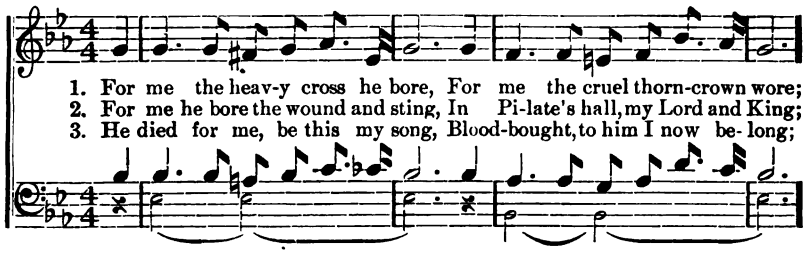


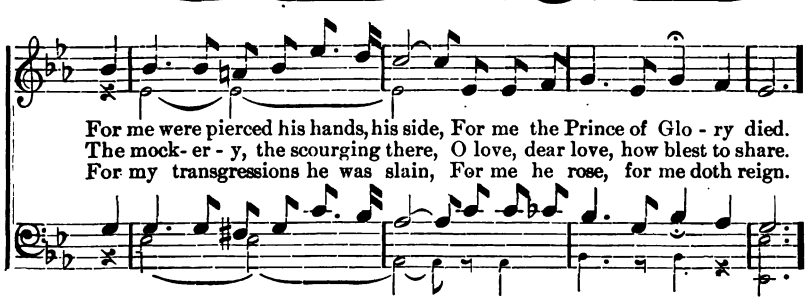
Bear the Cross.—Concluded.

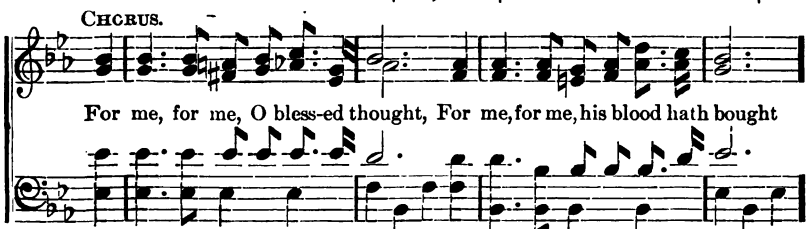


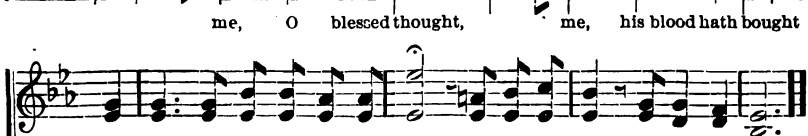
No. 35. For Me the Cross He Bore.

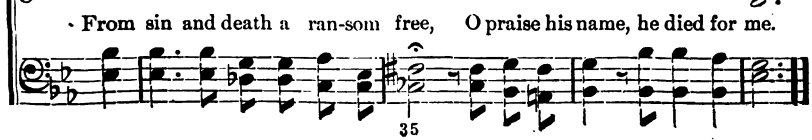
IDA L. REED. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.





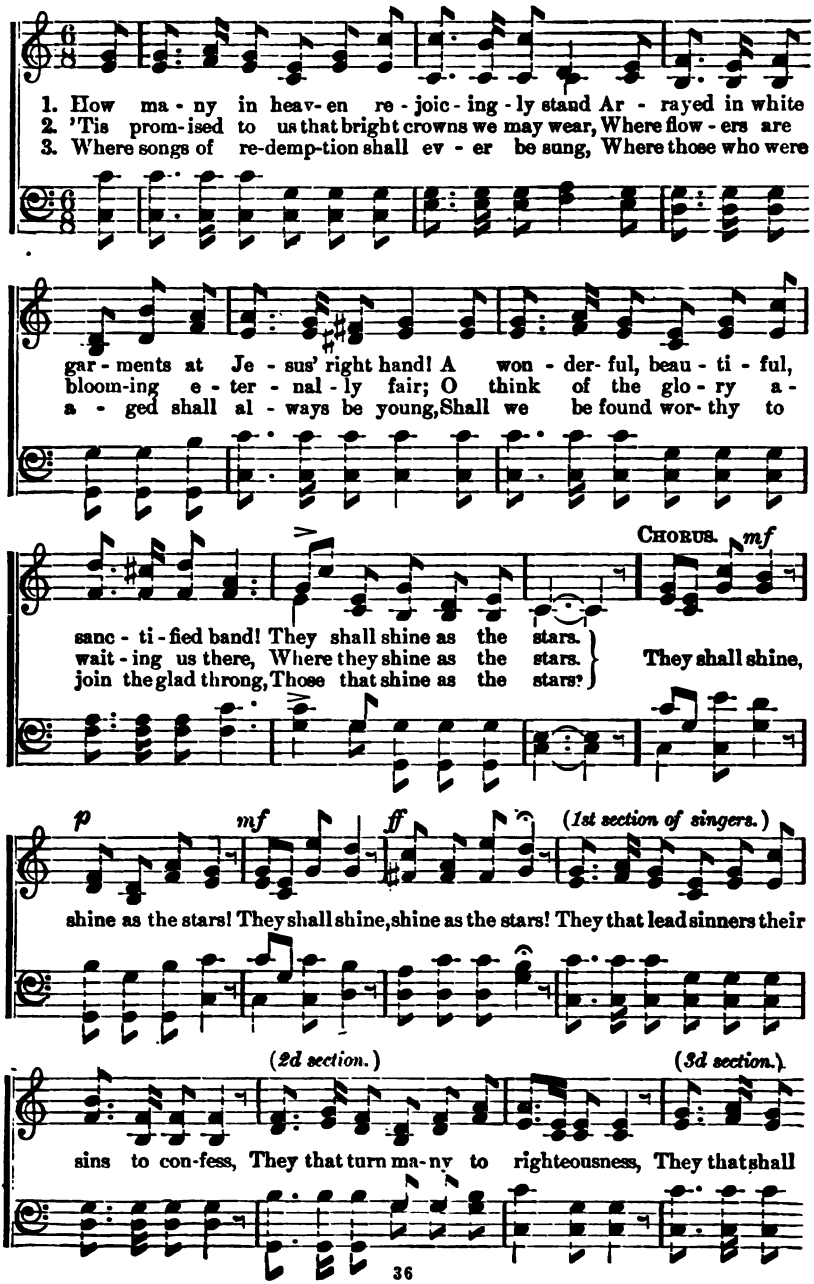




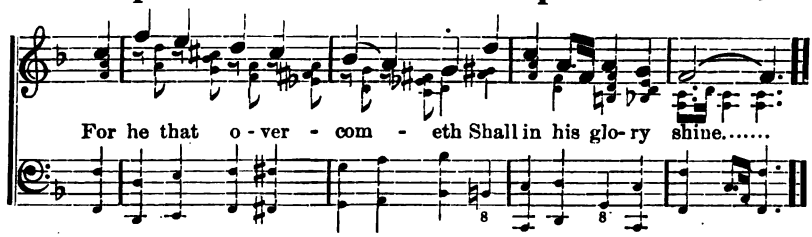


No. 36. They Shall Shine.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

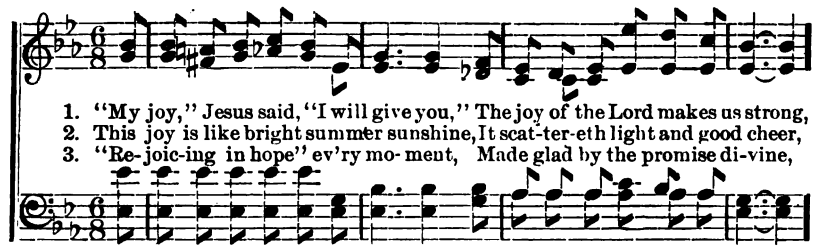


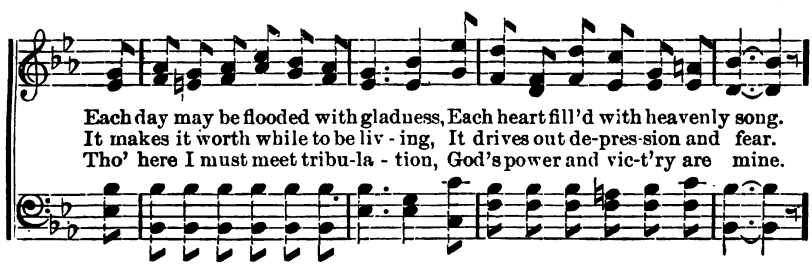
Lift Up Your Hearts in Triumph.—Concluded.



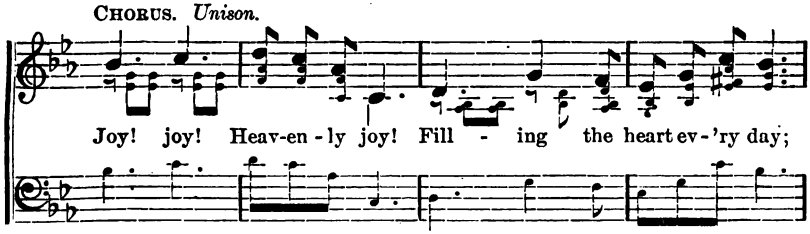
No. 39. The Joy of the Lord.

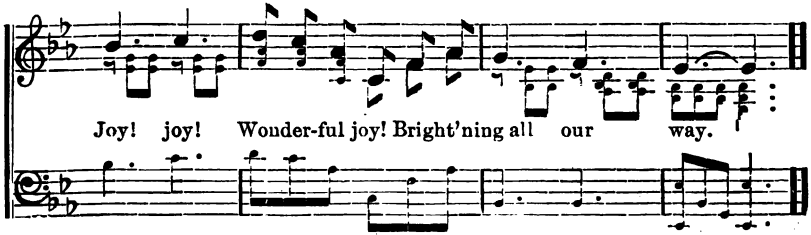
Mrs. C. D. MARTIN. W. STILLMAN MARTIN.





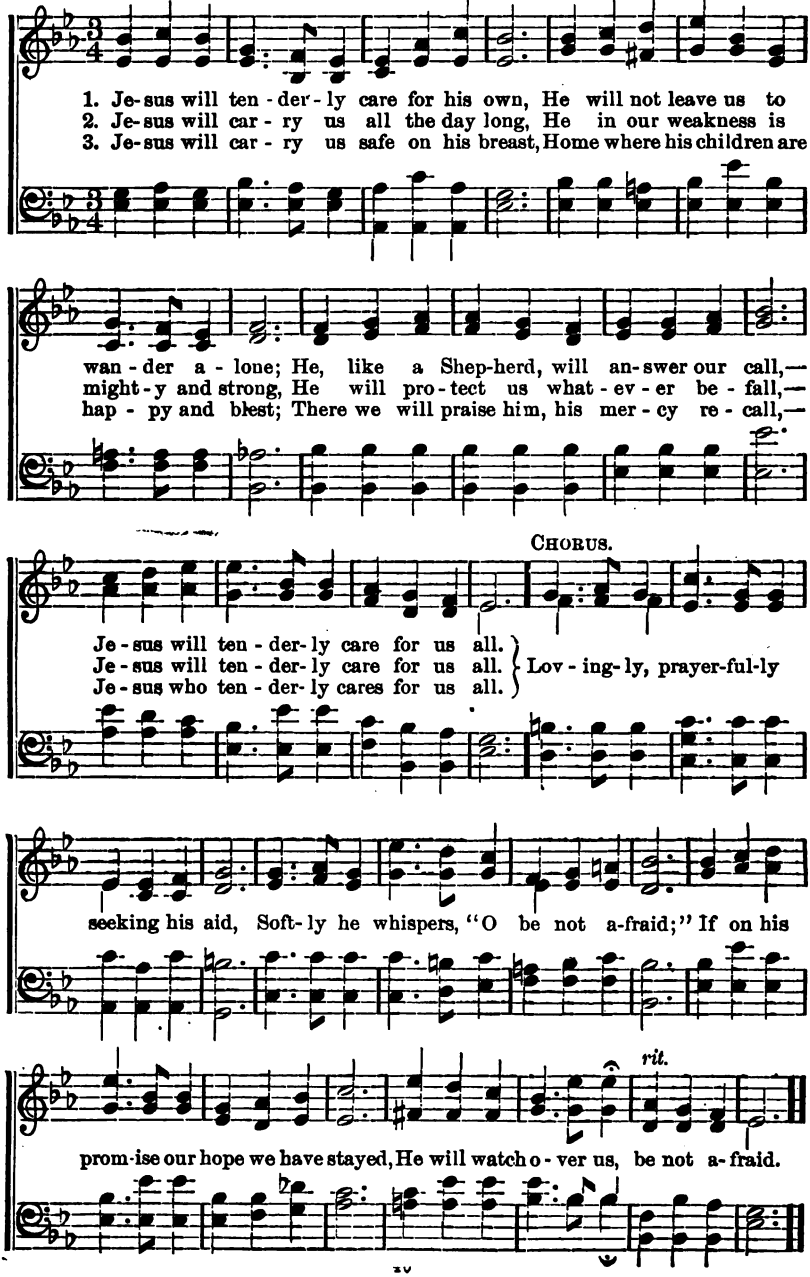
CHORUS. *Unison.*





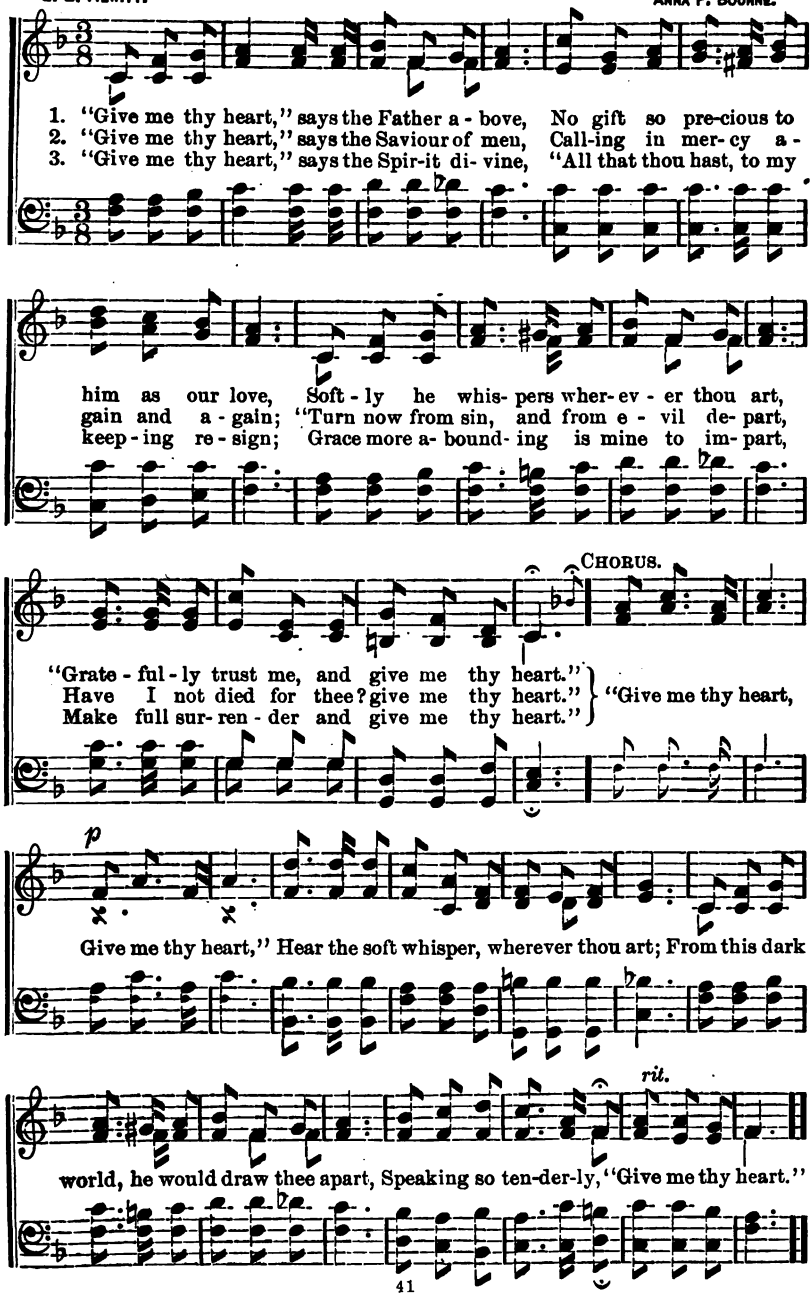
No. 40. Jesus Will Tenderly Care for His Own.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



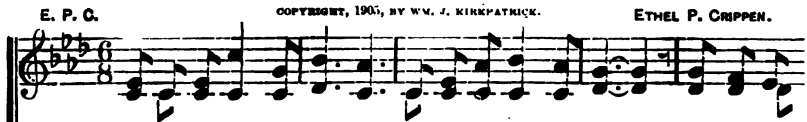
No. 41. Give Me Thy Heart.

E. E. HEWITT. ANNA F. BOURNE.

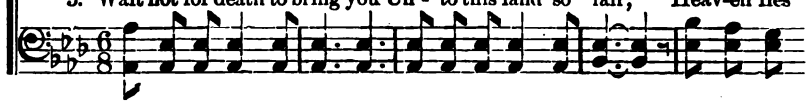


No. 42. Love is the Key.

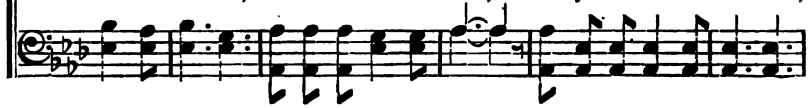
E. P. C. ETHEL P. CRIPPEN.



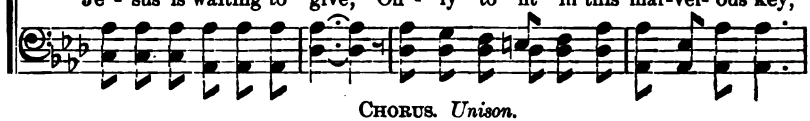
1. Love is the key to heav- en; Have you not seen at times Fa - ces that
2. If in your heart is sadness, Coldness, or bit - ter pain, Think not that
3. Wait not for death to bring you Un - to this land so fair; Heav-en lies



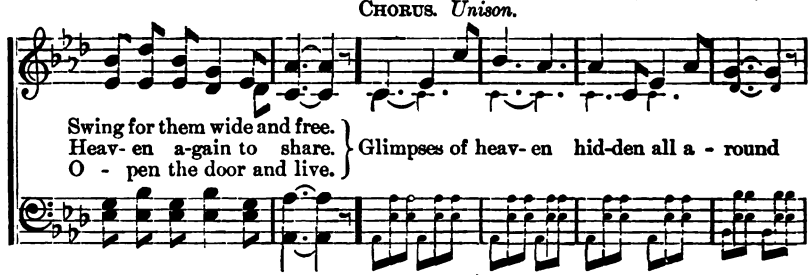
glow with radiance Caught in some heav'nly climes? Nothing can dim their gladness;
love has vanished Ne'er to be yours a-gain; Come with the faith of childhood,
all a-round us, Tho' oft we're una-ware; On - ly to claim this treasure,



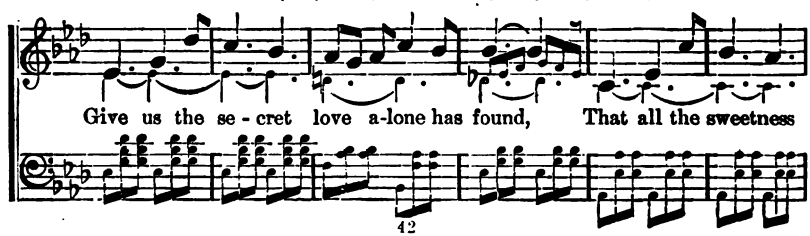
Holding this wonderful key, Doors that have guarded rich treasures for years
Come with a pen-i - tent pray'r; Christ will restore you this precious lost key,
Je - sus is waiting to give; On - ly to fit in this mar-vel- ous key,



CHORUS. *Unison.*

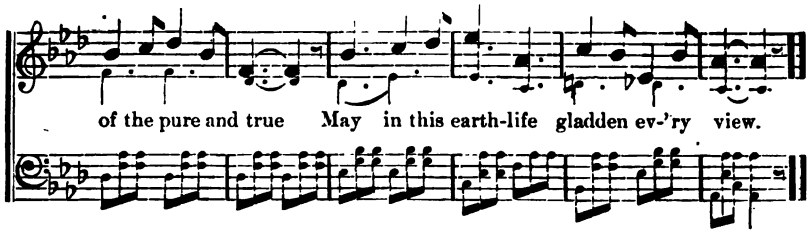


Swing for them wide and free.
Heav- en a-gain to share.
O - pen the door and live.
} Glimpses of heav- en hid-den all a - round



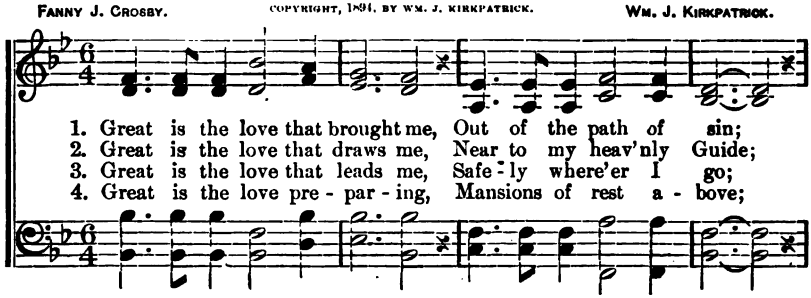
Give us the se - cret love a-lone has found, That all the sweetness

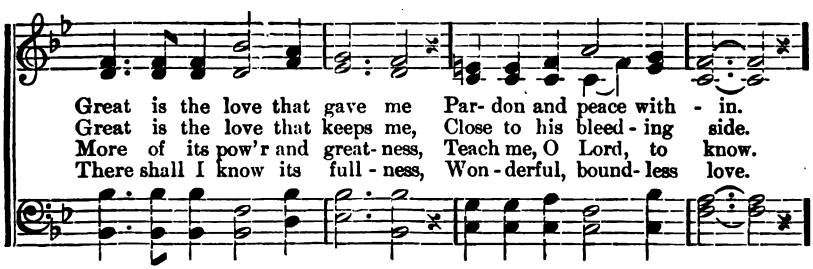
Love is the Key.—Concluded.



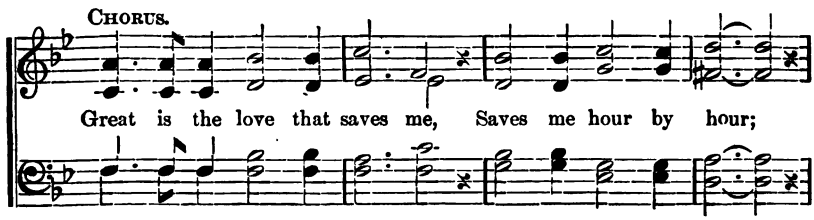
No. 43. Great is the Love of Jesus.

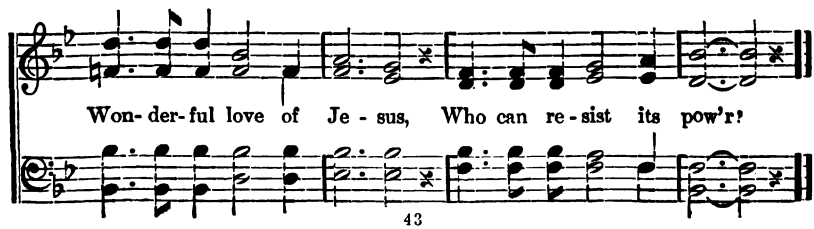
FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.





CHORUS.





No. 44. Be Not Forgetful.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. Melody from "RUBENSTEIN." Arr. by W. S. M.

UNISON.

1. Be not for- get - ful of blessings so sweet, Sun-shine of glad-ness
2. Be not for- get - ful of pleasures you greet, Joys un -ex-pect - ed,
3. Be not for- get - ful of God's Word di- vine, Brightly its pre-cepts

CHO.—Praise him for- ev - er whose love nev - er dies, Un - to his throne let

each day you greet; Rays of God's mer- cy il - lu- mine the night, His
wondrous- ly sweet, Troubles that vanished like clouds from the way, The
ev - er shall shine, Heav- en - ly sunlight gleams forth from each page, More

glad songs a - rise, He doth re- mem - ber by night and by day, Sing

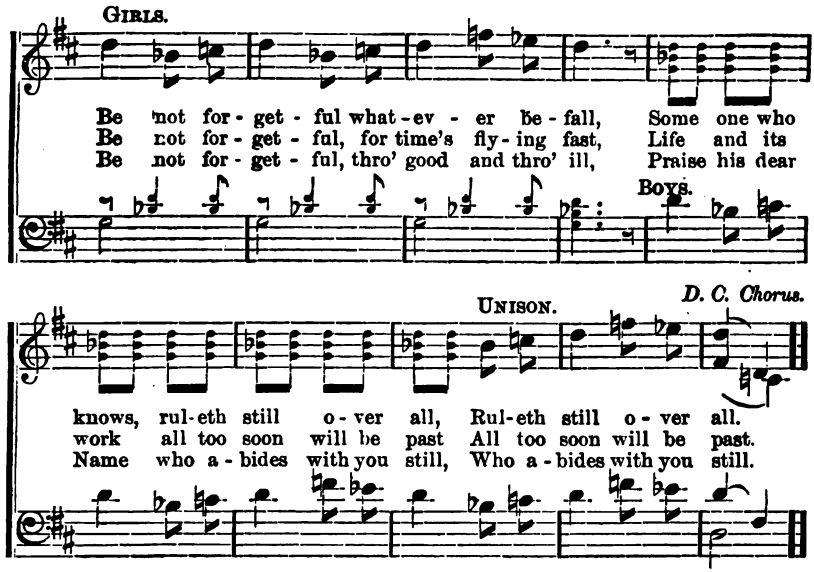
FINE. PARTS.

love makes the darkness bright..... Lift your hearts in a song of
cup running o'er each day. ..... Guard-ed well from the dangers
glo-rious from age to age..... Stars of truth like a bea-con

praise to his name for aye.....

thank-ful praise, To the heav'nly Fa- ther a joy-ful chor- al raise,
close at hand, In his strength re-joic- ing, for grateful serv- ice stand,
gleams on high, Lead-ing to the mansions be- yond the radiant sky,

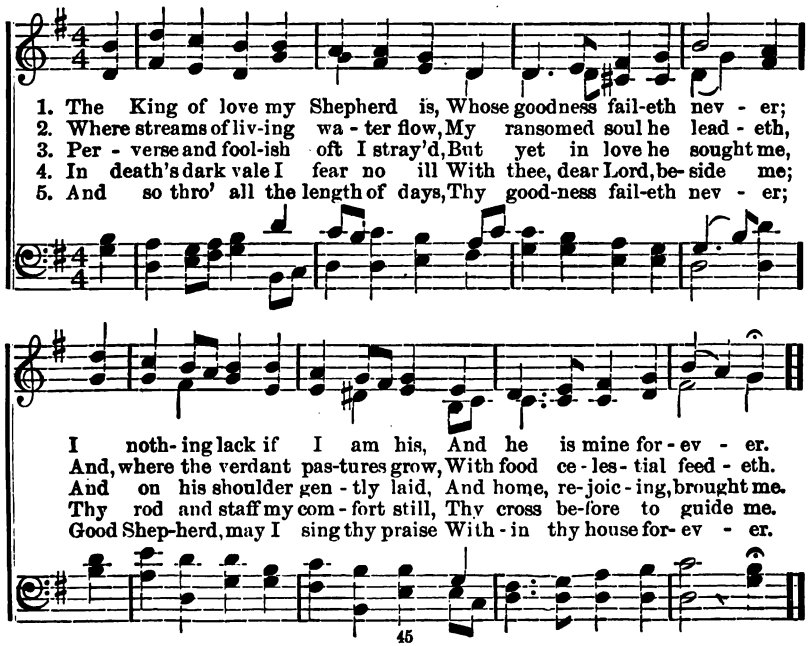
Be Not Forgetful.—Concluded.



No. 45. The King of Love.

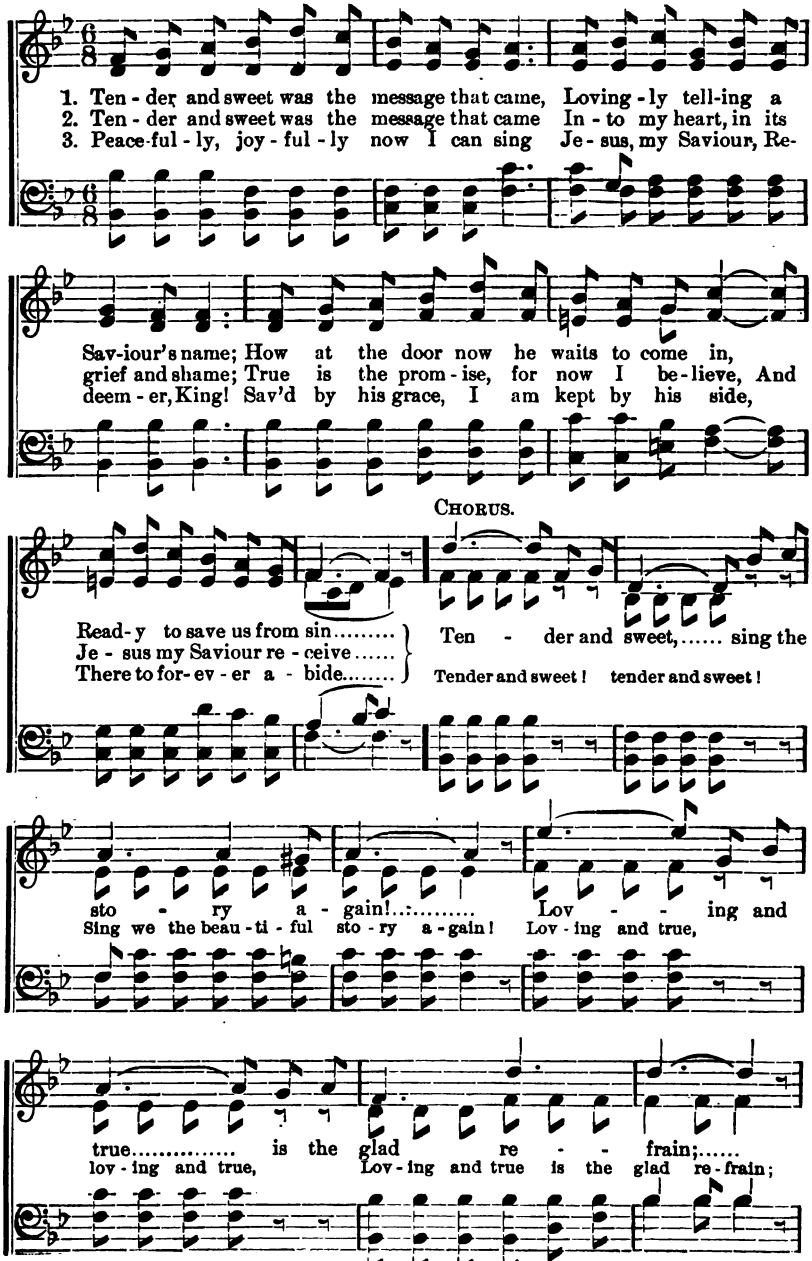
(Dominus Regit Me. 8s, 7s.)

HENRY W. BAKER. JOHN B. DYKES.

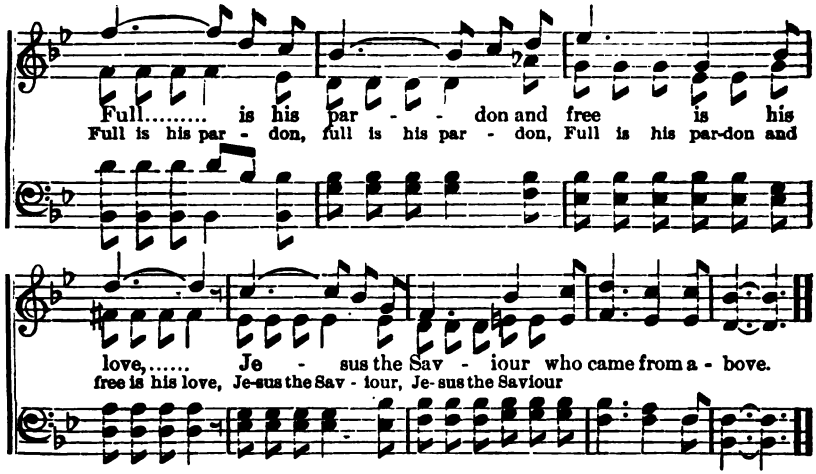


No. 46. The Sweet Message.

Mrs. HATTIE E. BAKER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

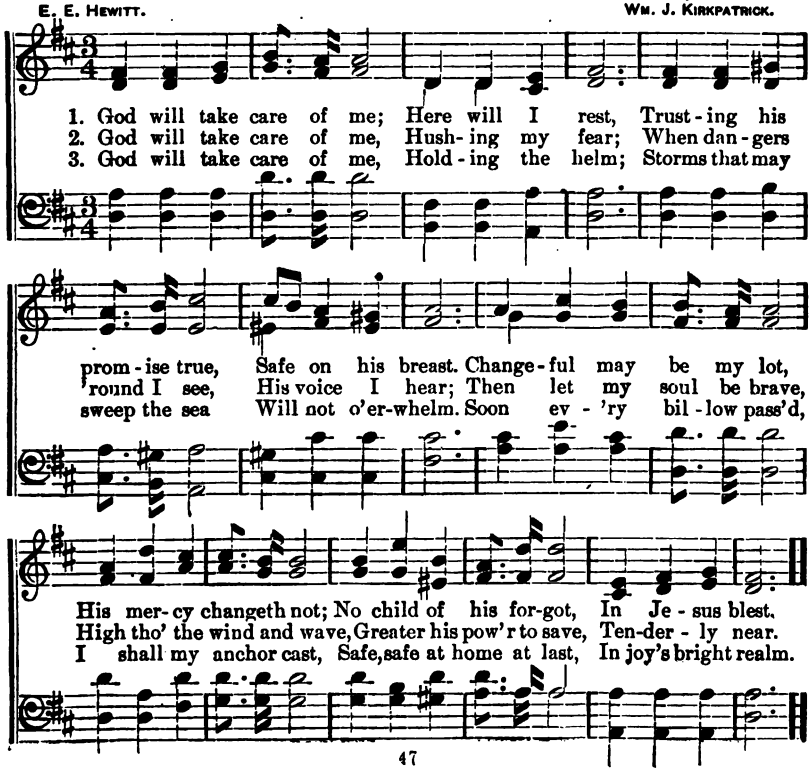


The Sweet Message.—Concluded.



No. 47. God Will Take Care of Me.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



No. 48. Look for the Beautiful.

T. H. THORO HARRIS.

1. *Look* for the beau- ti- ful, look for the true, Look for the beau- ti- ful
2. *Think* of the beau- ti- ful, think of the pure; On - ly the beau- ti- ful
3. *Speak* of the beau- ti- ful, speak of the pure; These to e - ter - ni- ty,
4. Look to the stars of light (not down to earth;) All that is beau- ti- ful

life's journey thro'. Seeking true love-li-ness, joy you will know, As to the
long can en - dure. God to his lowly ones "giveth more grace;" None but the
fade-less en - dure. Er - ror shall vanish soon, e - vil de - cay; God and the
there had its birth. Upward and forward go, looking a - bove; There is the

CHORUS.

home a-bove onward you go.
pure in heart look on his face.
beau- ti- ful pass not a- way.
dwelling-place of perfect love.
} Look for the beau-ti-ful, seek to find the true,

God and the beau-ti-ful will dwell with you; Look for the beau - ti - ful,

HARMONY.

seek to find the true, You shall be beau- ti- ful, beau- ti- ful with- in.

No. 49. The Leaves of Life.

Rev. THERON BROWN. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Andante con moto.

1. Ye winds that once by Che- bar's flood With heav'n-ly breath re -
2. Ye streams from Zi - on's mountain sides, These gifts that from her
3. Stay not, ye her - alds of his grace, His ti - dings glad to
4. Sal - va - tion's song from grief shall wake, Where drop these leaves of

viv'd the slain, Blow earthward from the trees of God, And strew their
gar - dens fall, Bear swift- ly on your shin - ing tides, And love's free
send a - broad, Till dy - ing souls in ev - 'ry place A - rise, the
life di - vine, His ho - ly words whose pow'r can make The face of

CHORUS.

gold - en leaves a - gain.
bless - ing yield for all.
ran - som'd sons of God.
death like morn-ing shine.
} Those heal-ing leaves, those heal-ing leaves!

rallentando. *a tempo.*

Where sin pol - lutes, where sor - row grieves. Go spread them,

ritard.

stain - less as they came From heav'n, inscrib'd with Je - sus' name.

No. 50. Hail, Blessed Book of God!

BURTON H. WINSLOW. ARR. by FRANK E. WHITNEY.

Voices in unison.

1. Hail, bless- ed book of God! Gift for a world in need! Hail, glorious
2. Hail, bless- ed book of God! Message of hope and love! Hail, precious
3. Hail, bless- ed book of God! Seed for the har-vest grand! Hail, hap- py

heav'nly light, Bea-con of hope in - deed! Mill - ions in want and woe
prom - is - es, Bright from the world above! Won - der - ful words of life,
mes - sengers, Sow-ing in ev- 'ry land! Gar - ners of grace a - bove,

Raise grateful hearts to heav'n; Re - joice and sing! For our Lord and
Giv - en by grace di - vine! Re - joice and sing! For the word doth
Fill'd with the sheaves so fair, Re - joice and sing! While heaven's arches

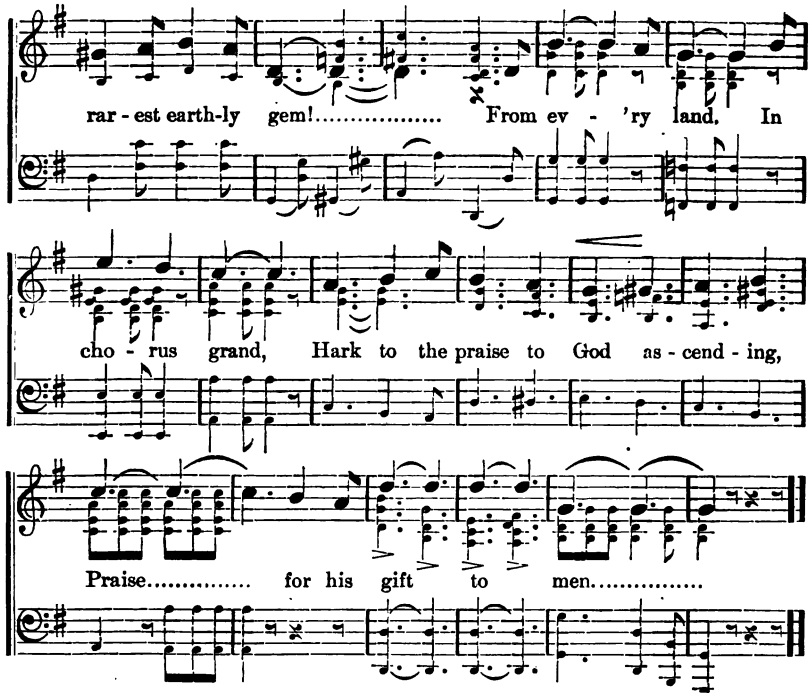
f *Inst.*

King Hath this book..... of bless - - ing giv'n!.....
bring Peace and joy ..... in ev - - 'ry line!.....
ring— What a won - - drous wel - - come there!.....

REFRAIN. *Unison.*

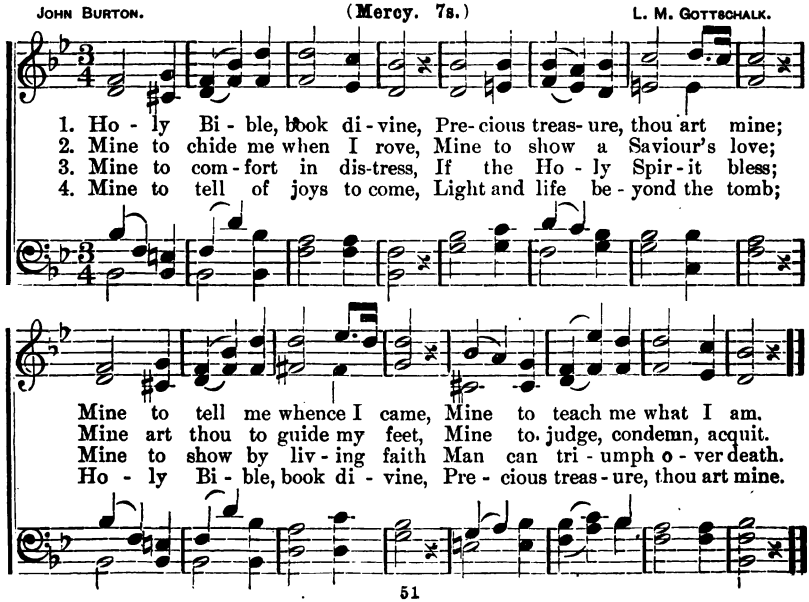
Great - er than stores of earth- ly treas - ure! Rich - er than

Hail, Blessed Book of God.—Concluded.



No. 51. Holy Bible, Book Divine.

JOHN BURTON. (Mercy. 7s.) L. M. GOTTSCHALK.



No. 52. Blessed Words of Jesus.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. V. PAUL JONES.

UNISON.

1. Bless-ed words of Je - sus, like a rainbow bright, Gleaming thro' the shadows
2. Bless-ed words of Je - sus, read- y for each need, From his roy- al boun-ty
3. Bless-ed words of Je - sus, ocean-depths of love, Boundless, ev-er flow-ing

with a fade-less light; Rich- es of the kingdom al-ways kept in store,
man- na sweet in - deed! Leaves of balm and healing for each sin-sick soul,
from the Lord a - bove; Com-fort for each sor - row, joy for days of light,

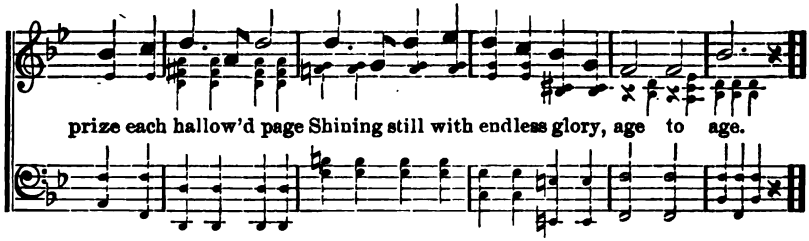
CHORUS.

Gold- en keys that o - pen wide the glo - ry door.
From the great Phy-si-cian who can death con - trol.
Stars that gleam with brightness thro' the darkest night.
} Bless- ed words that

nev - er fail those on them de-pend-ing! Wings of hope that bear us upward,

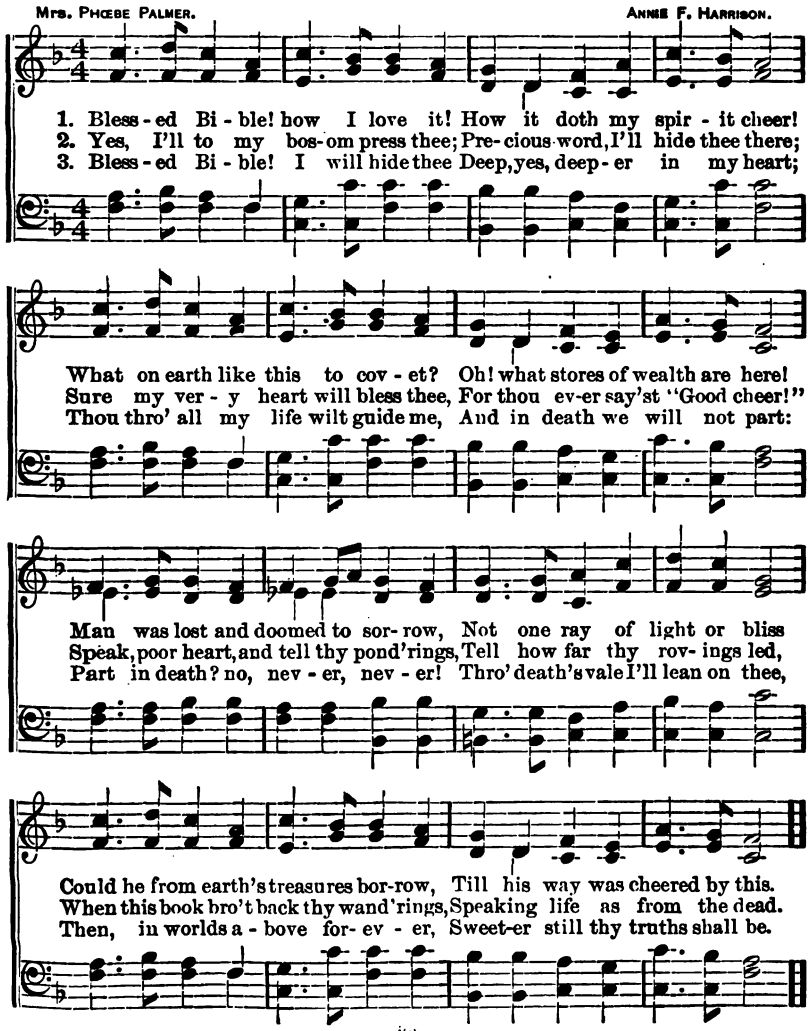
to his throne as - cend - ing! Grant us grace, al-might - y God, may we

Blessed Words of Jesus.—Concluded.



No. 53. Blessed Bible! How I Love It!

Mrs. Phœbe Palmer. Annie F. Harrison.



No. 54. "Like As a Father."

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.

Duet.

1. "Like as a fa - ther," this is our song, "Like as a
2. "Like as a fa - ther," strong is his arm, He will pro-
3. "Like as a fa - ther," guid - ing in love, On thro' the

fa - ther" so ten - der and strong; Full of com - pas - sion,
tect all his chil - dren from harm; Shield them from dan - ger,
world-maze to glo - ry a - bove; Nev - er a mo - ment

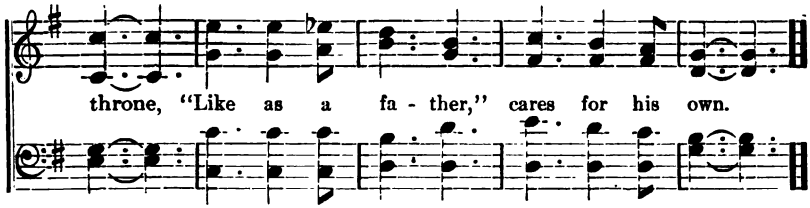
God on his throne, "Like as a fa - ther," pit - ies his own.
keep them each hour, Matchless in good - ness, bound - less in pow'r.
are we a - lone, He, like a fa - ther, cares for his own.

Chorus.

Nev - er a mo - ment but he is near, Nev - er a heart cry

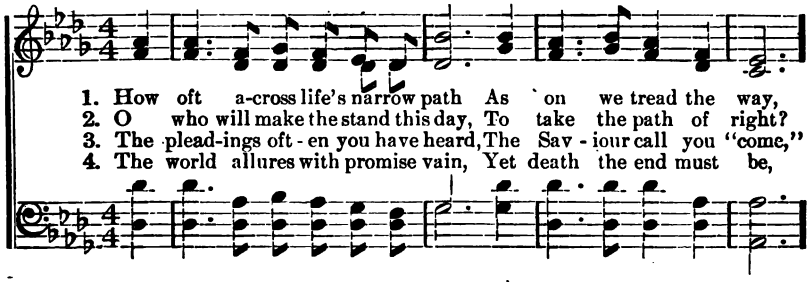
but he will hear; Match - less in good - ness, God on his

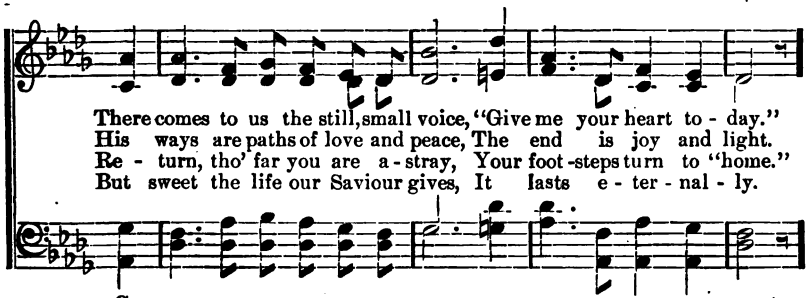
"Like As a Father."—Concluded.



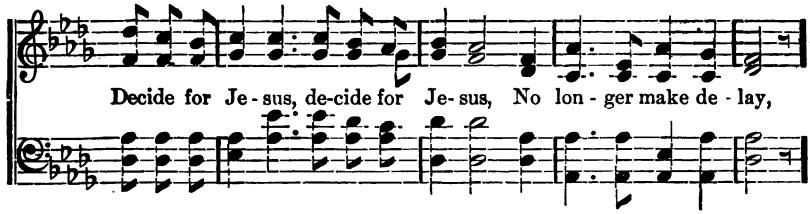
No. 55. Decide for Jesus.

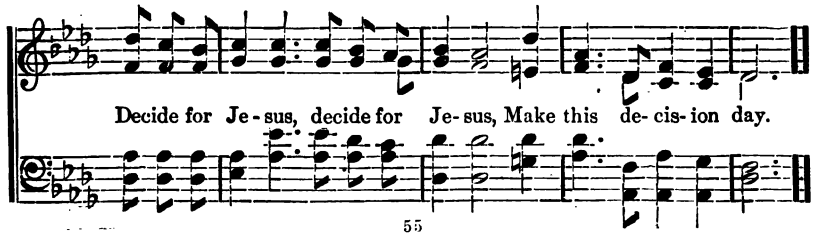
IRVIN H. MACK. ARTHUR WILTON.





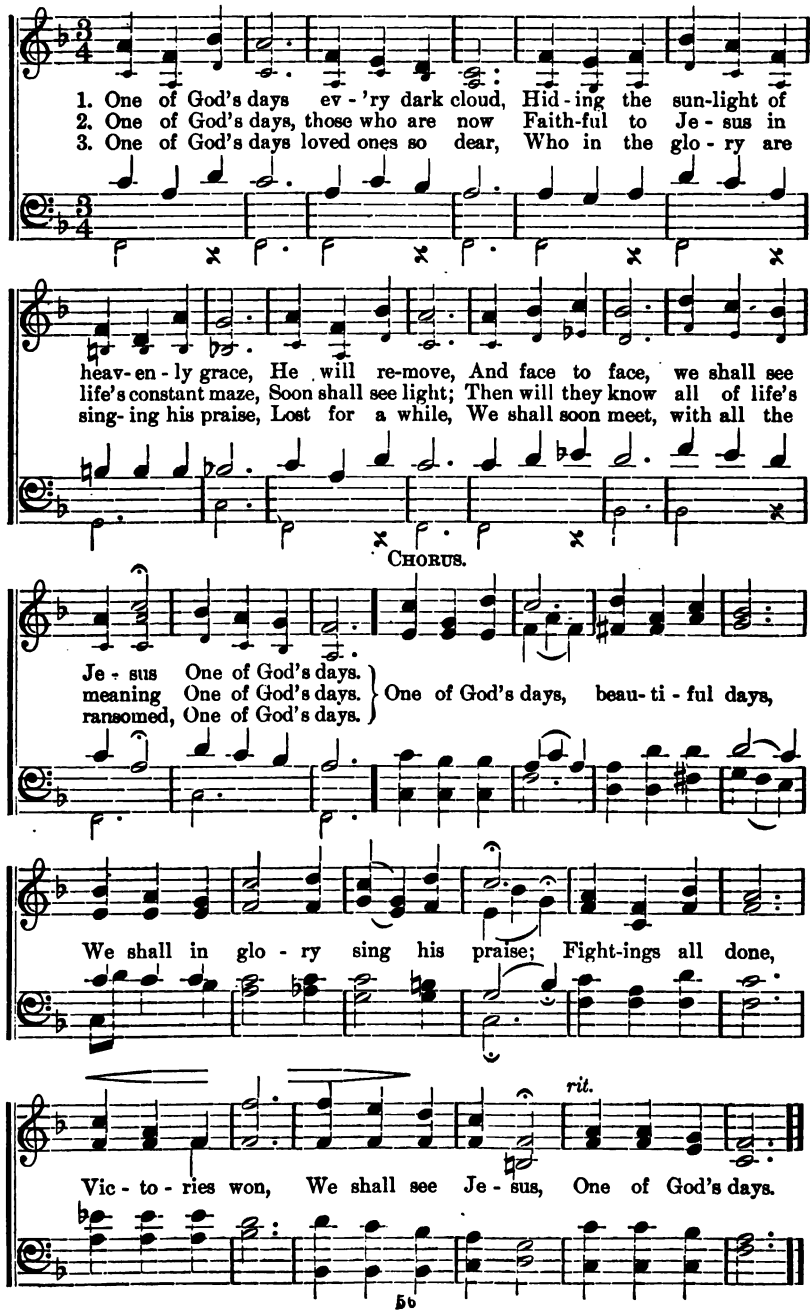
CHORUS.





No. 56. One of God's Days.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.



No. 57. Come Unto Me.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE. C. HAROLD LOWDEN.

1. Bur-den'd and wea - ry, Skies..... may be drear-y, Foot - steps may
2. Je - sus is plead - ing, Now ..... in-ter-ced-ing, Peace..... shall he
3. Shad - ows will van - ish, Care ..... shall he ban-ish, Sun - shine shall

fal - ter, Doubt..... may dis - tress,..... Je - sus is call - ing,
bring us, Pure..... from a - bove,..... Grief will he light - en,
cheer us, Glad - ness shall thrill, ... Joy he is shar - ing,

Ac - cents are fall-ing, List..... to the message, He waits to bless.
Paths..... will he brighten, Bound - less and ten-der, His wondrous love.
Bur - dens he's bearing, Bless - ings e - ter-nal, Each heart shall fill.

CHORUS.

Come un-to me, Come un-to me; All ye who la - bor, Ye shall be blest;

My yoke is light, Days shall be bright, Come un-to me and rest.

No. 58. Somebody Cares.

IRENE DURFEE. W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. Nev - er a- lone in this earth-ly way, Somebody cares, Somebody cares.
2. When I am sing-ing a hap - py song, Somebody cares, Somebody cares,
3. When I am wea- ry and long for rest, Somebody cares, Somebody cares,

I have a help- er each bus - y day; Some-bod y cares, 'tis Je - sus;
When I am fight-ing against the wrong, Some-bod-y cares, 'tis Je - sus;
When by the tempter I'm sore-ly press'd, Some-bod-y cares, 'tis Je - sus;

UNISON.

Somebody cares when the clouds hang low, Cares when my heart is o'erwhelm'd with woe,
Somebody cares when I stand a-lone, Cares when the pleasures of earth are gone,
Somebody cares, and whate'er betide, Walks ev-'ry hour by the Christian's side,

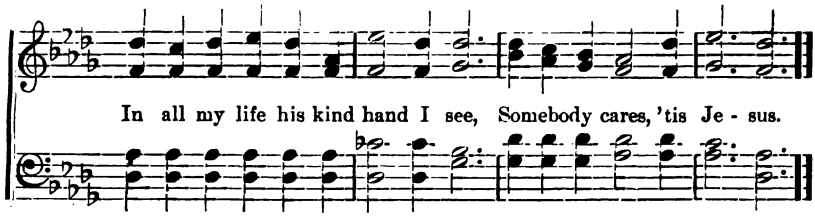
HARMONY.

Cares, and is marking my path be - low, Some-bod-y cares, 'tis Je - sus.
Cares when my false hopes with wings have flown, Somebody cares, 'tis Je - sus.
Love so a- maz- ing will e'er a - bide, Some-bod-y cares, 'tis Je - sus.

REFRAIN.

Some - bod - y cares for me, Some - bod - y cares for me,
Somebody cares, yes, Somebody cares, yes, he

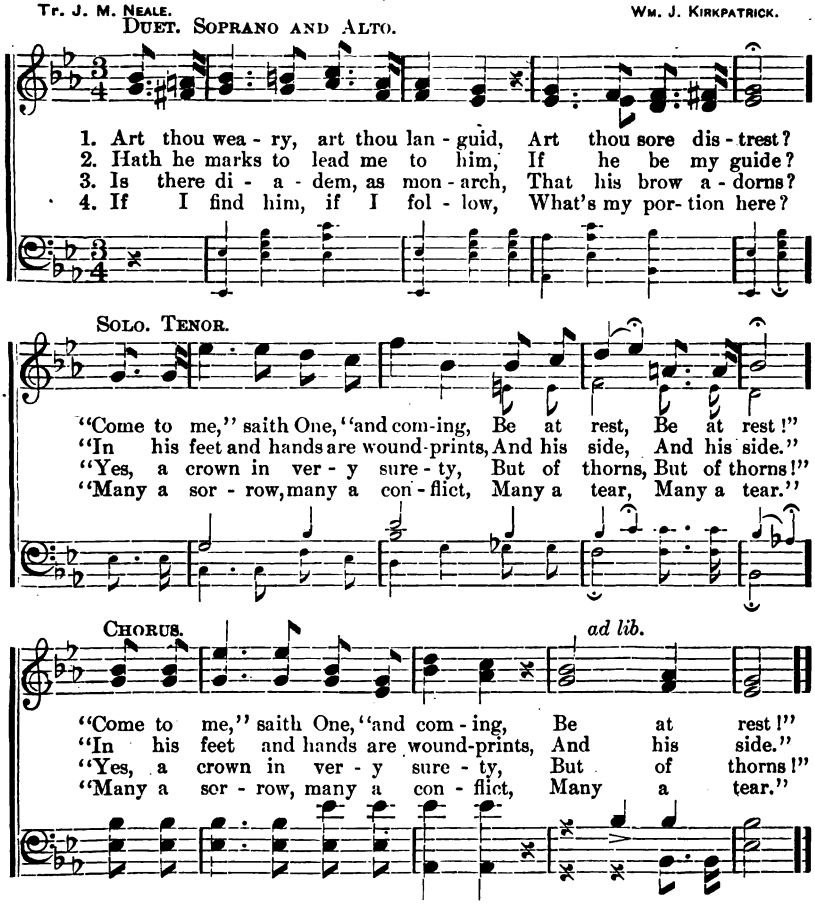
Somebody Cares.—Concluded.



No. 59. Art Thou Weary?

"Ah, my Heart."

Tr. J. M. Neale. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

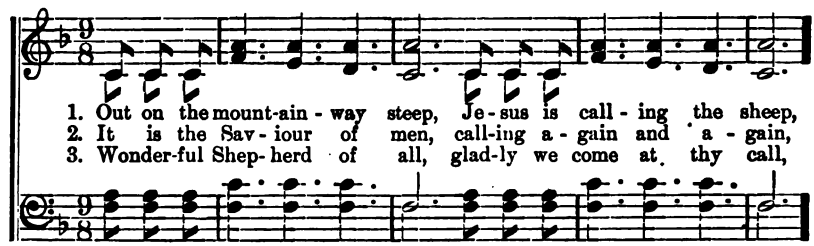


5 If I still hold closely to him,
What hath he at last?
||: Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past! :||

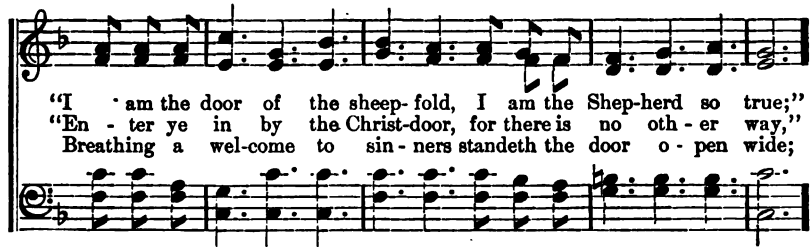
6 If I ask him to receive me,
Will he say me nay?
||: Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away! :||

No. 60. "I Am the Door."

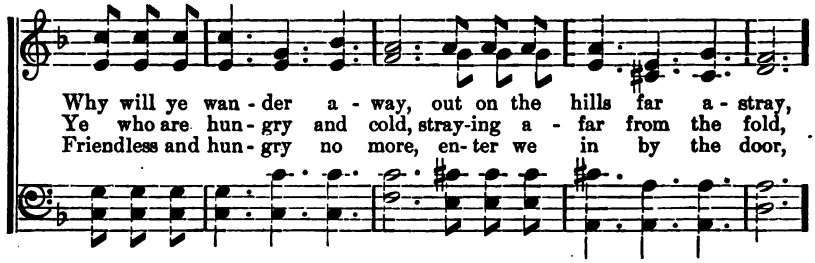
Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H Morris.



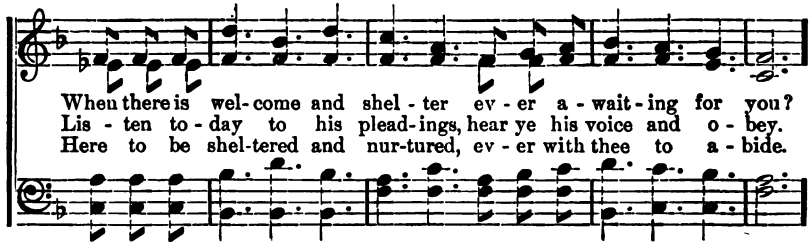
1. Out on the mount-ain - way steep, Je - sus is call - ing the sheep,
2. It is the Sav - iour of men, call-ing a - gain and a - gain,
3. Wonder-ful Shep- herd of all, glad-ly we come at thy call,



"I am the door of the sheep- fold, I am the Shep-herd so true;"
"En - ter ye in by the Christ-door, for there is no oth - er way,"
Breathing a wel-come to sin - ners standeth the door o - pen wide;

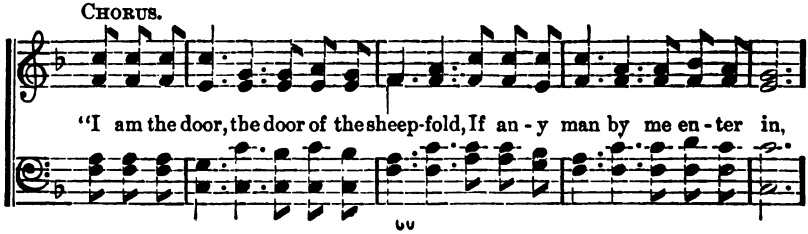


Why will ye wan - der a - way, out on the hills far a - stray,
Ye who are hun - gry and cold, stray-ing a - far from the fold,
Friendless and hun - gry no more, en- ter we in by the door,



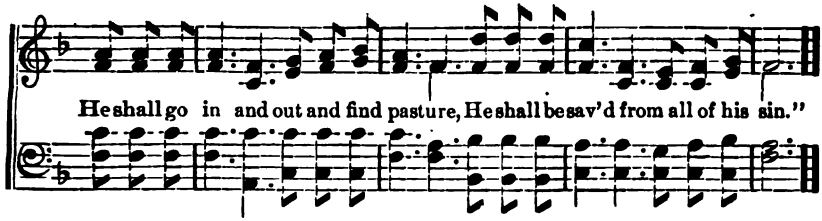
When there is wel- come and shel - ter ev - er a - wait - ing for you?
Lis - ten to - day to his plead-ings, hear ye his voice and o - bey.
Here to be shel-tered and nur-tured, ev - er with thee to a - bide.

CHORUS.



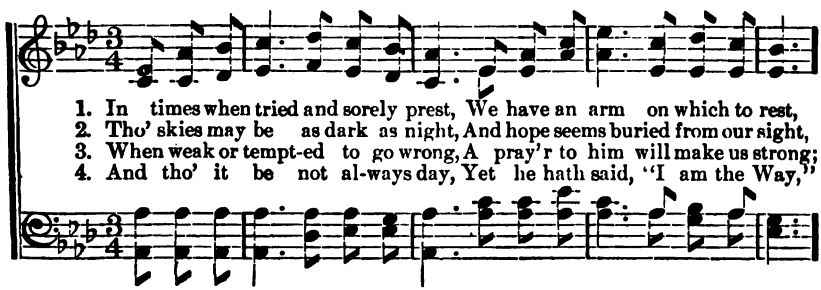
"I am the door, the door of the sheep-fold, If an - y man by me en - ter in,

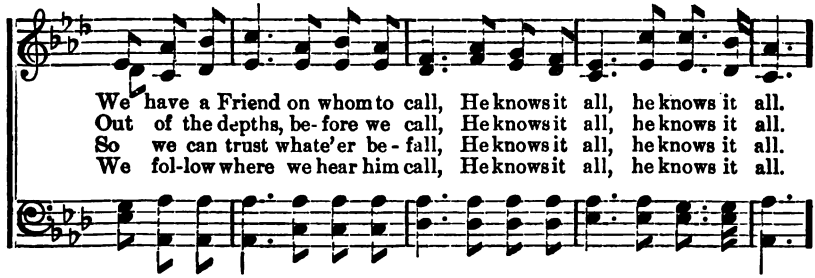
"I Am the Door."—Concluded.

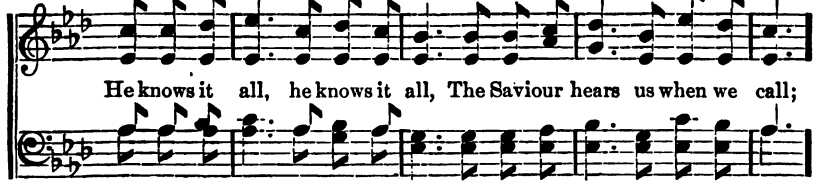


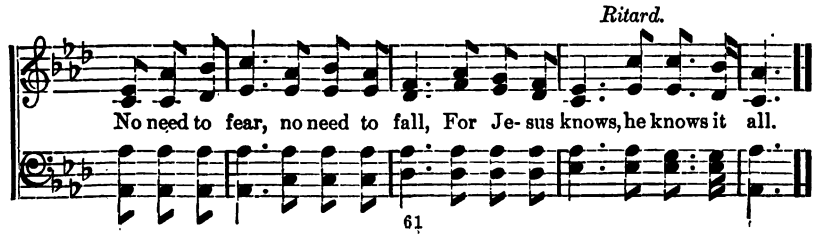
No. 61. He Knows it All.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.





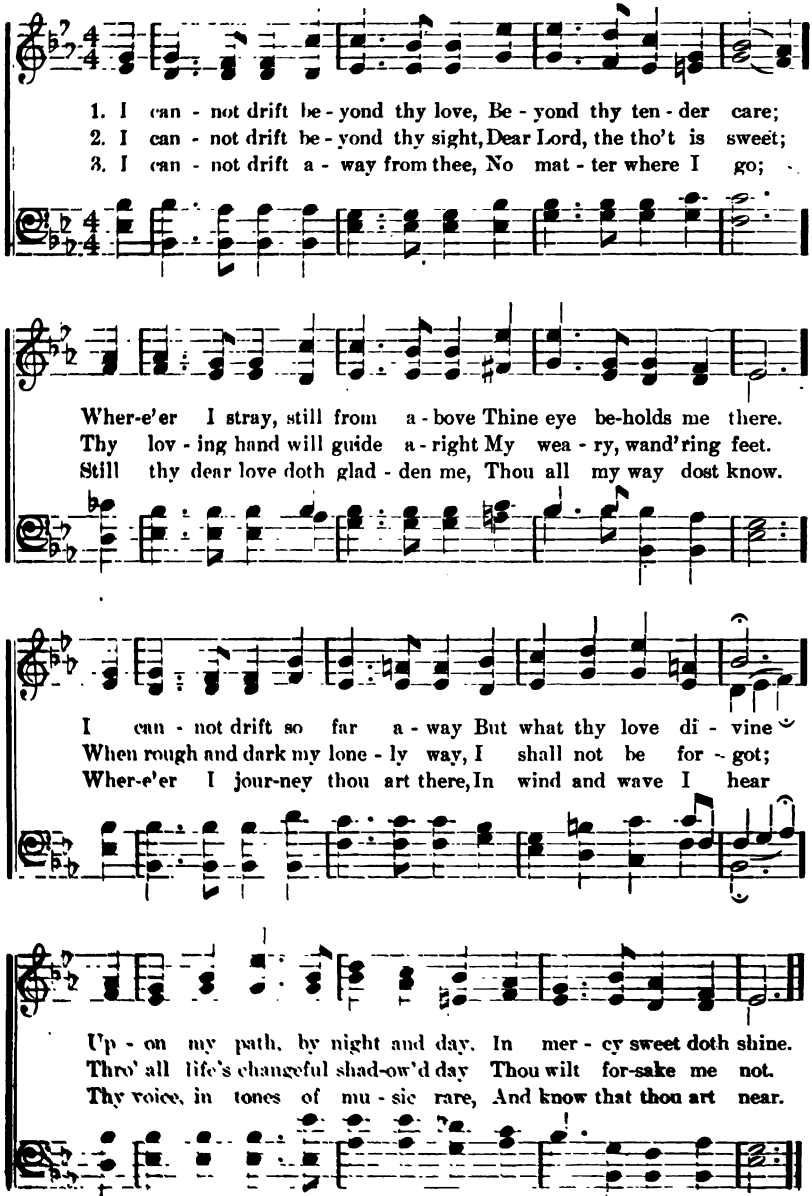




No. 62. I Cannot Drift Beyond Thy Love.

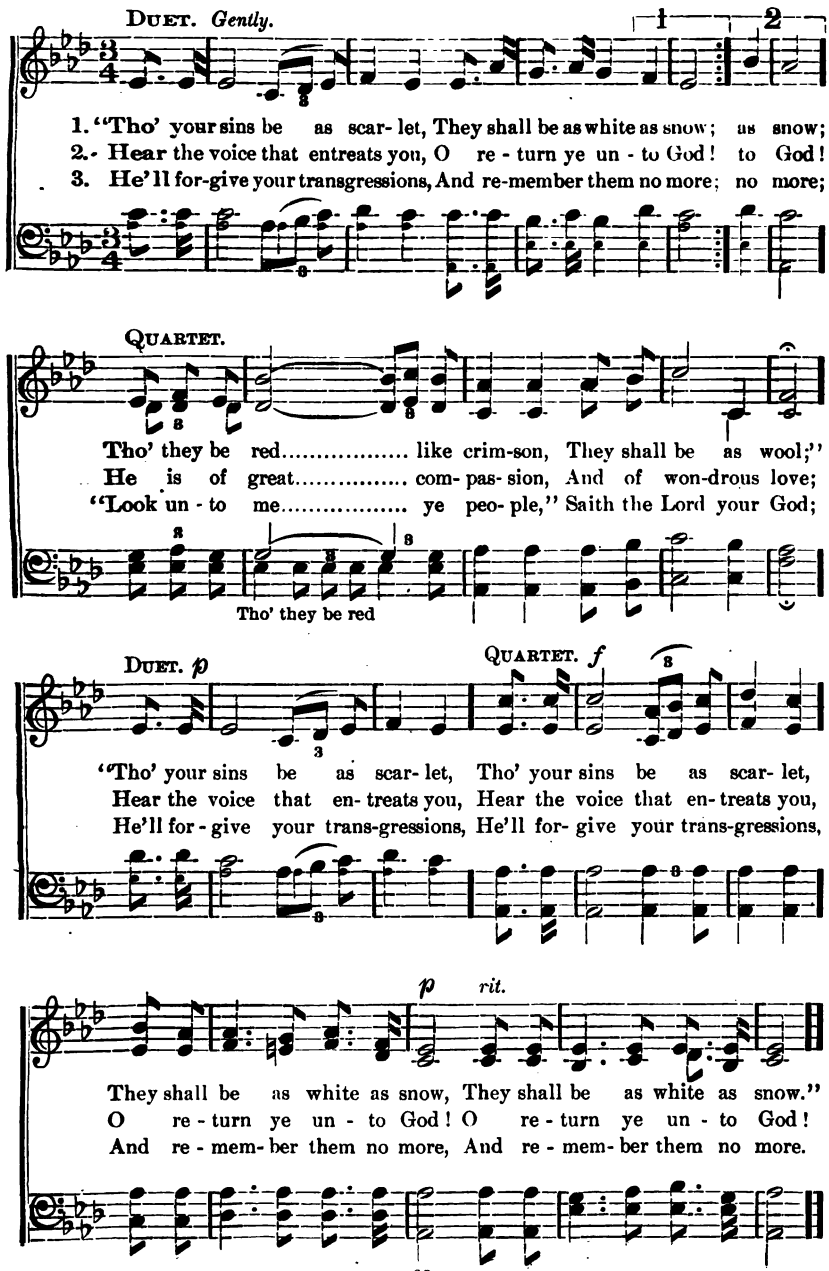
"I know not where his islands lift their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift beyond his love and care."—*Whittier.*

IDA L. REED. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



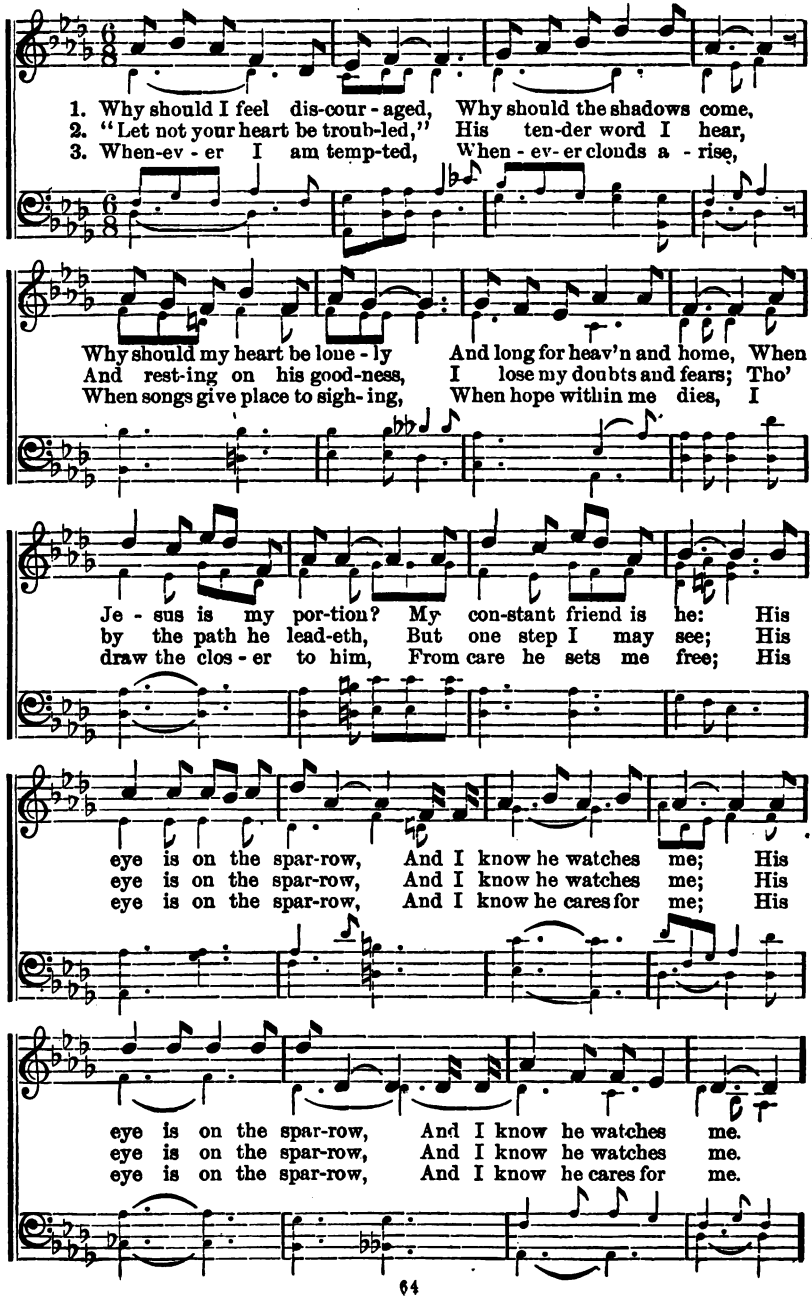
No. 63. Though Your Sins be as Scarlet.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

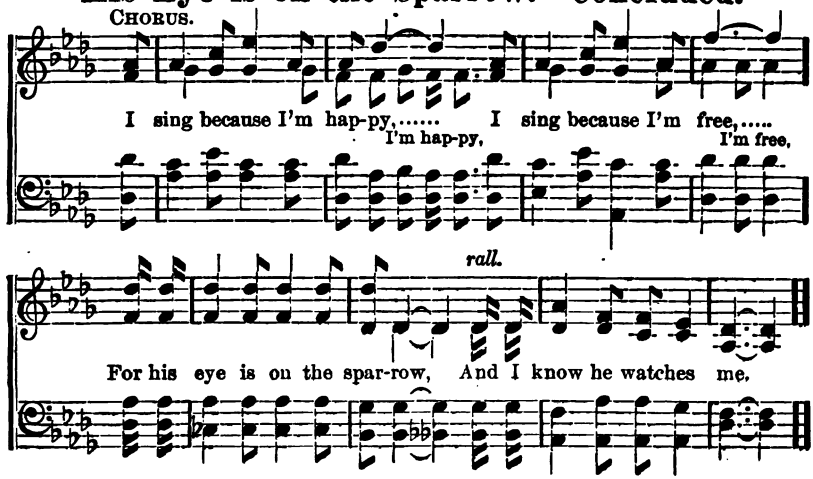


No. 64. His Eye Is on the Sparrow.

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

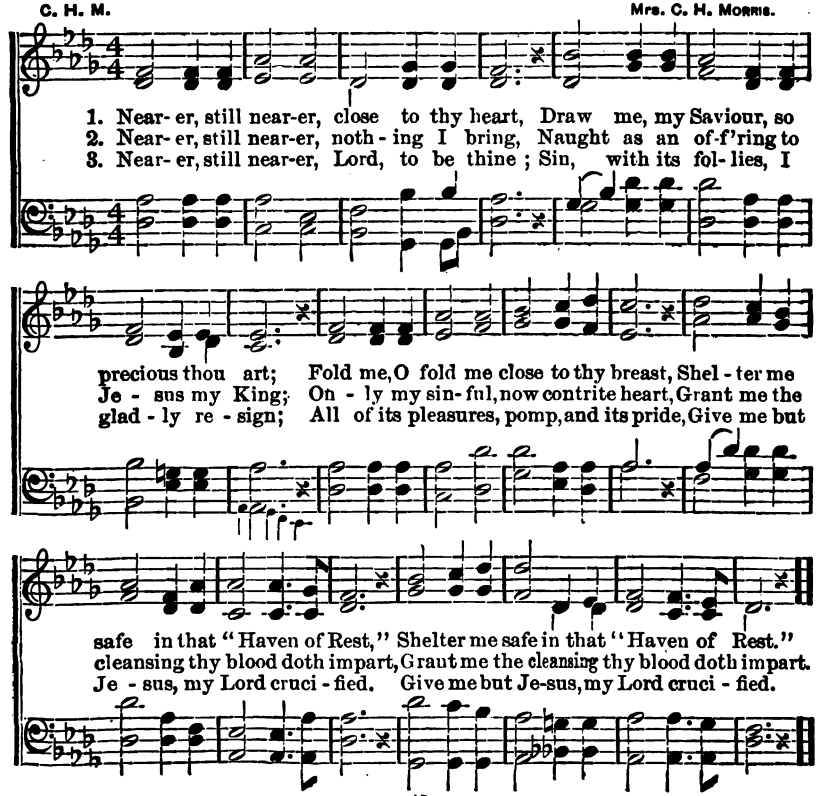


His Eye is on the Sparrow.—Concluded.



No. 65. Nearer, Still Nearer.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.



No. 66. His Grace is Enough for Me.

J B. E. J. BRUCE EVANS.

1. Just when I am disheartened, Just when with cares oppress'd, Just when my way is dark-est, Just when I am distress'd—Then is my Saviour near me, He knows my ev- 'ry care; Je- sus will nev - er leave me, He helps my burdens bear.
2. Just when my hopes have vanished, Just when my friends forsake, Just when the fight is thickest, Just when with fear I shake—Then comes a still small whisper: "Fear not, my child, I'm near." Jesus brings peace and comfort, I love his voice to hear.
3. Just when my tears are flowing, Just when with anguish bent, Just when temptation's hardest, Just when with sadness rent—Then comes a tho't of comfort: "I know my Fa-ther knows." Je- sus has grace suf- fi- cient To conquer all my foes.

CHORUS.

His grace is enough for me, for me, His grace is enough for me;
Thro' sorrow and pain, Thro' loss or gain, His grace is enough for me.

No. 67. Roll the Stone Away.

ORA SAMUEL GRAY. CHARLES H. MARSH.

SOLO.

1. Je-sus was standing beside a grave, Weeping, but knowing his pow'r to save;
2. Je-sus is speaking to you in song, Asking why have you delay'd so long:
3. Je-sus is standing by hearts of sin, Knocking and saying, "Let Me come in."

"Take ye away now the stone from the door," And Christ will his power display.
While men are lying in grave-clothes of sin, For whom Jesus died on the cross.
Rouse then, ye sleeper, and o-pen the door, For Je-sus has power to save.

CHORUS. *Faster.*

They roll'd the stone a - way, For Christ was there that day, And call'd up-

on a man to leave the darken'd grave. We'll roll the stone a - way, For

rit.

he is here to - day, And waits to show his mighty pow'r, His pow'r to save.

No. 68. He Did Not Die in Vain.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

DUET, (for Mezzo Soprano and Tenor, or Unison Chorus.)

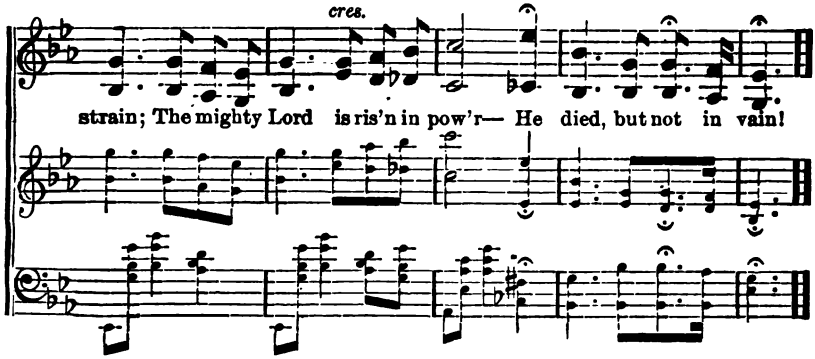
With expression.

1. My bless-ed Lord was cru - ci - fied, And day was dark, and grief was wide, For hope was crush'd, and all was vain, Un-til the Saviour rose a - gain.
2. He brings his great sal - va - tion nigh, And on his love bids us re - ly; He bought our peace thro' grief and pain; For O! he did not die in vain.
3. O wondrous news of life and love! That Je - sus lives and reigns a - bove! He made the path to glo - ry plain; Ah, no! he did not die in vain!

CHORUS.

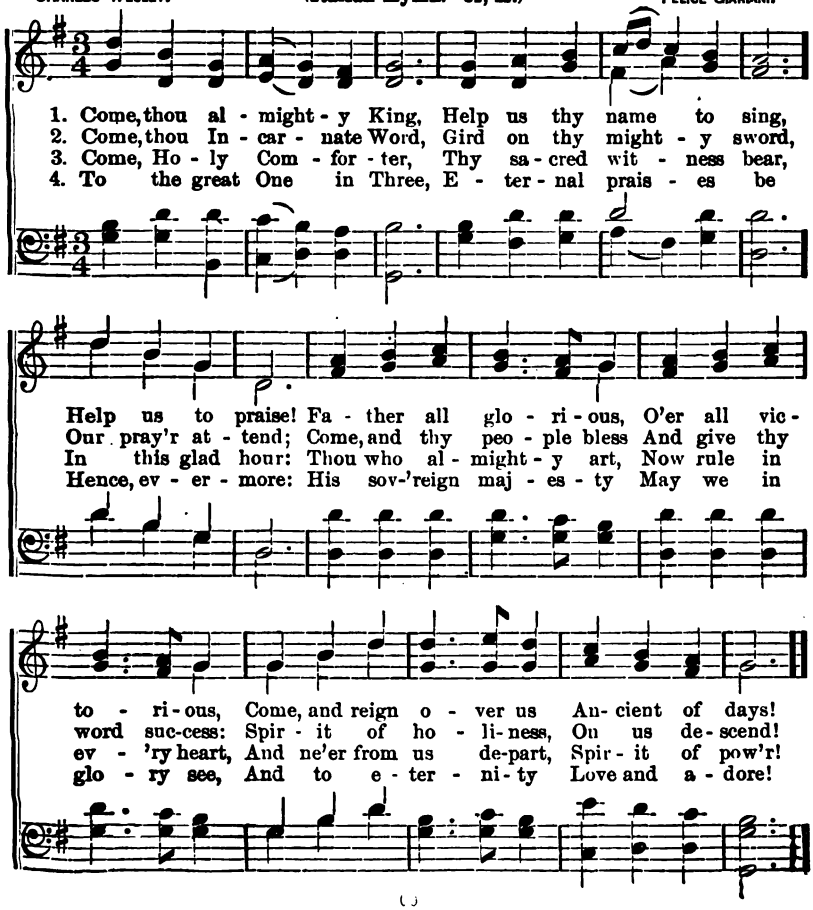
Ring out the bless - ed news a - gain! O bear a - loft the

He Did Not Die in Vain.—Concluded.



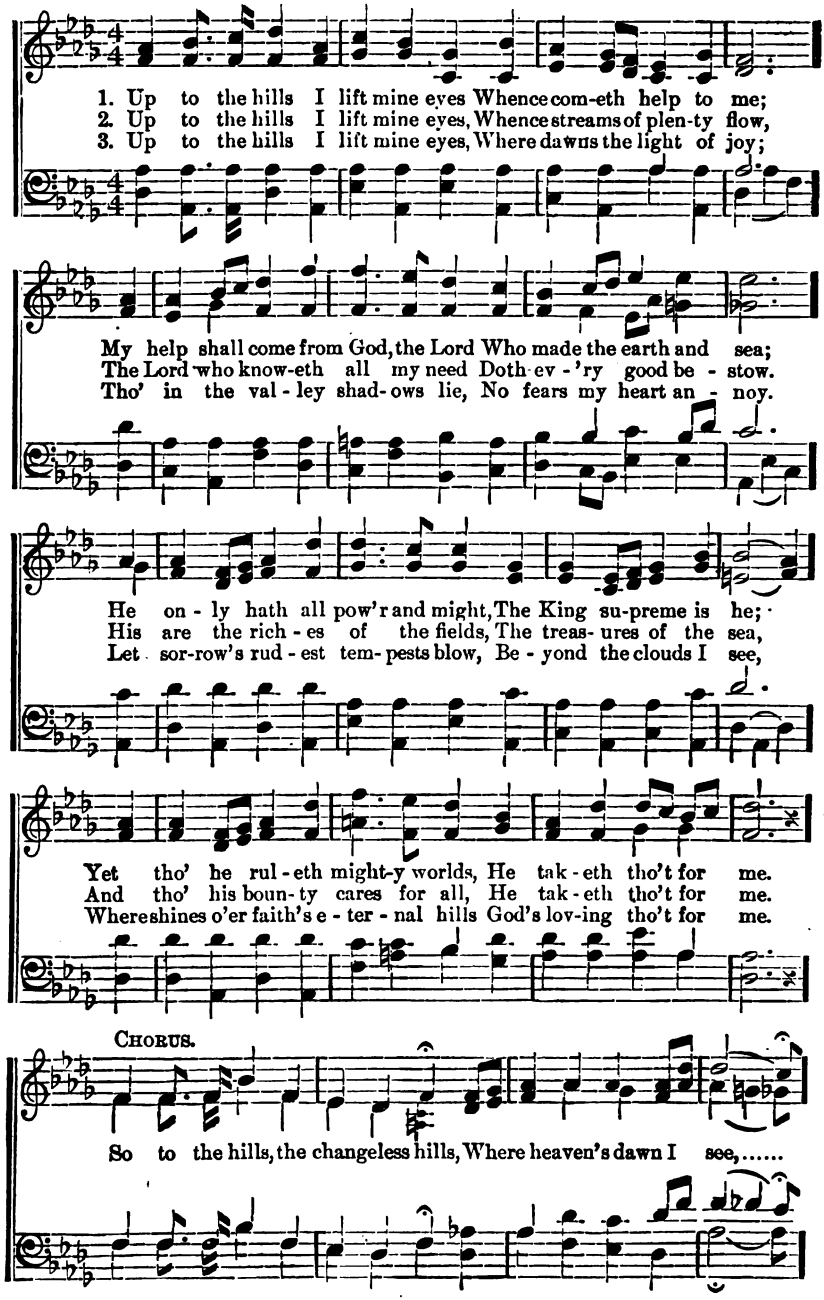
No. 69. Come, Thou Almighty King.

CHARLES WEGLEY. (Italian Hymn. 6s, 4s.) FELICE GIARDINI.

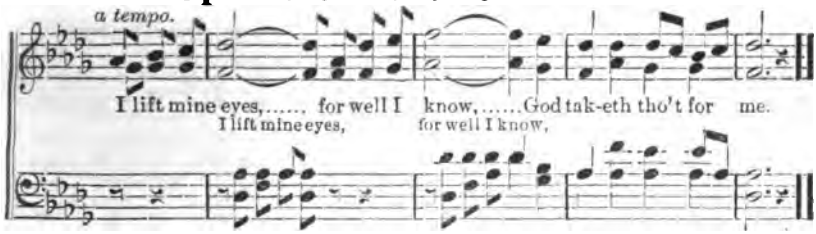


No. 70. Up to the Hills.

JULIA E. BURNARD. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

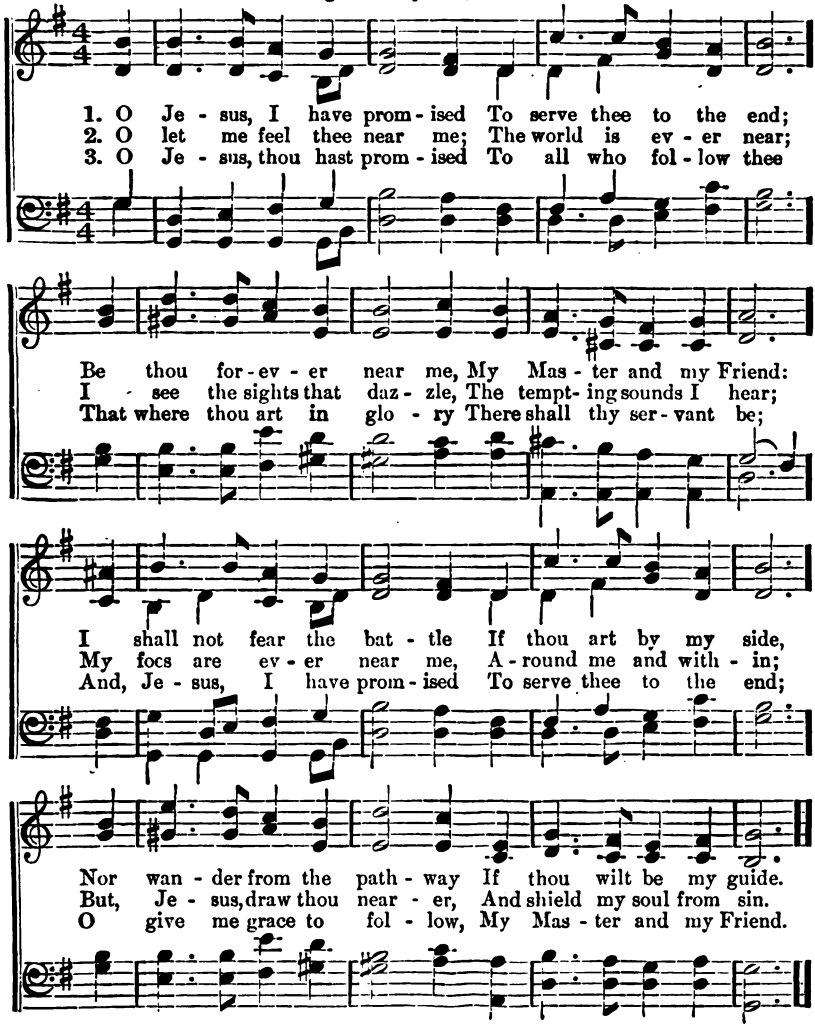


Up to the Hills.—Concluded.



No. 71. O Jesus, I Have Promised.

JOHN E. BODE. (Angel's Story. 7s, 6s. D.) ARTHUR H. MANN.



No. 72. My Only Hope Is Jesus.

T. O. CHISHOLM. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Not by deeds that I have done May the heav'nly prize be won,
2. When I view my sin - ful past, When my gaze with - in I cast,
3. O how dear is Christ to me! Ev - 'ry- thing in him I see,

But thro' Christ, and Christ a - lone, My on - ly hope is Je - sus.
Hum-bly I con - fess at last, My on - ly hope is Je - sus.
For this life and that to be, My on - ly hope is Je - sus.

Ma - ny voic - es do I hear, Vain- ly meant to calm my fear,
Hand in hand with him I go, Fear-less, now, of ev - 'ry foe,
When my course is end - ed here, E - ven death I will not fear,

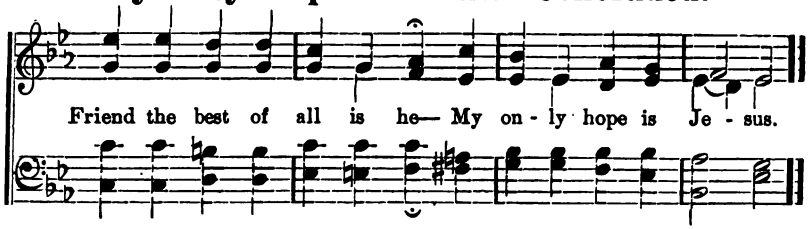
cres. *p*

One a - lone my heart can cheer, It is the voice of Je - sus.
There is naught can harm I know, For I am trust-ing Je - sus.
Whisp'ring, as the gates I near, My on - ly hope is Je - sus.

CHORUS.

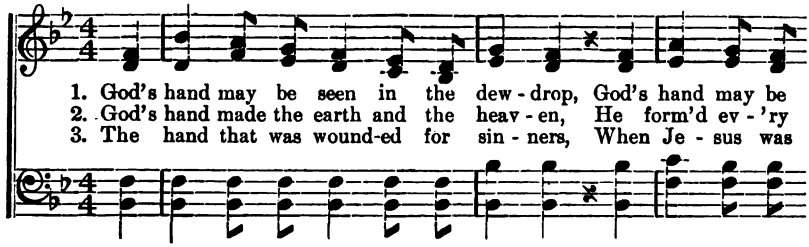
Je - sus died and I am free, Je - sus lives and pleads for me,

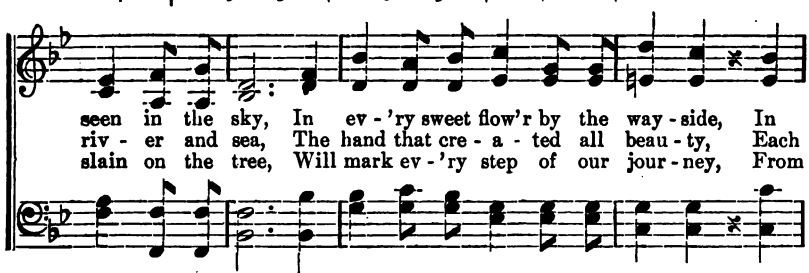
My Only Hope Is Jesus.—Concluded.

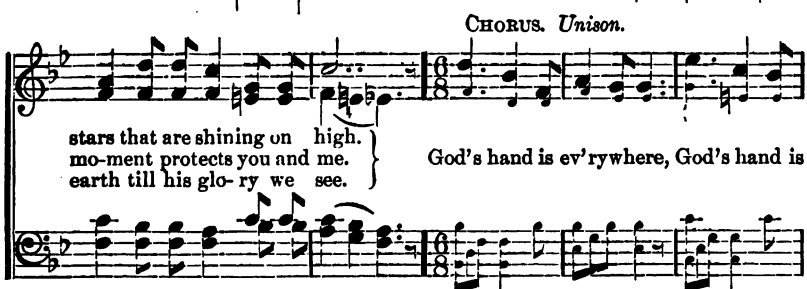


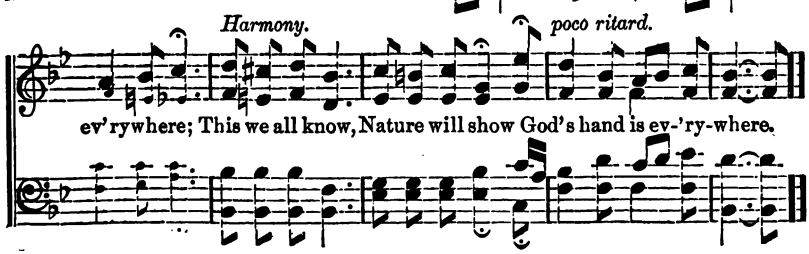
No. 73. God's Hand Is Everywhere.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.









No. 74. Jesus, Saviour, Friend.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS. W. A. POST.

With expression.

1. Je- sus, lov-ing Sav-iour, Hear our note of praise; Take the gift we
2. Je- sus, ten-der Shepherd, Lead-ing like a flock, In the pleas-ant
3. Je- sus, gracious Mas- ter, Who hast dwelt be-low, Who the world's al-

of - fer In the song we raise; "Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or
pas - tures, And the sha - dy rock; Je - sus, ten - der Shep-herd,
lur - ings All too well dost know, Hear our hymn of wor - ship,

To our King be - long;" Glo - ry, hal - le - lu- jah From earth's
By the wa - ters sweet; Thro' the long-drawn journey Keep our
Hear our hum- ble pray'r, Guide our way- ward footsteps, Keep us

CHORUS.

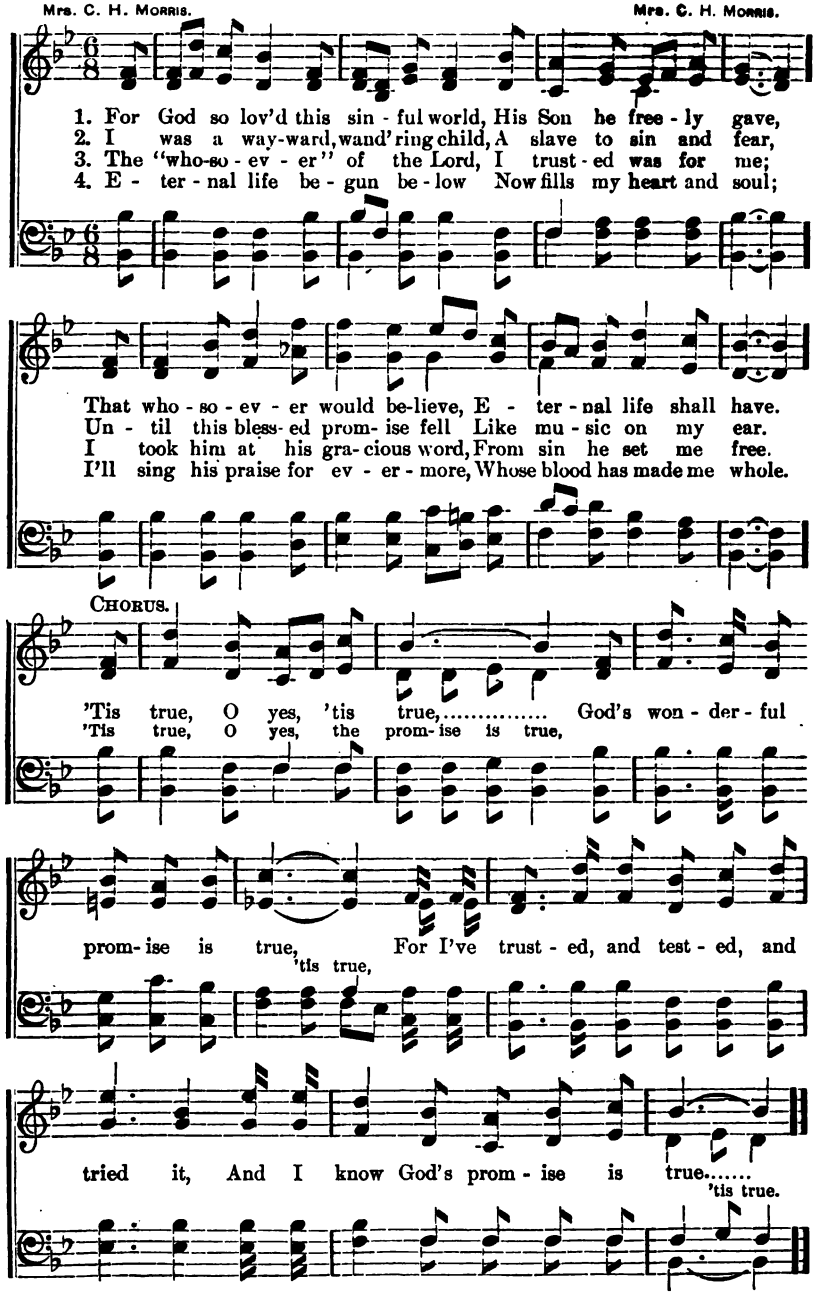
ran - som'd throng.
pil - grim feet.
in thy care.

Sweet-ly sing his prais - es, Je - sus, Sav-iour,

Friend, In a might-y an- them That shall nev - er end.

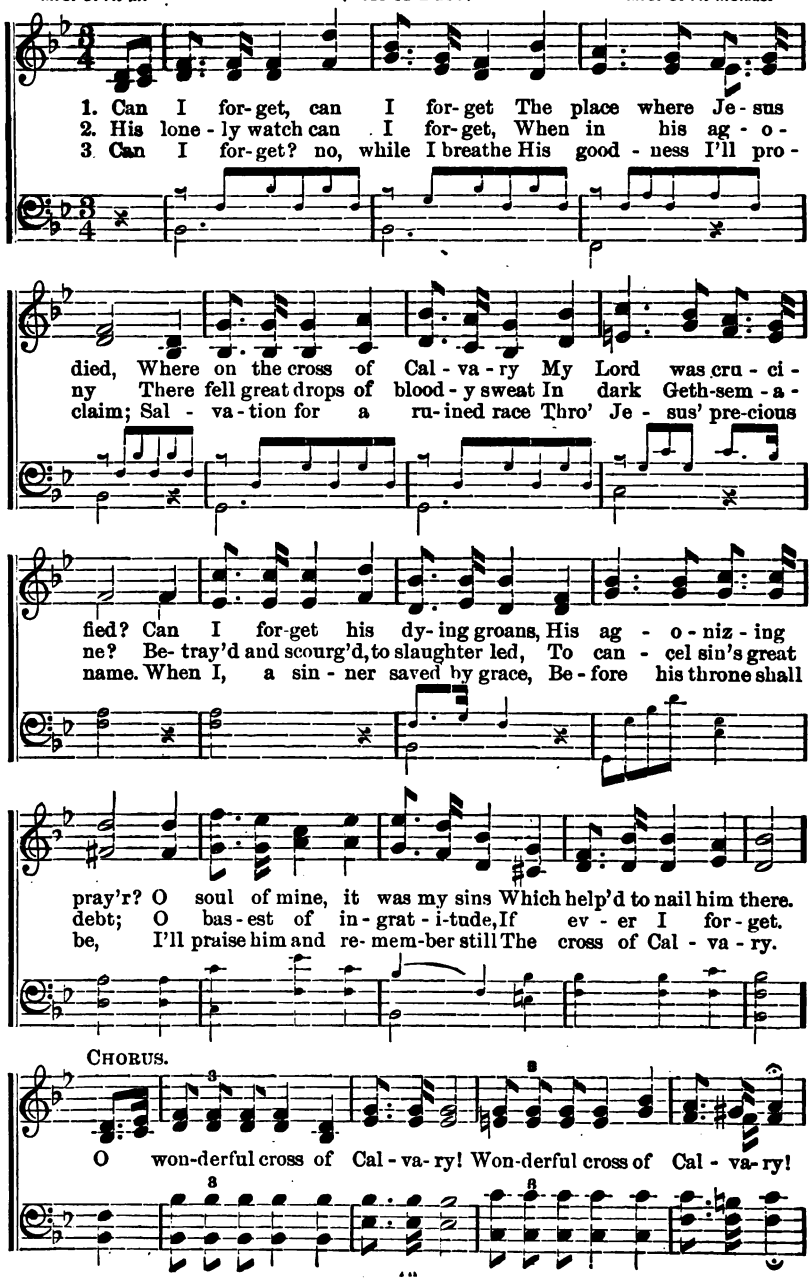
No. 75. I Know God's Promise is True.

Mrs. C. H. Morris. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

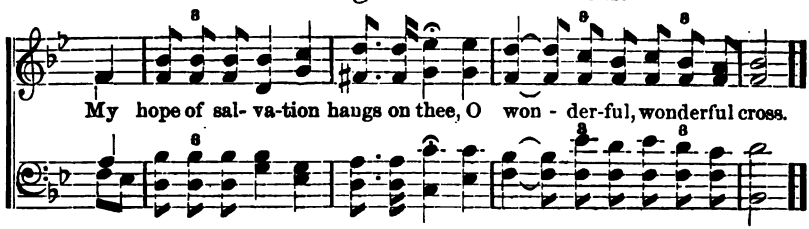


No. 76. Can I Forget?

Mrs. C. H. M. (Solo or Duet.) Mrs. C. H. Morris.

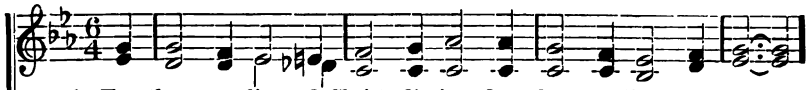


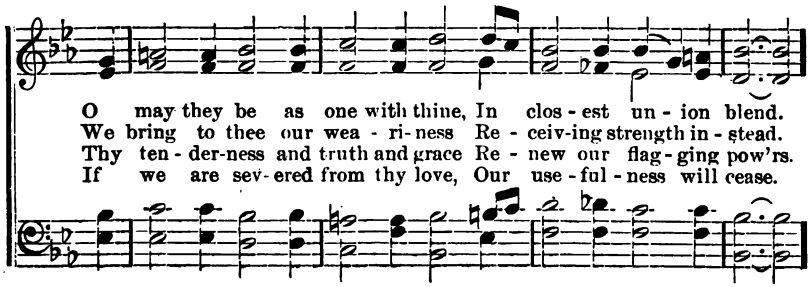
Can I Forget?—Concluded.



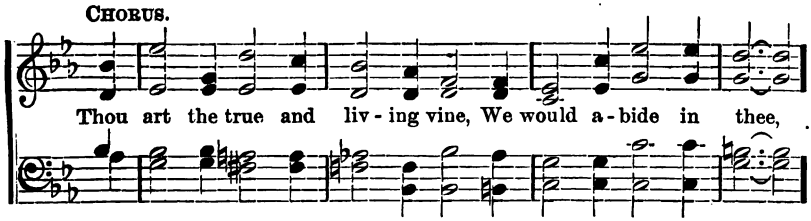
No. 77. Thou Art the Vine.

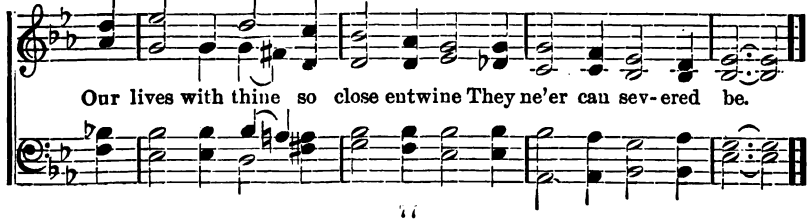
LAURENE HIGHFIELD. CHAS. H. MARSH.





CHORUS.





No. 78. In His Keeping.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. When the ear - ly morn-ing break - ing, Slum-ber from my eye-lids shak - ing, Comes the bless - ed tho't with wak - ing, I am in his keep-ing. Day ad- vanc - es, la - bor bringing, Care, her man- tle 'round me fling - ing, Yet midst all my soul keeps sing- ing, I am in his care.

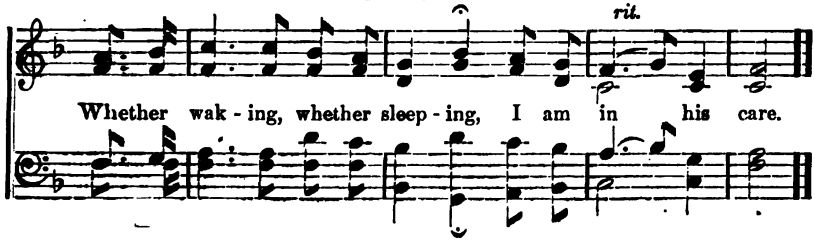
2. Some - times dark clouds hang o'er me, Not one step I see be - fore me, Still, my Sav - iour, I a - dore thee, I am in his keep-ing. I can trust his hand to guide me,' Neath his wings he'll safe-ly hide me, And no harm can e'er be - tide me, I am in his care.

3. Gen - tle e - ven- tide is near - ing, Light from heav - en dis - ap- pear - ing, Still the bless - ed tho't so cheer- ing, I am in his keep-ing. Now night's curtains gather 'round me, Yet its dan-gers have not found me, For his an - gel guards surround me, I am in his care.

Chorus.

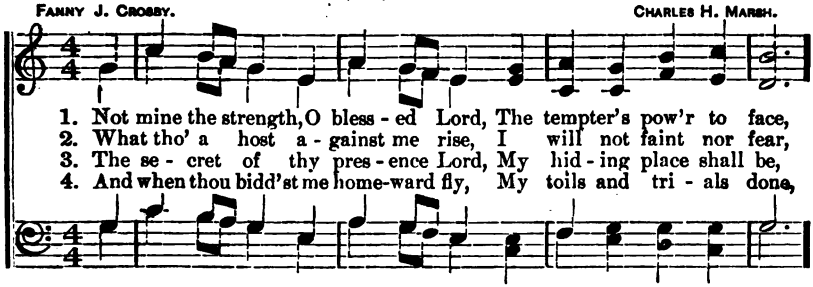
I am in my Father's keep-ing, I am in his ten-der care.

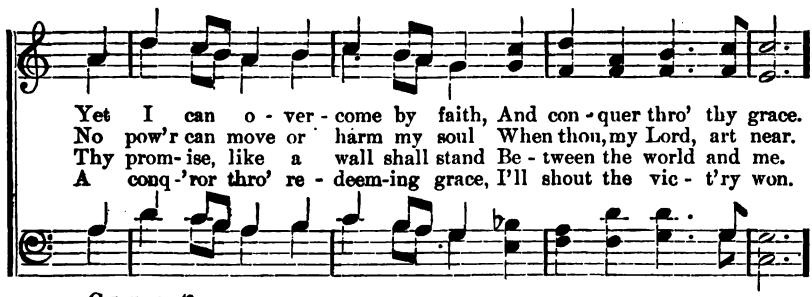
In His Keeping.—Concluded.

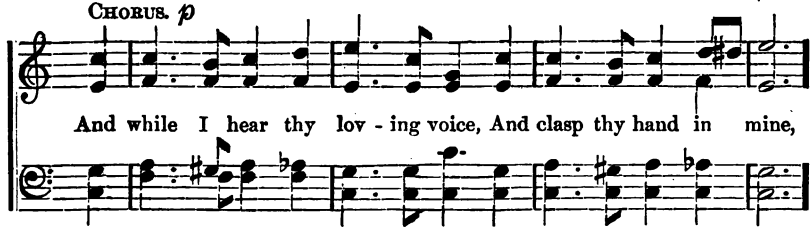


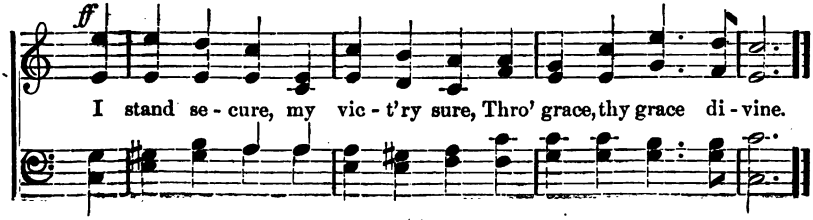
No. 79. Conquerors Through Grace.

FANNY J. CROSBY. CHARLES H. MARSH.









No. 80. With Me All the Way.

Mrs. N. P. C. Mrs. NELLIE PLACE CHANDLER.

1. There's a song with-in my heart to- day, (to-day,) And re - joic- ing go I
2. O, this song shall be a song of trust, (of trust,) For his ways are al- ways
3. Thro' his grace I'll sing the vic-tor's song, In his strength for right be victor's song,

on my way, (my way,) For I've found a Friend and Guide, and what-
right and just, (and just,) And I do not walk a - lone, since he's
firm and strong; (and strong;) Tho' temp-ta - tions may as - sail, in his

D.S.—Then what e - vil shall I fear, with my

FINE.

ev - er may be-tide, He has prom-ised to be with me all the way.
called me for his own, He has prom-ised to be with me all the way.
name I shall pre-vail, He has prom-ised to be with me all the way.

Friend and Guide so near, He has prom-ised to be with me all the way.

CHORUS.

For my Sav - iour will be with me all the way!.....
For my Sav - iour will be with me all the way,

D.S.

Is the song my heart is sing - ing all the day;.....
Is the song my heart is sing - ing all the way,

No. 81. Take Thou My Trembling Hand.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Take thou my trembling hand And clasp it in thine own;
2. Take thou my trembling hand, The way grows dark and wild;
3. My Fa - ther, 'tis thy voice That whis- pers in my ear;
4. Why should I then complain, Be - cause the way is long;

A - long this rug - ged path I can - not walk a - lone..
The temp - est o'er me breaks, O help thy faint - ing child.
I will not doubt thy love Nor yield my soul to fear.
O take my trembling hand And tune my heart to song.

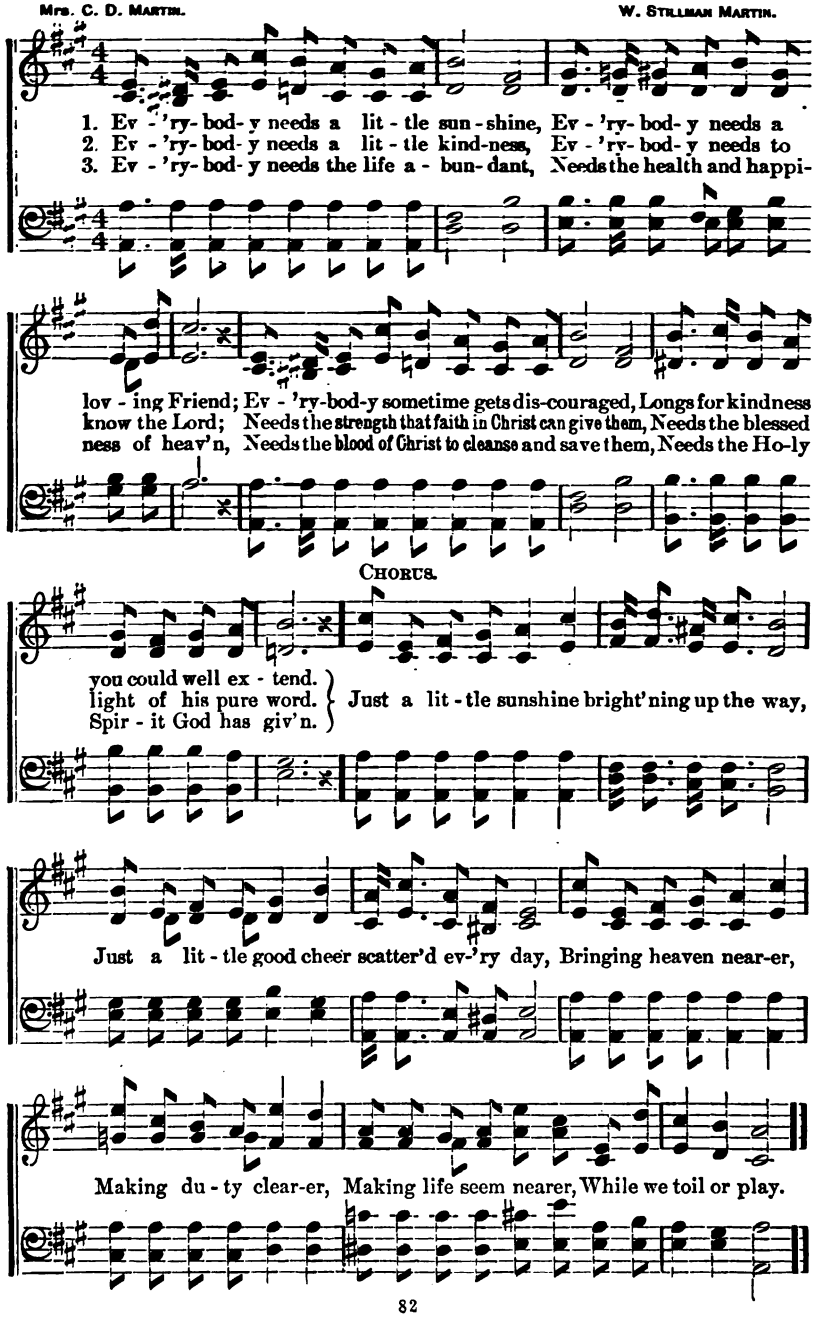
CHORUS. *Unison.*

If thou my Fa-ther hold me up, Though joy or
sor - row fill my cup, It mat - ters not what -
e'er it be, If step by step I walk with thee.

rit.

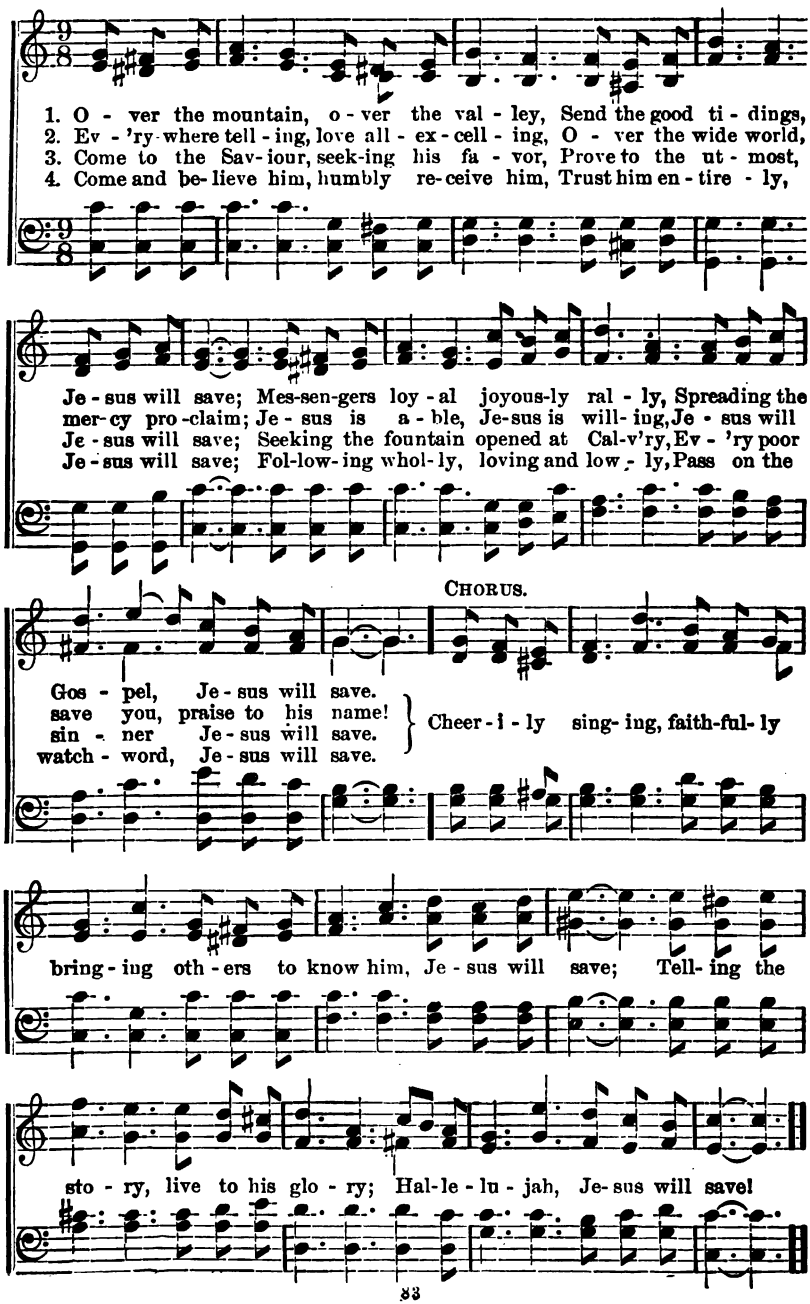
No. 82. Good Cheer Song.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.



No. 83. Jesus Will Save.

E. E. Hewitt. Samuel W. Beazley.



No. 84. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

S. BARING GOULD. ADAM GEISEL.

Unison.

1. On-ward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be- fore! Christ, the roy- al Mas-ter, Leads a - gainst the foe; For-ward in - to bat-tle, See his ban - ners go.
2. At the sign of tri-umph Sa-tan's host doth flee; On, then Christian sol-diers, On to vic- to - ry! Hell's foun-da-tions quiv-er At the shout of praise; Brothers, lift your voices, Loud your anthems raise!
3. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the church of God; Brothers, we are treading Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we, One in hope and doctrine, One in char - i - ty.
4. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the church of Je - sus Con-stant will re-main; Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that church pre-vail; We have Christ's own promise, And that cannot fail.

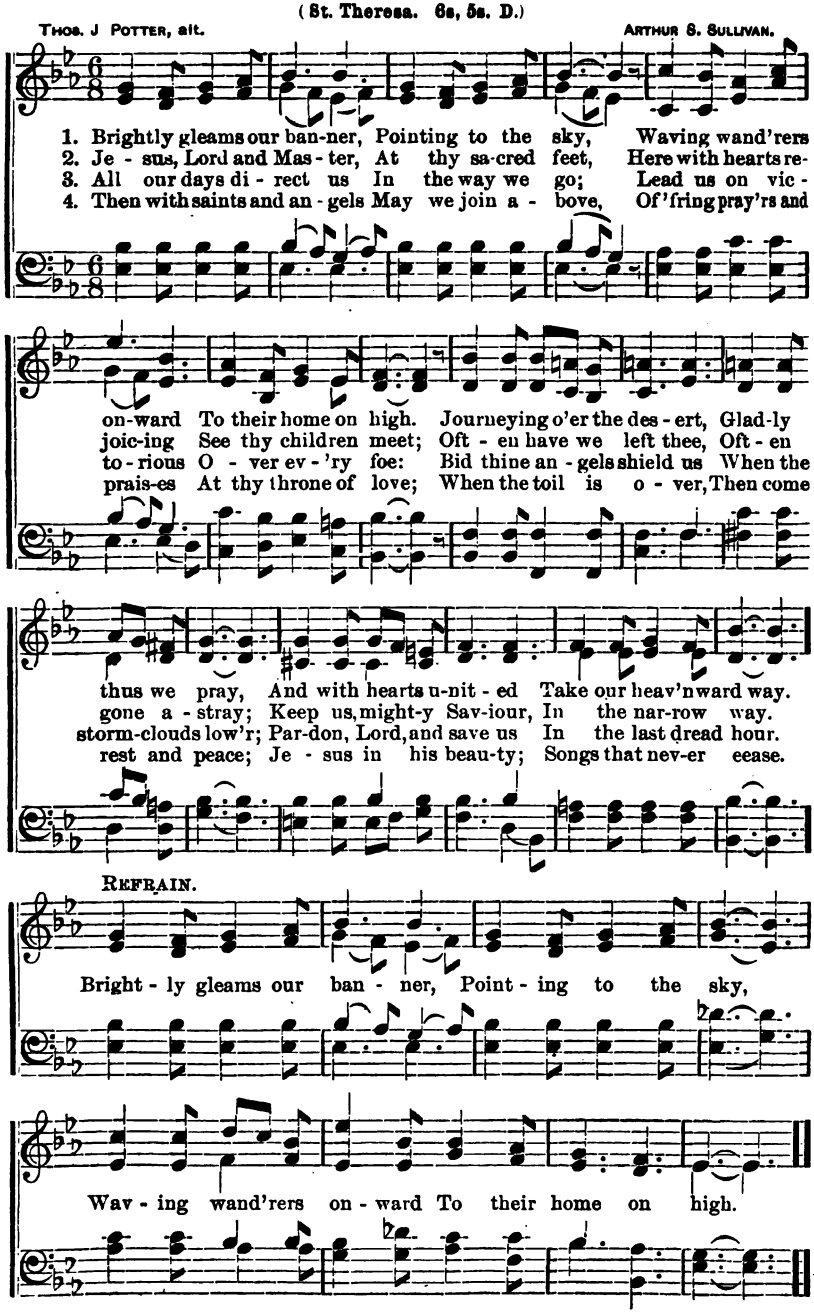
CHORUS. *Harmony.*

On - ward, Chris-tian sol - diers, March-ing as to war,...
On-ward, on-ward,
With the cross of Je - sus, Go - ing on be - fore.

No. 85. Brightly Gleams Our Banner.

(St. Theresa. 6s, 5s. D.)

THOS. J POTTER, alt. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.



No. 86. Under the Cross Victorious.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. W. B. JUDEFIND.

1. Glad - ly march a-long with a joy - ful song, Ral - ly com-rades
2. Keep the cross in sight with its heav'n- ly light, Come, a - rouse, ye
3. Hear the stir - ring call, ral - ly one and all, There must be no

while you may;..... In his serv - ice true there's a place for you,
sol - diers brave;..... Je - sus goes a-head, in his footsteps tread,
cow - ard band;..... Lift his ban - ner high, let your col - ors fly,
while you may:

CHORUS. *Unison.*

If the Cap-tain you o - bey.
There's a world for him to save.
Show the foe for whom we stand.
} Un - der his ban -ner glo - ri-ous,

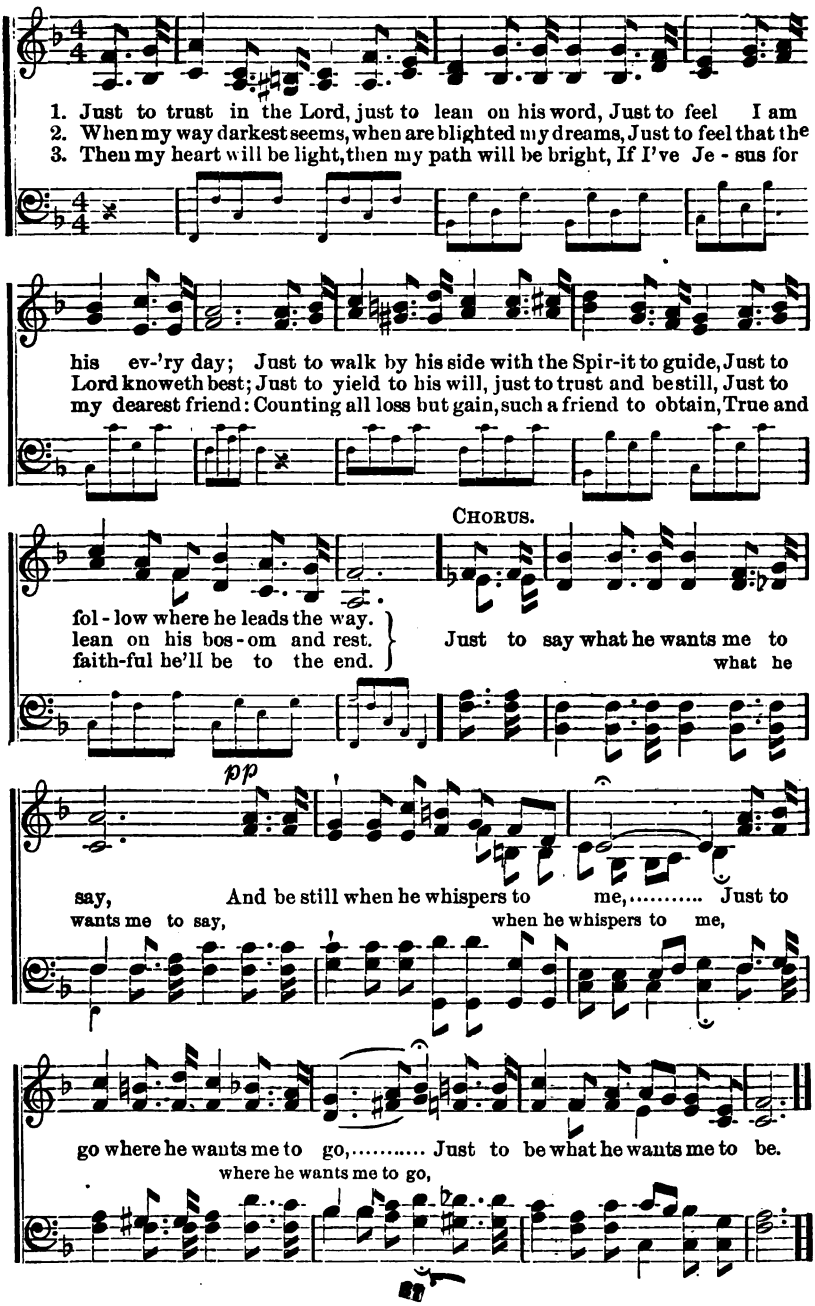
Harmony.

Un - der the cross vic - to - ri - ous, Ral - ly while you may,

March a - way, a - way, For the Christ we'll win the day!

No. 87. Doing His Will.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.



No. 88. The Cross Means Love.

Mrs. F. A. Breck. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Andante.

1. "By this sign we conquer!" Bless-ed cross of Christ! Where-up-on they nail'd him, When he was sac - ri - ficed.
2. He for our transgressions Came from heav'n above, Meek - ly died to save us, So won - der- ful his love.
3. Scorn'd, and bruis'd, forsaken, Much our Saviour bore, All for our re- demp- tion; O what could he do more?
4. Great is this sal - va- tion! Haste, the sto- ry tell! By this sign to con - quer, The cross we love so well.
5. "By this sign we conquer," Whereso- e'er we go; Bear it on your ban - ner, Till all the na- tions know:

Chorus. *Unison.*

The cross means love, The cross means love; "By this sign we con- quer," The cross that means love; The cross means love; The cross means love;..... "By this sign we con - quer," The cross that means love.

No. 89. The Victory Song.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Christian war-rior, sing the vict'ry song, Ye who to the win-ning side be-
2. In all lands the sto - ry must be told, Then our eyes his coming shall be-
3. Shine on, shine on, Sun of Righteousness, With thy glo- ry-beams the land to-
4. Hon - or, pow'r and glo- ry ev - er be Un - to him who gives the vic - to-

long; Soon from shore to shore, and sea to sea, Jesus Christ shall conqu'ror be.
hold; Prostrate at his feet all na-tions fall, Hail and crown him Lord of all.
bless; Superstition's night shall fade a- way, At the dawn of promis'd day.
ry, Jesus Christ, whose triumph now we sing, Saviour, Lord, and coming King.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

{ Vic- t'ry perch-es now on Is-rael's ban-ners, Lift your voic- es, sing your
{ Night is wan- ing, morn-ing light is breaking, Heathen na-tions from their

Harmony.

loud ho - san- nas, Vic - to - ry is near, yes, vic - to - ry is near;
slum- ber wak-ing, Vic - to - ry is near, yes, (*Omit.*)

Christ shall conqu'ror be. Vic-to- ry is near, Christ shall conqu'ror be.

No. 90. Co-laborers.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. To help to win this world for Christ En - list - ed now are we,
2. His strong right arm our sure- ty is, He leads us in the fight,
3. This earth with fer- tile hills and plains Is his by law - ful right;

Be - neath the ban- ner of his cross, Which ransom'd you and me;
In ev - 'ry con- flict goes be - fore And keeps our ar - mor bright;
Each soul the pur-chase of his blood And pre - cious in his sight;

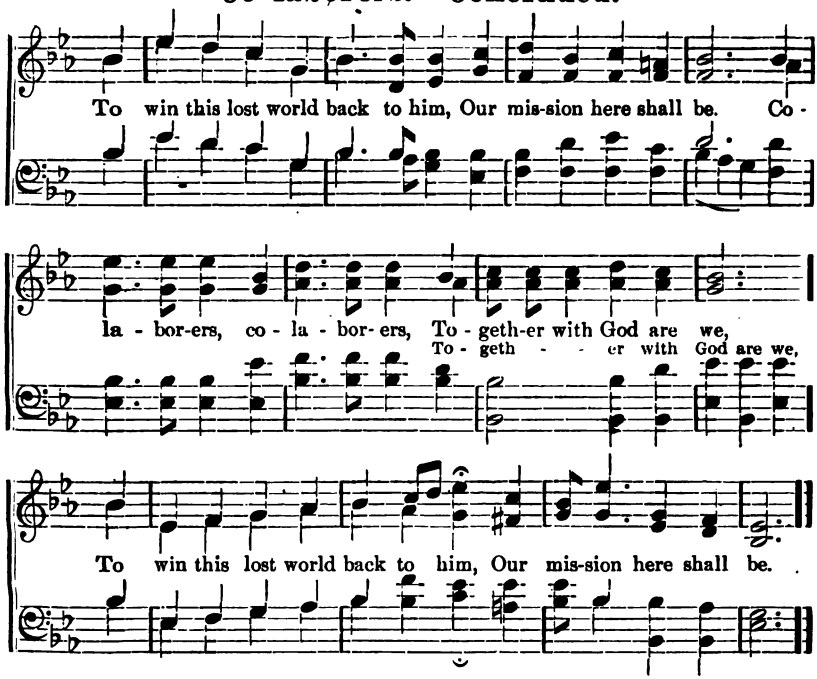
Am - bas - sa - dors for him we go, And sav - ing grace pro - claim,
Up - on the win-ning side with him We'll more than conq'rors be,
This all our mis- sion here be - low, To tell his grace so free,

Sal - va - tion full and free for all Thro' mer - its of his name.
And o - ver- com- ers thro' his blood, Who gives the vic - to - ry.
And win this lost world back to God, His ev - er - more to be.

Chorus.

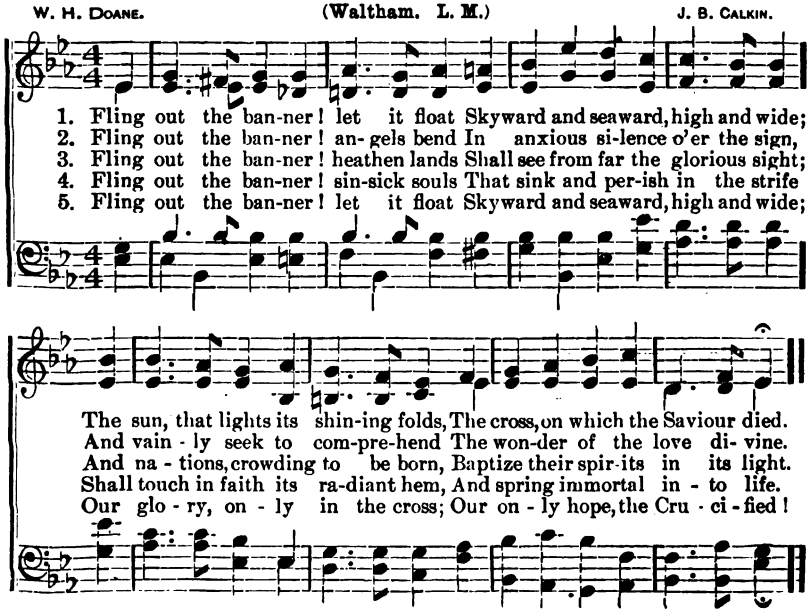
Co - la - bor-ers, co - la - bor- ers, To - geth-er with God are we,
To - geth - - er with God are we,

Co-laborers.—Concluded.



No. 91. Fling Out the Banner.

W. H. Doane. (Waltham. L. M.) J. B. Calkin.



No. 92. Go Ye Into All the World.

W. J. K. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Unison.

1. O Brothers in the Church of Je - sus, Hear ye not the cry Ringing
2. O Brothers in the Church of Je - sus, Be ye brave and strong, Press the
3. O Leaders in the Church of Je - sus, Make ye straight the way, Send us

from the sky, The Master's great command? Doors are op'ning wide, En- ter
work a-long, Where'er he points the way; Mac- e - do-nia calls, And the
forth to-day, To work for God and right, We will forward go, With our

CHORUS. *Harmony.*

and a-bide, No lon- ger wait-ing stand. } "Go ye in - to all the world,
ech- o falls, "Come over and help we pray," } *Cho. for 3d verse.*
hearts aglow, And la - bor in his might. } We'll go in - to all the world,

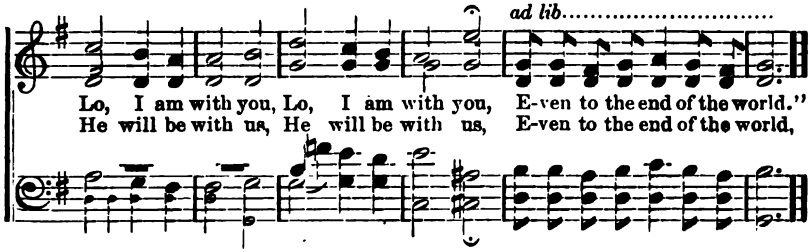
Go ye in - to all the world, And preach the gos- pel to ev- 'ry
We'll go in - to all the world, Or send the gos- pel to ev- 'ry

And preach the gos - pel,
Or send the gos - pel,

creature, And preach the gospel to ev'ry creature;" "And lo, I am with you!
creature, Or send the gos-pel to ev'ry creature; And he will be with us!

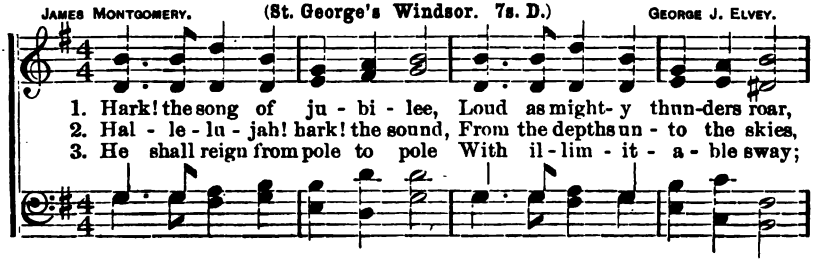
preach the gos - pel to ev- 'ry, to ev - 'ry creature,
send the gos - pel to ev- 'ry, to ev - 'ry creature,

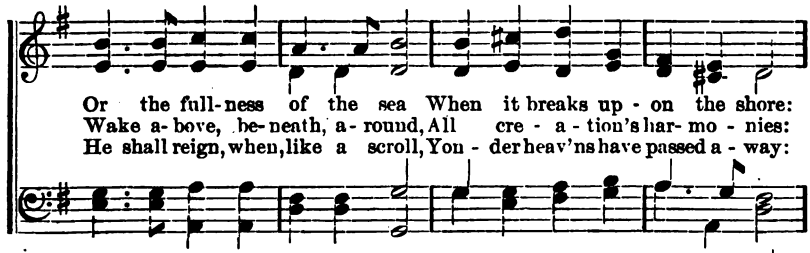
Go Ye Into All the World.—Concluded.

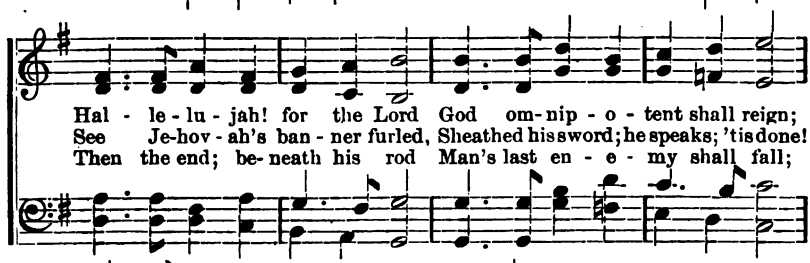


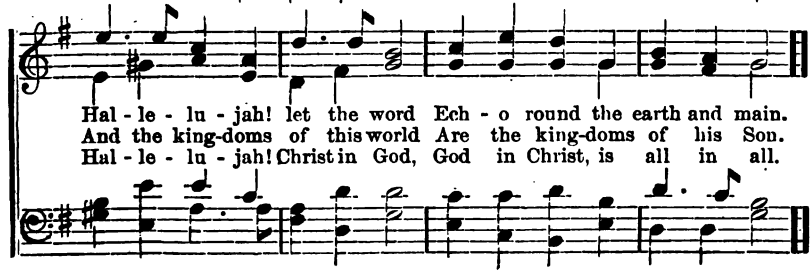
No. 93. Hark! the Song of Jubilee.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. (St. George's Windsor. 7s. D.) GEORGE J. ELVEY.









No. 94. The World for Christ.

A. A. PAYN. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. There's a might-y ar - my march-ing, Which can nev- er be dis-may'd;
2. They are read - y for the con - flict, Sure to come with hosts of sin;
3. Not for them the noise of bat - tle, As the wars of earth are won,

With the Son of God their Cap - tain, His com-mand shall be o - bey'd.
Un - der him whose eye shall guide them They the fight shall sure-ly win.
But they wage an hon - est war - fare, In the name of God the Son.

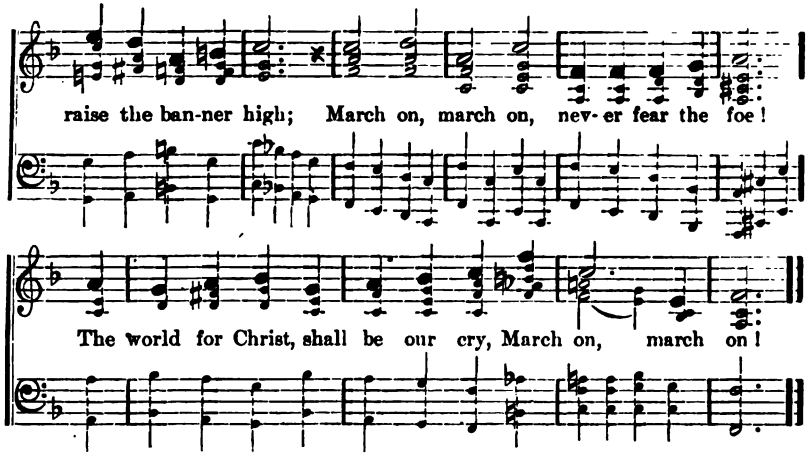
They are pray-ing as they go, They are trust-ing as they sing,

For the Lord of hosts leads on The chil-dren of the King.

CHORUS.

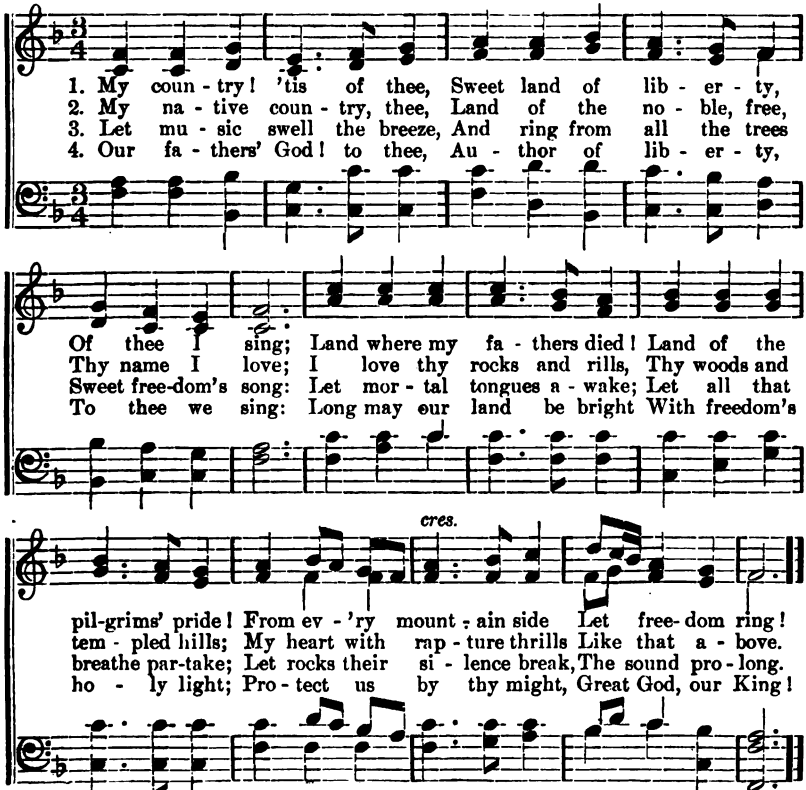
March on, march on, children of the King; March on, march on,

The World for Christ.—Concluded.



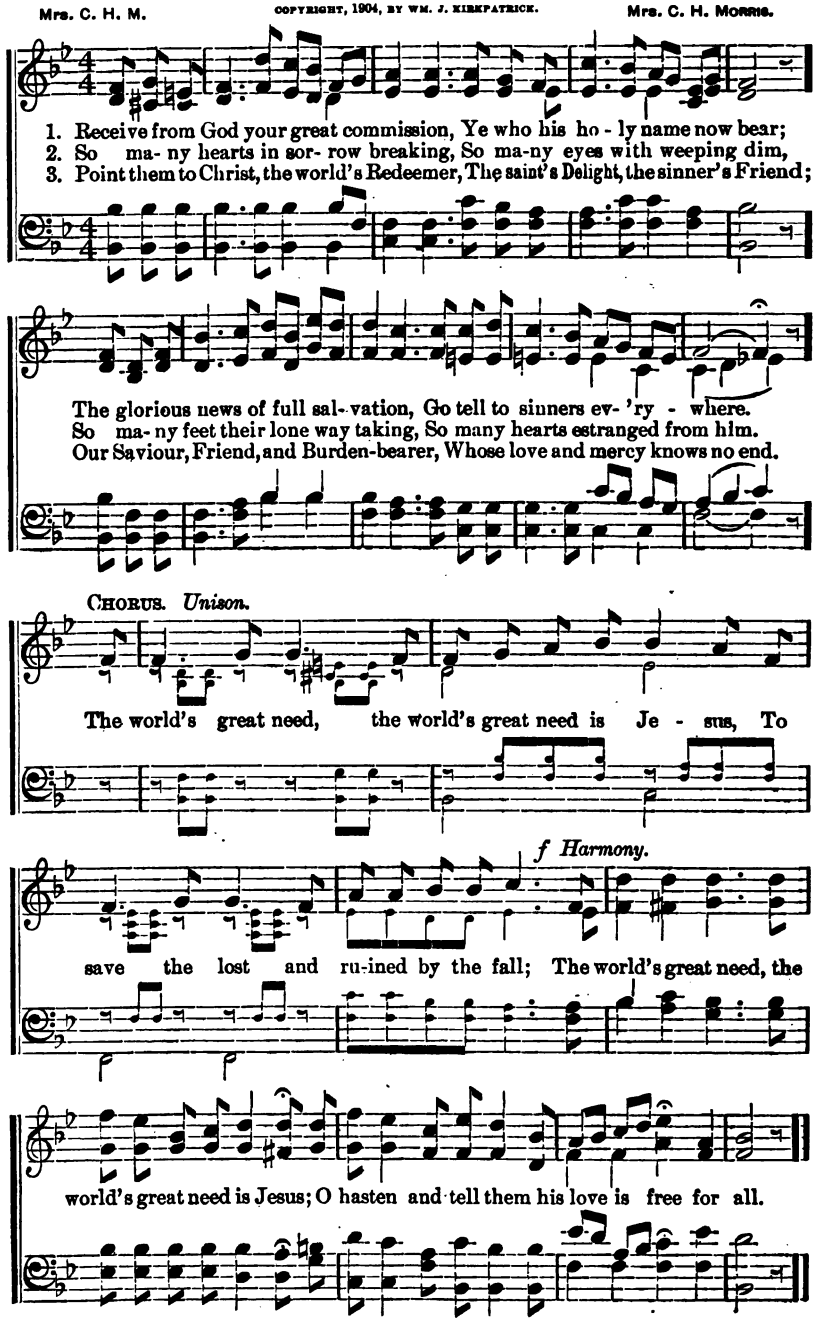
No. 95. My Country! 'Tis of Thee.

S. F. Smith. (America. 6. 4.) Henry Carey.



No. 96. The World's Great Need.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.



No. 97. Lift Up the Light.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Lift up the light, the bless-ed light of love, Ev - er re - flect - ing a
2. Lift up the light, sal-vation's hap - py ray; Bring to a neighbor the
3. Lift up the light, the glorious light of truth; Giv- ing to Je - sus the

brightness from above; Liv - ing for him who gave his life for you,
gold - en beams of day; Sing, till a - far, your notes of gladness ring,
fresh- ness of your youth; Showing his praise with joy- ful - ness of heart,

CHORUS.

Fill'd with his Spirit, be loy - al, brave and true.
"Al-ways abounding" in serv-ice for the King.
Till those around you shall choose the better part.

Lift up the light,

Lift up the light, Scatter the darkness of the wea-ry night; Lift up the

light, Let it be clear and bright, Lift up the Gospel's bless-ed light.

No. 98. God Is For Us.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. There's a glad song rings thro' out the world to - day, It is vic - to - ry!
2. "Peace on earth, good will to men" he brings to all, It is vic - to - ry!
3. He shall reign from sea to sea, and shore to shore, It is vic - to - ry!

it is vic - to - ry! To the con-quest of the cross we haste a - way;
it is vic - to - ry! Pris- on doors swing wide, and i - ron fet - ters fall;
it is vic - to - ry! Ev - 'ry mor- tal tongue confess his sov'reign pow'r;

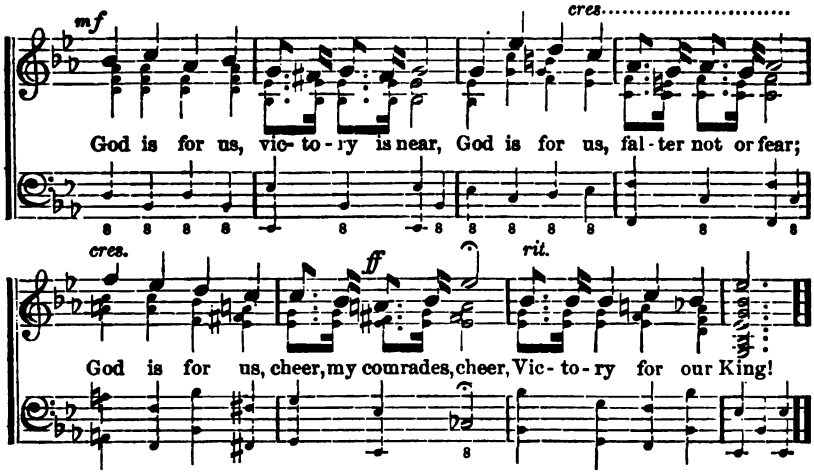
Chorus. *Unison.*

It is vic- to- ry! for our King! God is for us, who can be against us?

Ral - ly, Christian soldiers, ral - ly at his call; In his name shall

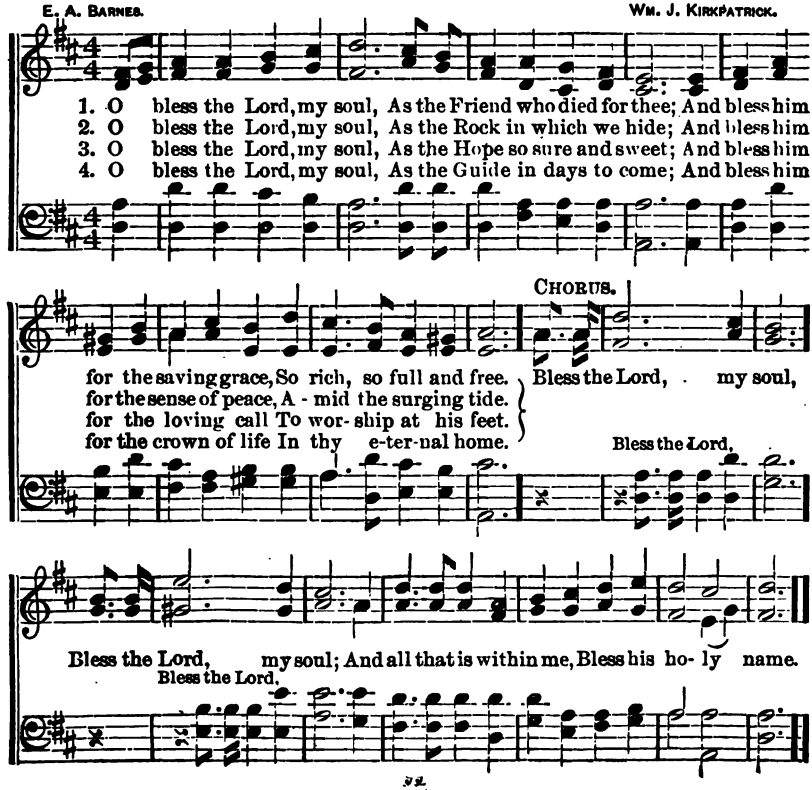
vic - to - ry at-tend us, Sa - tan's ar - maments be-fore us yield and fall;

God Is For Us.—Concluded.



No. 99. Bless the Lord, My Soul.

E. A. BARNES. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



No. 100. Missionary Bells.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Keep them ringing, keep them ringing, mis-sion-a - ry bells, Peal-ing out the
2. Keep them ringing, keep them ringing, let the children's hands Pull the cords of
3. Keep them ringing, keep them ringing, ev-'ry one may share In the lov-ing

news of Je-sus' love; While our gifts we bring to Je-sus, hap- py mu-sic swells,
love and faith and praise, Till the children now in darkness hear of God's commands,
serv - ice of our King; Bring an off'ring, willing off'ring, wrap it up in pray'r;

Tell - ing of our bless-ed Friend a- bove.
Learn to fol-low in the Saviour's ways.
Help the mis-sion- a - ry bells to ring.
} Bells! bells! mis-sion-a - ry bells,

Keep them ringing, keep them ringing, each a story tells; Sounding loud and free

over land and sea, Keep them ringing, keep them ringing, missiona-ry bells.

No. 101. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

EDWARD PERRONET. (Coronation. C. M.) OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name, Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal
2. Ye chosen seed of Israel's race, Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail him who saves you
3. Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget The wormwood and the gall, Go, spread your trophies

di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all, Bring forth the royal di - a - dem,
by his grace, And crown him Lord of all, Hail him who saves you by his grace,
at his feet, And crown him Lord of all, Go, spread your trophies at his feet,

And crown him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 O that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

No. 102. Miles Lane. C. M. (Second Tune.)

EDWARD PERRONET. WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE.

1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name! Let an-gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the

roy-al di-a-dem, And crown him, crown him, crown him, Crown him Lord of all.

No. 103. Bear the Message.

Mrs. Frank A. Brock. Samuel W. Beazley.

Unison.

1. Go tell to souls be-night-ed, of the Lord who came, Speak his name—
2. In lands be-yond the roll-ing of the o - cean foam, Wand'rers roam—
3. Go bear the joy - ful mes-sage ev - 'ry-where you may, Work and pray—

love pro - claim; Go tell the gos- pel sto - ry, that the lost may know,
bring them home; O lead them to the Saviour and his pard'ning love—
day by day; Lift bur-dens from the wea-ry, cheer the griev- ing heart—

Bring sal - va - tion near. O bid them come re- pent- ing, bid them
He will give them rest. And they who long have wander'd soon will
Walk where Je - sus trod. O be a beam of sun-shine that re -

come to - day, Help them say, "I o - bey." Bear the bless- ed
learn to see How to be tru - ly free, Liv - ing for the
flects his light, Pure and bright, in the night, Help- ing ma - ny

Rit. ad lib.

mes-sage, hast- en now to go, Go with love sin - cere.
king dom of the land a - bove, Safe and glad and blest.
sin-ners choose the "bet - ter part" In the love of God.

Bear the Message—Concluded.

CHORUS. *Harmony.*

Press on - ward ere the night is fall - ing, On - ward,
Press ev - er on - ward Ev - er on - ward,

hear the Sav - iour call - ing, Hear him gent - ly, sweet - ly say,

"I will be with thee alway," Peace and joy to bring, Press on - ward,
Press ev-er onward,

nev-er danger fearing, On - ward, Brightest hope is nearing, Darkness shall no
Ev-er onward,

more enthrall, Christ our light shall shine for all, He shall reign our King.

No. 104. The Battle of the Centuries.

JAMES ROWE. CHARLES H. MARSH.

UNISON.

1. Driv-ing the foe be - fore us, we are press - ing on In the
2. Bear-ing the price- less mes - sage to be - night - ed souls In the
3. Ev - er - y race and peo - ple shall his good - ness know And re -

fight for truth and right, With our ban-ners high in the sun - lit sky,
haunts and dens of sin, Mak-ing known his grace to a fet - ter'd race,
vere him for his love, Shall ex - tol our King, till the earth shall bring

Find - ing glo - ry in the fight. Hav-ing the sweet as -
We with Christ are sure to win; Spreading his love and
Trib - ute to the King a - bove. Mer - cy and grace are

sur-ance that the Lord will win And re - ward us in the end,
mer - cy with en - rap - tur'd hearts, Mak-ing known his pow'r to save,
winning, and, at length, his throne Our Re - deem - er shall as - cend,

We are press-ing on with God's great Son, The soul's e - ter - nal Friend.
We will true re - main till he shall reign O'er ev - 'ry land and wave.
Then thro' countless days our souls shall praise The sin - ner's per-fect Friend.

The Battle of the Centuries.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

'Tis the bat - tle of the cen - tu - ries, It is Christ a-gainst the

world, And from age to age shall the bat - tle rage Till the

ban - ner of sin be furl'd; With the might - y Sav - iour

of the lost, Whom the ran-som'd souls a - dore, We will

rit.

bat - tle on till the earth be won And the fight shall be no more.

No. 105. The King of the Ages.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.

Unison.

1. See the cross, where the Sav - iour was cru - ci - fied, See the blood, shed for sin - ners when Je - sus died, Hear the song that the ran - som'd in heav - en sing, See the crown on the head of our Sav - iour King.

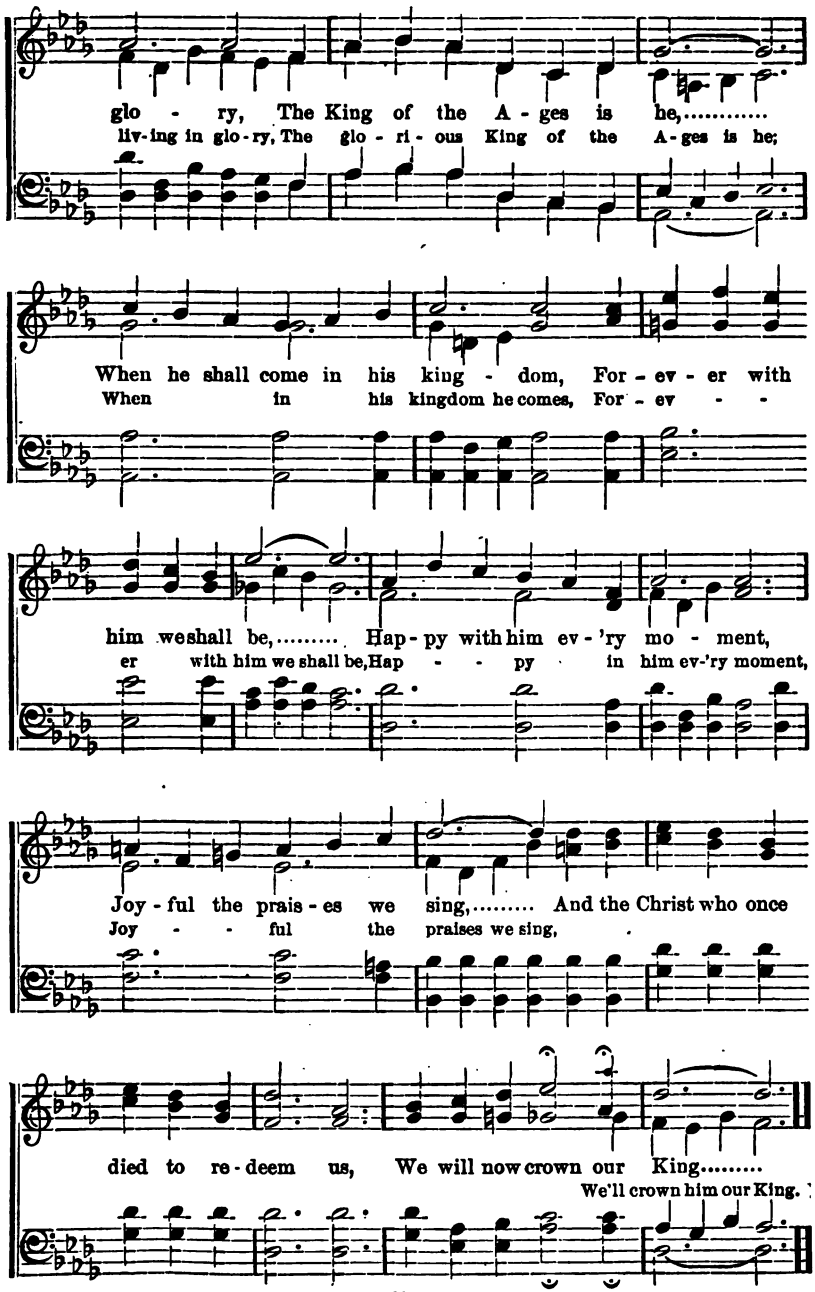
2. See the tomb, where the King of the A - ges lay, See the stone, by the an - gels once roll'd a - way, He is ris'n, with his prais - es the heav - ens ring, See the crown on the

3. See the throne, where he sits by the Fa - ther's side, Pray - ing there for the dear ones for whom he died; Heart and life to his serv - ice we glad - ly bring, Place a crown on the

Chorus. *Parts.*

Je - sus is liv - ing in Je - - sus is

The King of the Ages.—Concluded.



No. 106. The Fight is On.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H Morris.

1. The fight is on, the trumpet sound is ringing out, The cry "To arms" is
2. The fight is on, arouse ye soldiers brave and true; Je - ho- vah leads, and
3. The Lord is lead-ing on to certain vic- to- ry, The bow of prom - ise

heard a - far and near; The Lord of hosts is marching on to vic - to - ry,
vic - t'ry will as-sure; Go buck - le on the ar-mor God has giv-en you,
spans the eas-tern sky; His glo-rious name in ev- 'ry land shall honored be,

Chorus. *Unison.*

The triumph of the right will soon ap-pear.
And in his strength un-to the end en-dure.
The morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.
} The fight is on, O Christian

sol-dier, And face to face in stern ar - ray, With armor gleaming, and col-ors

Harmony.

streaming, The right and wrong en- gage to - day; The fight is on, but

The Fight is On.—Concluded.

be not wea - ry, Be strong and in his might hold fast; If God be

for us, his ban- ner o'er us, We'll sing the vic-tor's song at last.
vic - t'ry! vic - t'ry!

No. 107. If You Have a Work to Do.

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN. W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

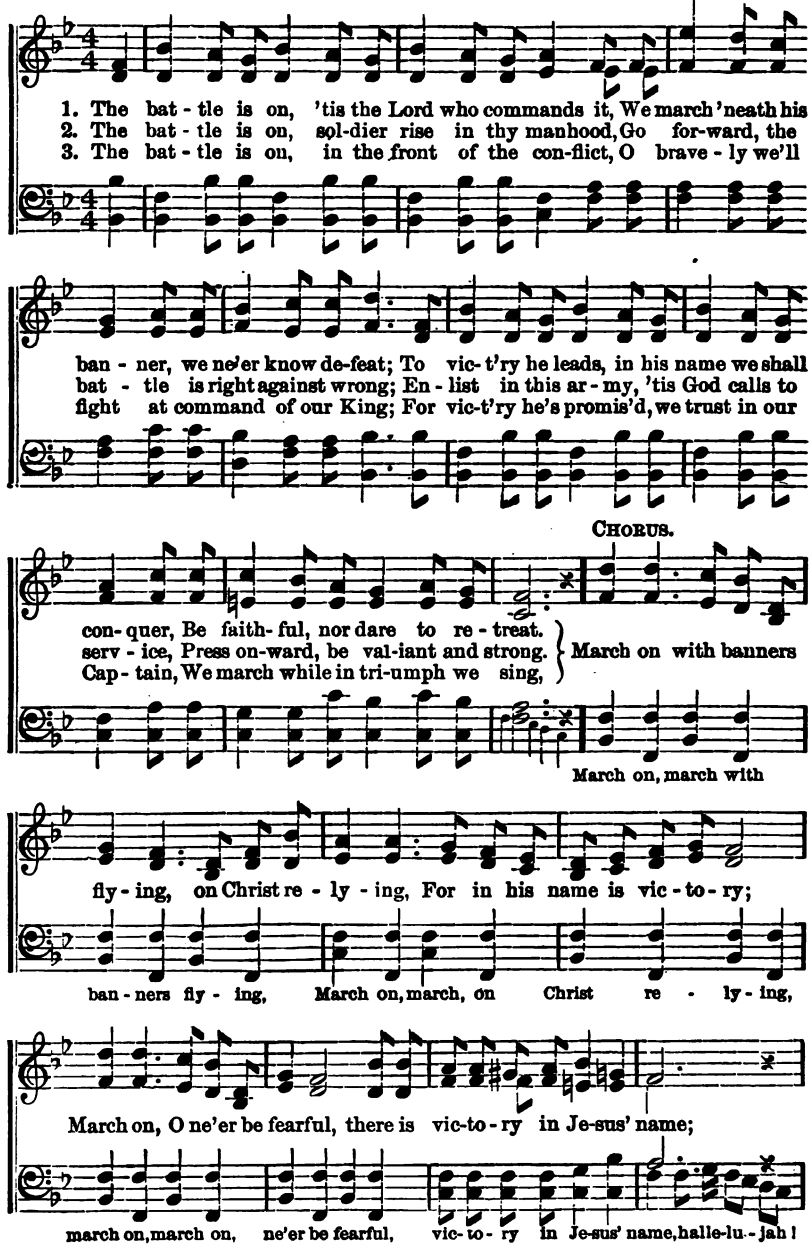
1. If you have a work to do, Just go and do it, If you
2. If you have some love to give, Just go and give it, If a
3. If you have a cross to bear, Just go and bear it, If some

lin - ger by the way, Perhaps you'll rue it; How the moments quickly fly,
help-ful life to live, Each day just live it; Tho' your tal-ents may be few,
burden you must share, To - day go share it; If life's meaning you would know

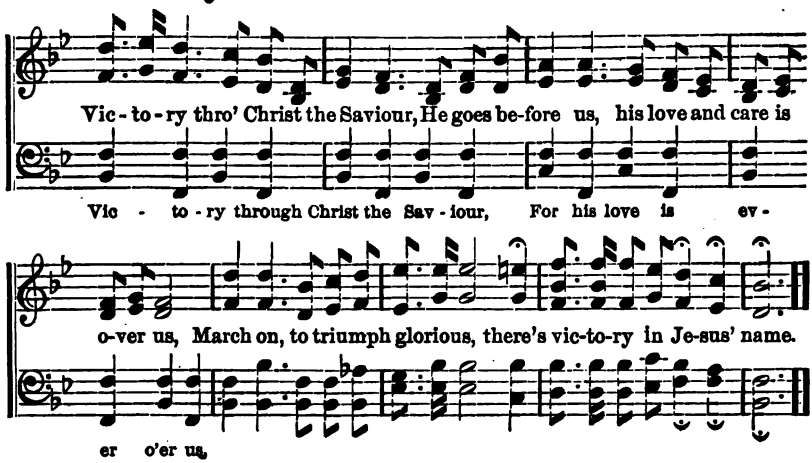
Days and weeks go swift-ly by, Op - por - tu - ni-ties soon die; Work to-day.
No ex - cuse is there for you, To your Mas - ter just be true, That is all.
You must light-en earthly woe, Seeds of kindness you must sow Ev - 'ry day.

No. 108. Victory in Jesus' Name.

Mrs. N. P. C. Mrs. Nellie Place Chandler.



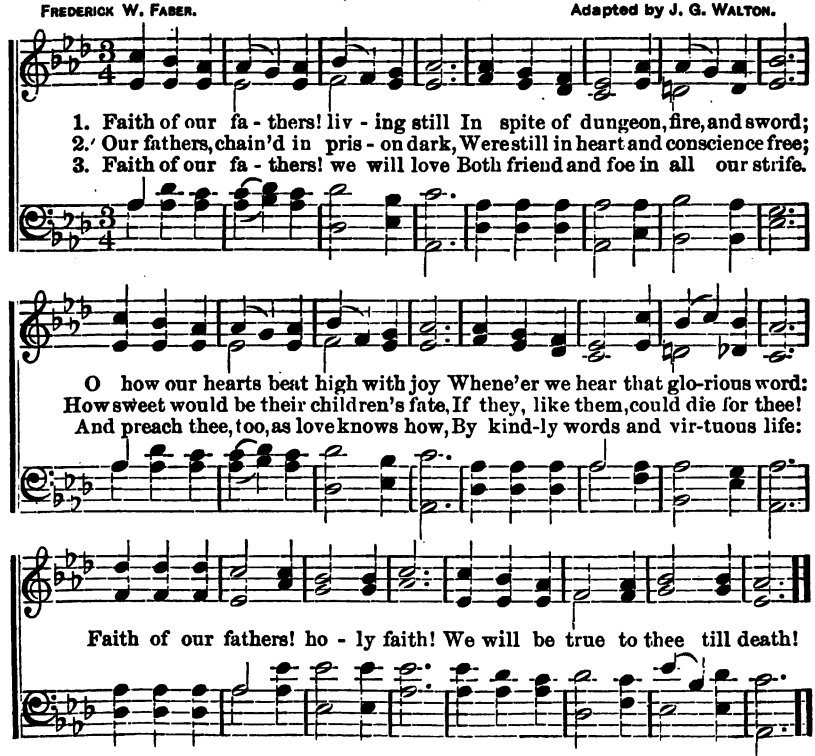
Victory in Jesus' Name.—Concluded.



No. 109. Faith of Our Fathers.

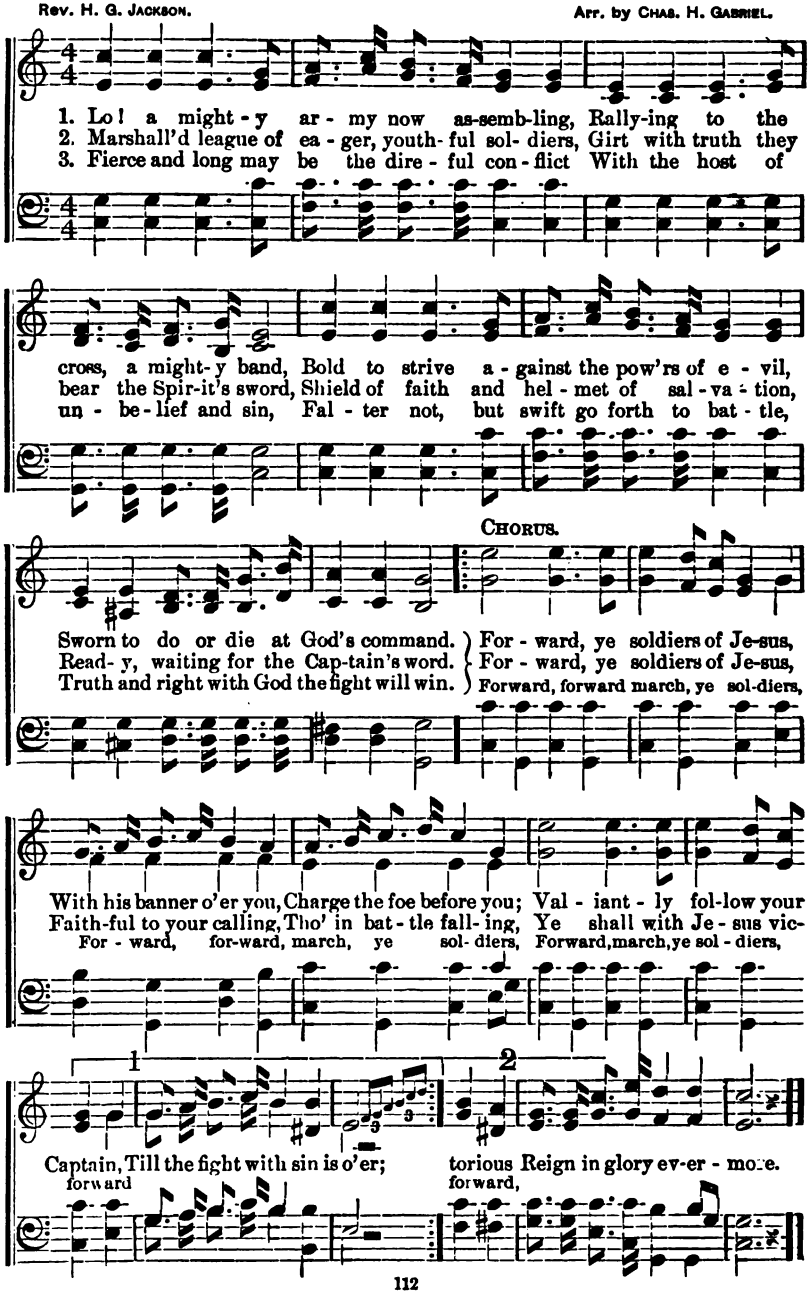
(St. Catherine.)

FREDERICK W. FABER. Adapted by J. G. WALTON.



No. 110. Lo! A Mighty Army.

Rev. H. G. JACKSON. Arr. by CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



No. 111. Lend a Hand.

KATE ULMER. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. In this world where sin is so ap - pall - ing, By the wayside souls are
2. While the precious hours so swift are fly - ing, While the souls of men in
3. Hear the voice of Je- sus soft - ly say - ing: If ye love me, go, the
4. Think what joy when on the golden land-ing, When beside our blessed

dai - ly fall - ing, For the help that you can give they're call-ing;
sin are dy - ing, Do not say there is no use in try - ing;
cost not weigh- ing, True dis - ci - ples be, my word o - bey - ing;
Lord we're stand-ing, Safe at home with all the ransom'd band- ing;

CHORUS.

Lend a hand, a help - ing hand. Lend a hand..... the wrongs to

Lend a hand

right - en, Lend a hand..... the load to light - en; Lend a

Lend a hand

hand..... the world to bright-en, Lend a hand, a helping hand.

Lend a hand

No. 112. Throw Out the Gospel Line.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Ma - ny souls are sinking in the sea of sin, Throw out the gospel line;
2. Fierce the storm is rag-ing, soon 't will be too late, Throw out the gospel line;
3. Would you know the sweetest of all earthly toil? Throw out the gospel line;

Souls which have been shipwrecked daily drifting in, Throw out the gospel line;
You a soul may res-cue from an aw - ful fate, Throw out the gospel line;
Would you have the light of God's approving smile? Throw out the gospel line;

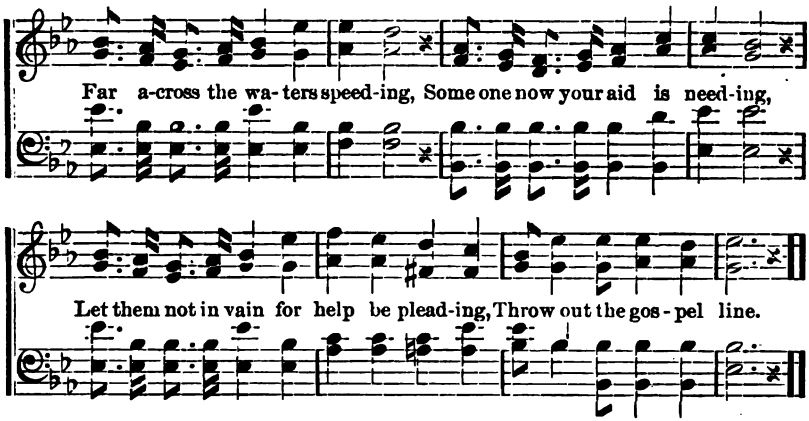
Hear them how for help they cry, Quick - ly to their res - cue fly,
See them by the bil-lows tossed, Soon they will be sink - ing, lost;
Haste we then at thy com-mand, Glad - ly will we lend a hand,

Shout to them that help is nigh, Throw out the gos - pel line.
Haste to save at an - y cost, Throw out the gos - pel line.
And, to bring them safe to land, Throw out the gos - pel line.

CHORUS.

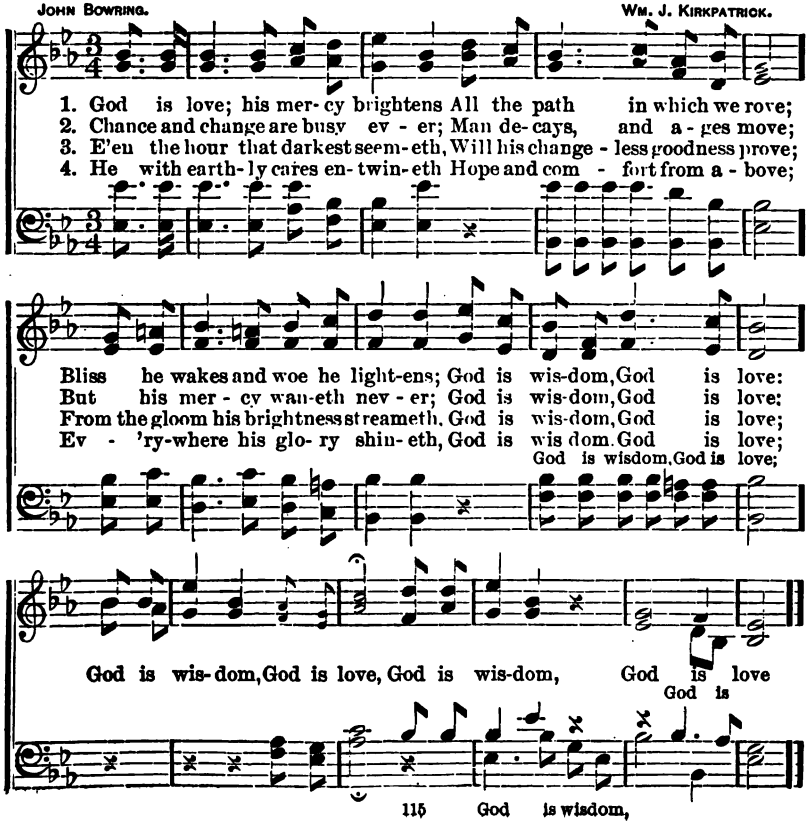
To the res - cue! to the res - cue! Throw out the gospel line;.....
the gos- pel line;

Throw Out the Gospel Line.—Concluded.



No. 113. God is Love.

JOHN BOWRING. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



No. 114. Ah, 'tis the Old, Old Story.

Mrs. C. L. Shacklock. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Ah, 'tis the old, old sto - ry, Tempted and led a - stray,
2. Robbing the heart of light-ness, Los- ing the bloom of youth,
3. But in an old, old sto - ry, Full of a grace di - vine,

Leav-ing the path of du - ty, Choosing the e - vil way;
Dimming the eyes' glad brightness, Still-ing the voice of truth;
There is a - bun- dant par - don, E - ven for sin like thine;

Breaking the hearts of moth-ers, Slighting the fer - vent pray'rs,
Miss-ing the pride of man- hood, Miss- ing a no - ble aim,
Now with a con- trite spir - it, Turn from the ways of sin,

poco rit.

Sow - ing the seed which bring-eth On - ly a wealth of tares.
Gain-ing a shipwreck'd na - ture, Gain-ing a sul - lied name.
Knock at the gate of heav - en, Entrance thy soul shall win.

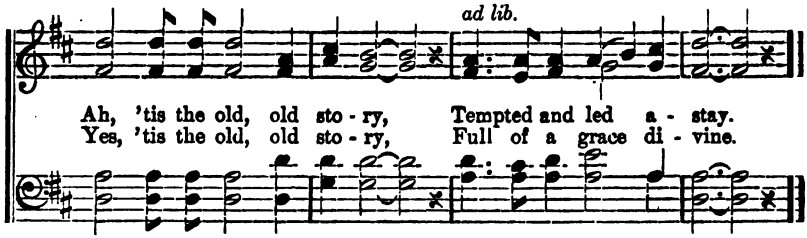
Chorus.

Ah, 'tis the old, old sto - ry, Ah, 'tis the old, old sto - ry,

Last Chorus.

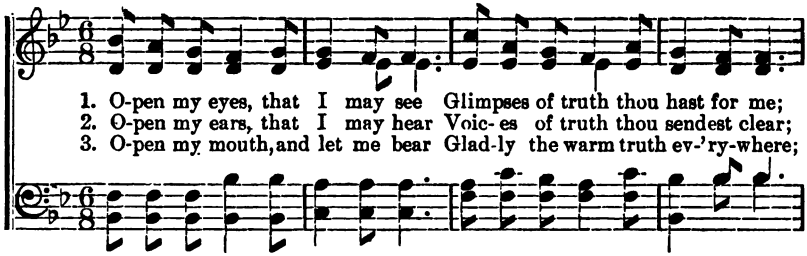
Yes, 'tis the old, old sto - ry, Yes, 'tis the old, old sto - ry,

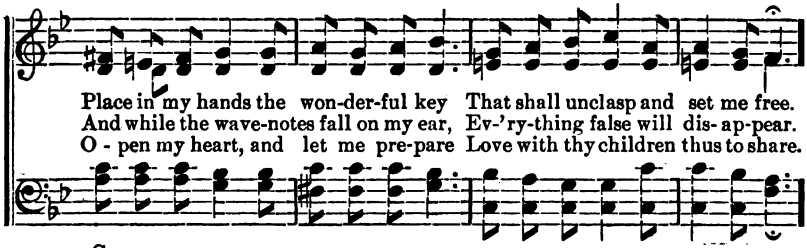
Ah, 'tis the Old, Old Story.—Concluded.



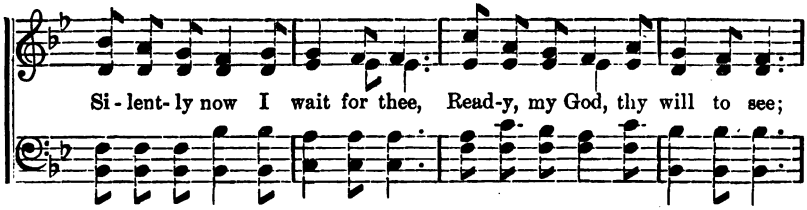
No. 115. Open My Eyes that I May See.

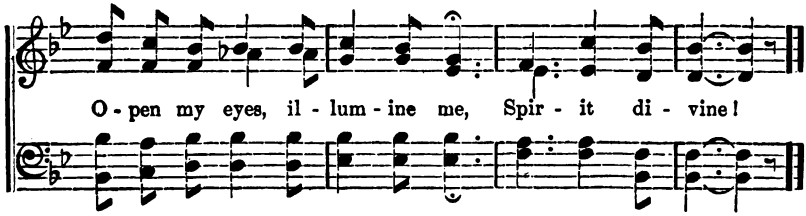
C. H. S. Mrs. CLARA H. SCOTT.





CHORUS.





No. 116. Saved From the Wreck.

E. E. Hewitt. H. L. Gilmour

Effective as a solo.

1. A - drift on the waters, so dark and so cold, A - far from the beauti-ful
2. O I was the sin-ner a- lone on the sea, But love's blessed signals were
3. I stepped in thelife-boat.provid- ed for me, And Je- sus, my pi- lot, my
4. Life's tur- bulent surges are kissed into peace, The beacons are shining, and

cit - y of gold. A ves - sel is sinking, for heav- y the gale, The
float-ing for me; Tho' thunders were rolling, and bil-lows at strife, Lo,
Captain will be; His bos - om my refuge, my "ha- ven of rest," I'm
songs nev-er cease; Fair moonbeams, bright sunshine, illumine the tide, While

Chorus.

ca - ble is broken, and tattered each sail.
Je - sus was call-ing, "Escape for thy life."
rescued from shipwreck, so happy and blest.
on- ward to glo- ry we'll joy-ful-ly glide.

con anima.

Poor child of the wreck, see the

Andante. *tempo.*

life-boat is near, A sweet voice is heard, for the Master is here; He walks ev'ry

ritard.

billow, controls ev'ry wave, 'Tis Je-sus, King Je-sus, "the mighty to save."

No. 117. Make this World Better.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

May be used as a solo.

1. What are you do-ing to make this world better? Comes this great question to you and to me; Up - on life's highway the good seed to scat- ter,
2. Give out the sunshine some pathway to brighten, Cheer with a hand-clasp, a word or a smile; There is a broth-er whose load you may lighten,
3. Give of your substance, your time and your labor, So much of work yet re- mains to be done; Ere the lost sheep to the fold have been gathered,

DUET. *Female voices.*

By Christ the Saviour commissioned are we.
Helping him up-ward on life's weary mile.
Ere all earth's kingdoms for Christ have been won.
} Make this world better each

All voices unison.

day that you live; Freely re-ceiving, ye freely must give; Make this world better, we must, you and I; Make this world bet-ter, we can if we try.

No. 118. My Pilot.

G. C. T. GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

1. O'er a track-less sea I'm sail-ing, Oft-en tem-pest toss'd, With no
2. There are rocks of doubt be-fore me As I on-ward go, And the
3. Oft the tem-pest wild-ly beat-ing Fills my heart with fear, As I

star of hope to guide me lest I stray; But I find I have a Friend
bil-lows oft my frag-gile bark as-sail; But no dan-ger will I fear,
seek to gain the har-bor bright and fair; But there comes to me sweet peace,

rall - en -

Who will guide me to the end, For my Sav-iour safe-ly
Tho' they may be hid-den near, For my Pi-lot at the
All my doubt and fear shall cease, For I know my Pi-lot

tan - do.

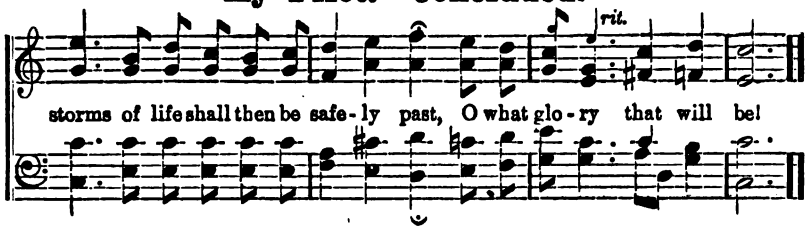
CHORUS.

pi-lots all the way.
helm can nev-er fail.
guides me safe-ly there.
I shall rest in safe-ty o'er the

rit.

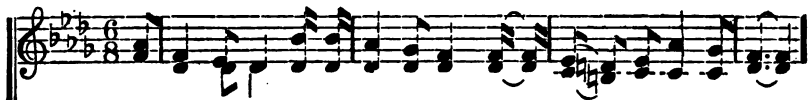
har-bor bar, And my Pi-lot's bless-ed face I'll see;..... All the
I'll see;

My Pilot.—Concluded.

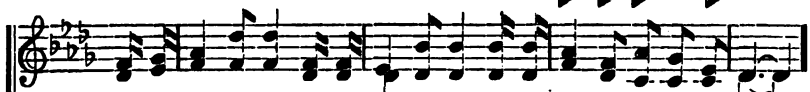


No. 119. Does Jesus Care?

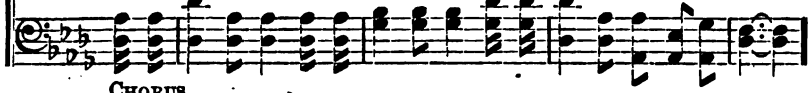
Rev. Frank E. Graeff. Lincoln Hall.



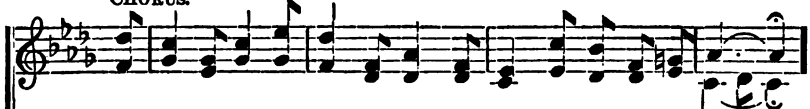
1. Does Je-sus care when my heart is pain'd Too deep-ly for mirth or song;
2. Does Je-sus care when my way is dark With a name-less dread and fear?
3. Does Je-sus care when I've tried and fail'd To resist some temptation strong;
4. Does Je-sus care when I've said "good-bye" To the dearest on earth to me,



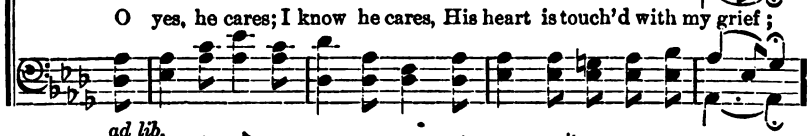
As the burdens press, And the cares distress, And the way grows weary and long.
As the daylight fades Into deep night shades, Does he care enough to be near?
When for my deep grief I find no relief, Tho' my tears flow all the night long?
And my sad heart aches Till it nearly breaks—Is it aught to him? Does he see?



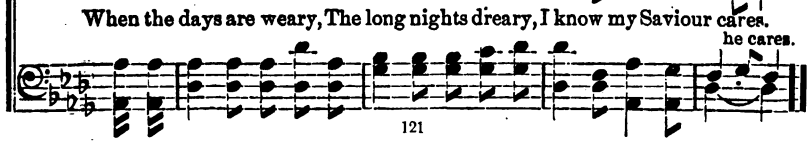
Chorus.



O yes, he cares; I know he cares, His heart is touch'd with my grief;



When the days are weary, The long nights dreary, I know my Saviour cares.



No. 120. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY. (Refuge. 7s. D.) J. P. HOLBROOK.

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bos - om fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on thee;

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high!
Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me.

Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on thee is stayed, All my help from thee I bring;

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!
Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

No. 121. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

(For Hymn see above.) (Martyn. 7s. D.) S. B. MARSH.

FINE. D.C.

No. 122. Rock of Ages.

(Allen. 7s, 6 lines.)

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

*Melody in Alto.**

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee;
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan-guor know,
3. While I draw this fleeting breath, When my eyes shall close in death,

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wounded side which flowed,
These for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and thou a - lone:
When I rise to worlds unknown, And be - hold thee on thy throne,

Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
In my hand no price I bring; Sim - ply to thy cross I cling.
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee.

* The upper part should be well sustained by a few selected voices or instrument.

No. 123. Toplady. 7s, 6 lines.

A. TOPLADY. THOMAS HASTINGS.

FINE.

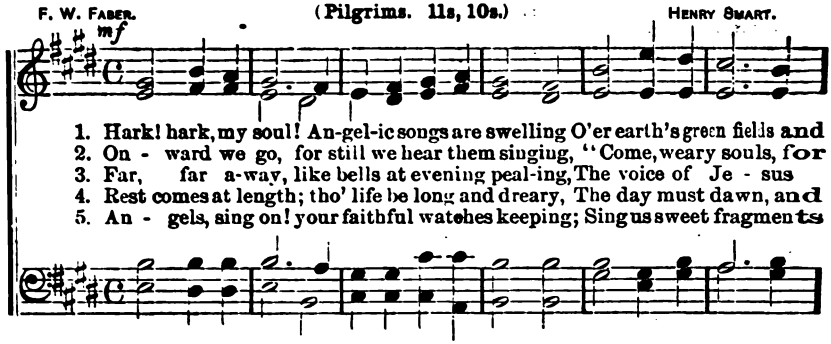
1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee;
D.C.—Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.

D.C.

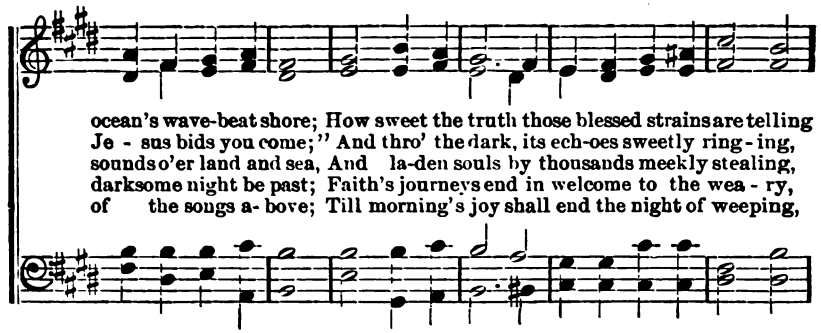
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wounded side which flowed,

No. 124. Hark! Hark, My Soul!

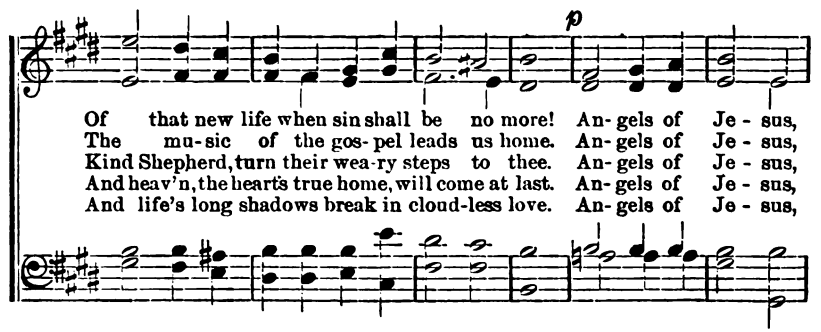
F. W. Faber. (Pilgrims. 11s, 10s.) Henry Smart.



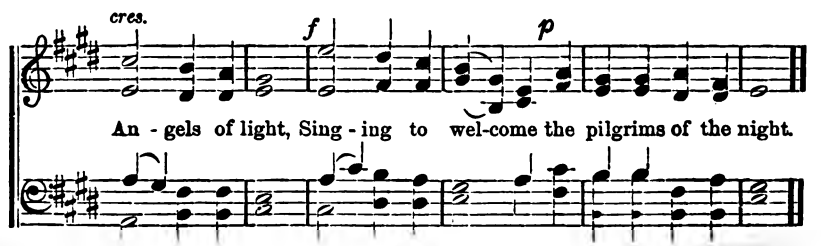
1. Hark! hark, my soul! An-gel-ic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields and
2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them singing, "Come, weary souls, for
3. Far, far a-way, like bells at evening peal-ing, The voice of Je - sus
4. Rest comes at length; tho' life be long and dreary, The day must dawn, and
5. An - gels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping; Sing us sweet fragments



ocean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Je - sus bids you come;" And thro' the dark, its ech-oes sweetly ring-ing,
sounds o'er land and sea, And la-den souls by thousands meekly stealing,
darksome night be past; Faith's journeys end in welcome to the wea - ry,
of the songs a- bove; Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,



Of that new life when sin shall be no more! An- gels of Je - sus,
The mu- sic of the gos- pel leads us home. An- gels of Je - sus,
Kind Shepherd, turn their wea-ry steps to thee. An- gels of Je - sus,
And heav'n, the hearts true home, will come at last. An- gels of Je - sus,
And life's long shadows break in cloud-less love. An- gels of Je - sus,

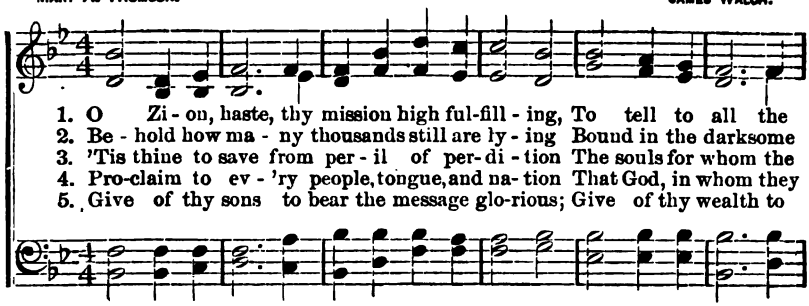


An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel-come the pilgrims of the night.

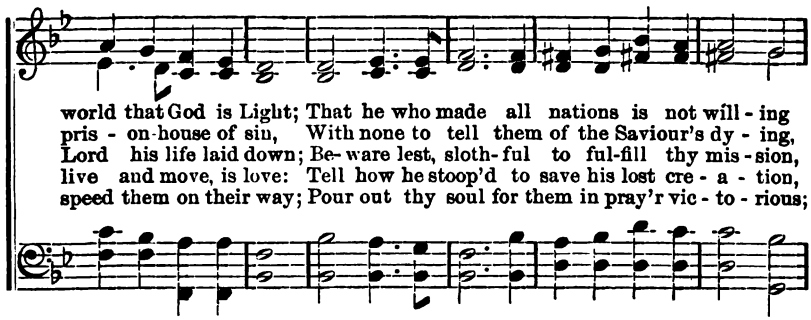
No. 125. O Zion, Haste.

(Tidings. P. M.)

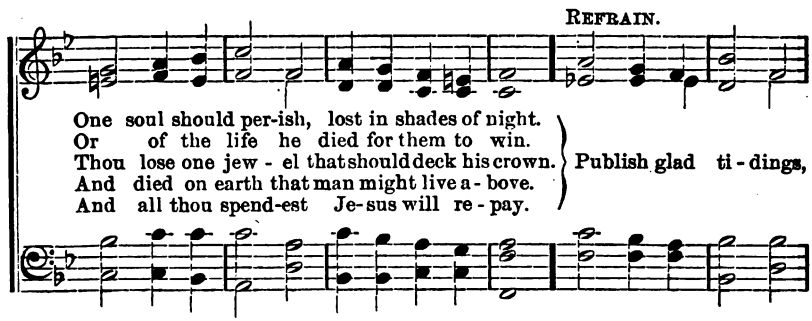
MARY A. THOMSON. JAMES WALCH.



1. O Zi - on, haste, thy mission high ful-fill - ing, To tell to all the
2. Be - hold how ma - ny thousands still are ly - ing Bound in the darksome
3. 'Tis thine to save from per - il of per-di - tion The souls for whom the
4. Pro-claim to ev - 'ry people, tongue, and na- tion That God, in whom they
5. Give of thy sons to bear the message glo-rious; Give of thy wealth to



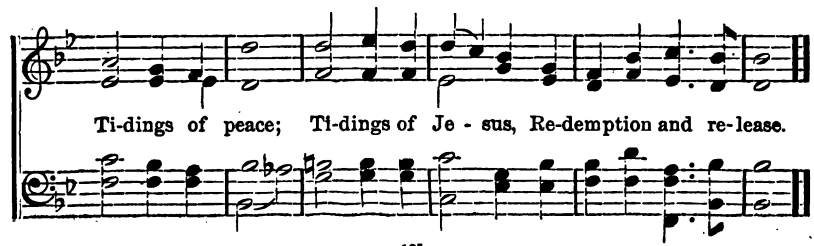
world that God is Light; That he who made all nations is not will - ing
pris - on-house of sin, With none to tell them of the Saviour's dy - ing,
Lord his life laid down; Be- ware lest, sloth- ful to ful-fill thy mis - sion,
live and move, is love: Tell how he stoop'd to save his lost cre - a - tion,
speed them on their way; Pour out thy soul for them in pray'r vic - to - rious;



REFRAIN.

One soul should per-ish, lost in shades of night.
Or of the life he died for them to win.
Thou lose one jew - el that should deck his crown.
And died on earth that man might live a - bove.
And all thou spend-est Je-sus will re - pay.

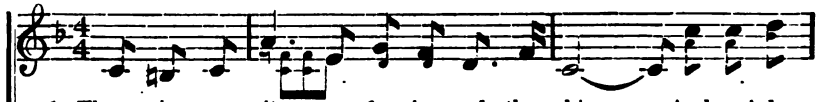
Publish glad ti - dings,



Ti-dings of peace; Ti-dings of Je - sus, Re-demption and re-lease.

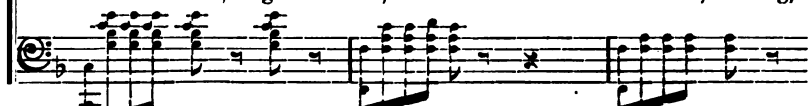
No. 126. The Golden City.

MINNA FOOTE. C. AUSTIN MILES.

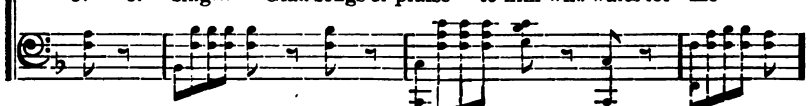


1. There is a cit - y far be-yond the skies,..... A heav'nly
2. There is no sun to light its streets of gold;..... The Son of
3. O strive to reach that gold - en cit - y's gate,..... In hope press
4. Some day I'll see that gold - en cit - y's King,..... Some day I'll

home with mansions bright and fair; Fill with good deeds each mo-ment,
God the light there-of shall be, No mor-tal tongue its beau-ties
on nor yield to dark de - spair, Thy Lord and King with an - gel
walk its streets, its glo-ries see, Till then I'll wait and, waiting,

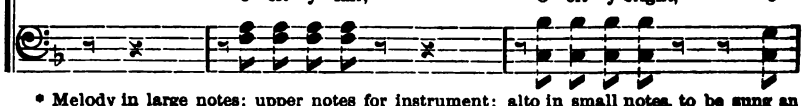


as it flies,..... That you may find a treas-ure waiting there.....
e'er has told,..... Nor mor-tal eye its glo-ries e'er shall see.....
hosts a - wait..... To give his own a roy - al welcome there.....
ev - er sing..... Glad songs of praise to him who waits for me.....



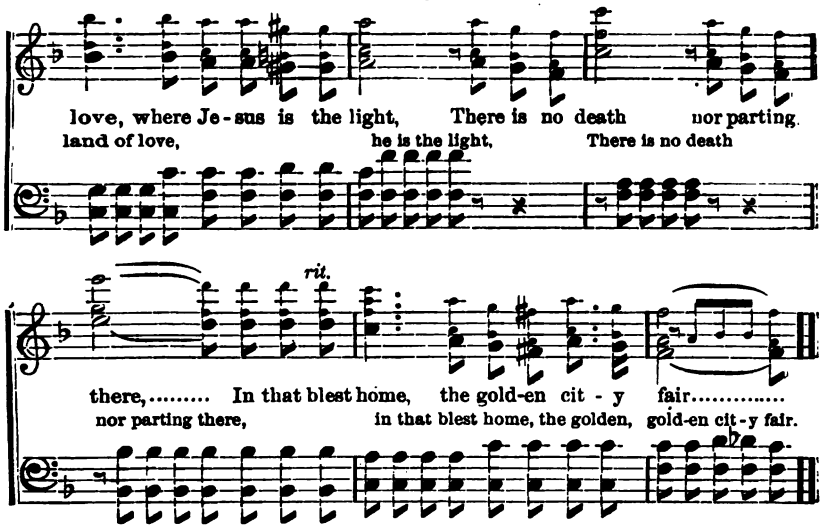
CHORUS.*

O cit - y fair, O cit - y bright, O land of
O cit - y fair, O cit - y bright, O



* Melody in large notes; upper notes for instrument; alto in small notes, to be sung an octave lower.

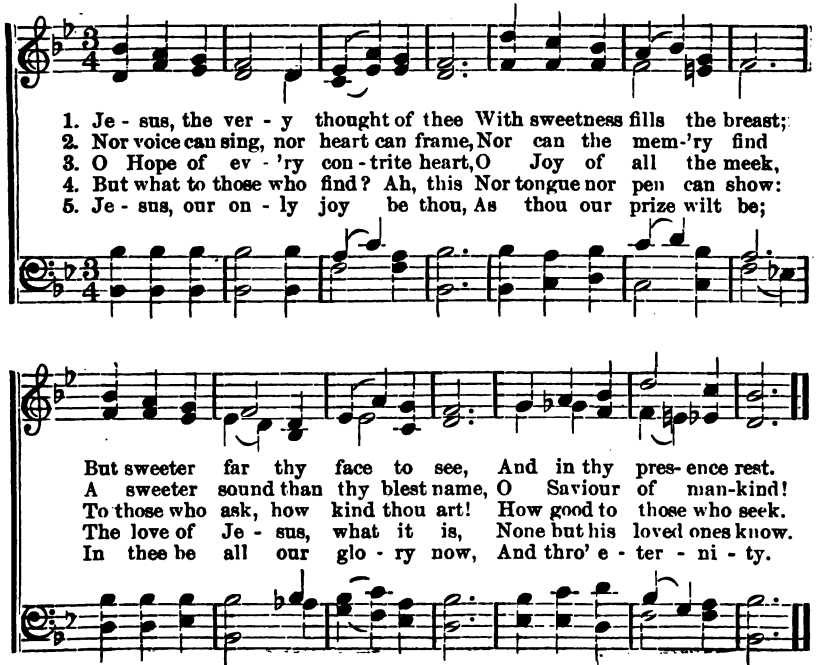
The Golden City.—Concluded.



No. 127. Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee.

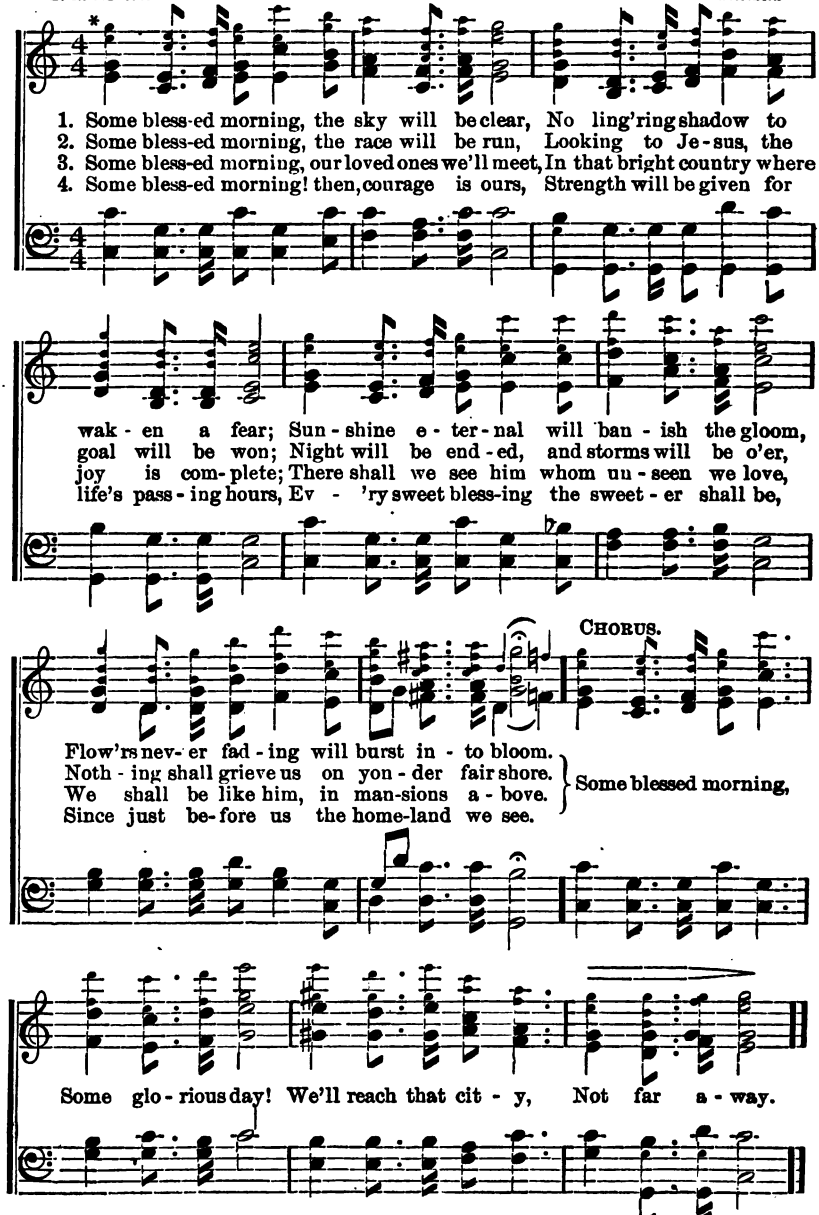
(Sawley. C. M.)

BERNARD of Clairvaux. JAMES WALCH.



No. 128. Some Blessed Morning.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



* The small notes may be omitted, or used only with the chorus or alternate verses. Always play the upper large notes with them.

No. 129. Some Day the Silver Cord Will Break.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. (Duet and Chorus.) W. H. DOANE.

Gently, with feeling.

1. Some day the sil- ver cord will break, And earthly dreams and vig-ils cease;
2. Some day for me my Lord shall call, With gentle whis-per in my ear;
3. O when shall break life's silver cord, And when the morn of morns I see,

rit.

My spir-it will its clay for-sake, And find the ha-ven-land of peace.
The sil-ver cord will loose and fall, When I his ten-der voice shall hear.
With friends I love, my King and Lord At heaven's gate shall wel-come me.

CHORUS. *Slower.*

The sil-ver cord some day will break, And I to
sil-ver cord will break,

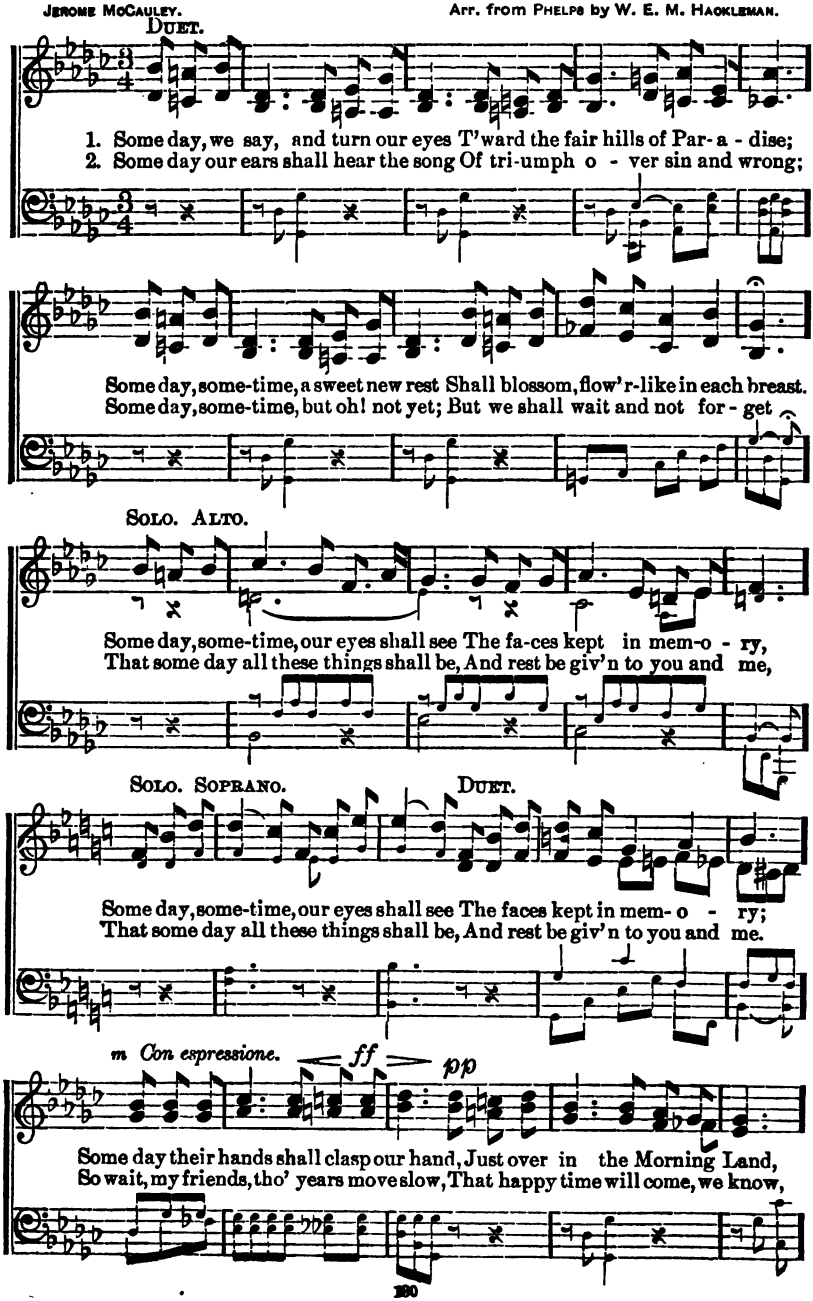
end - - less joys a-wake; O then for me
end-less, end-less for me

rit.

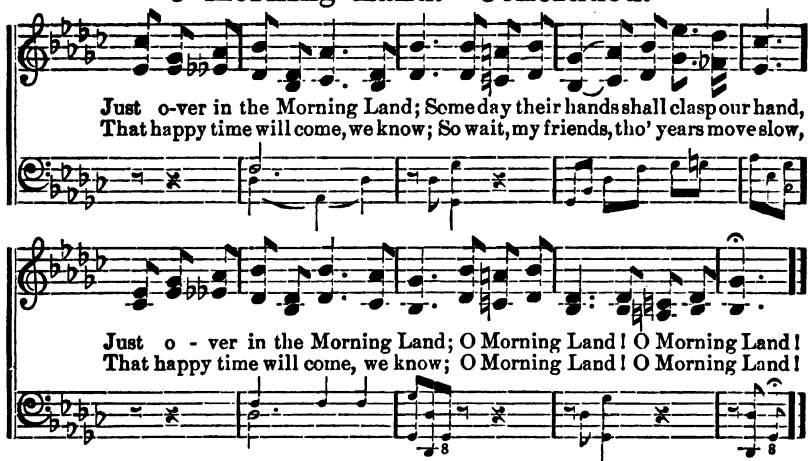
shall life be done, E-ter-nal life and heav'n be won!
be done,

No. 130. O Morning Land.

JEROME MCCAULEY. Arr. from PHELPS by W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.



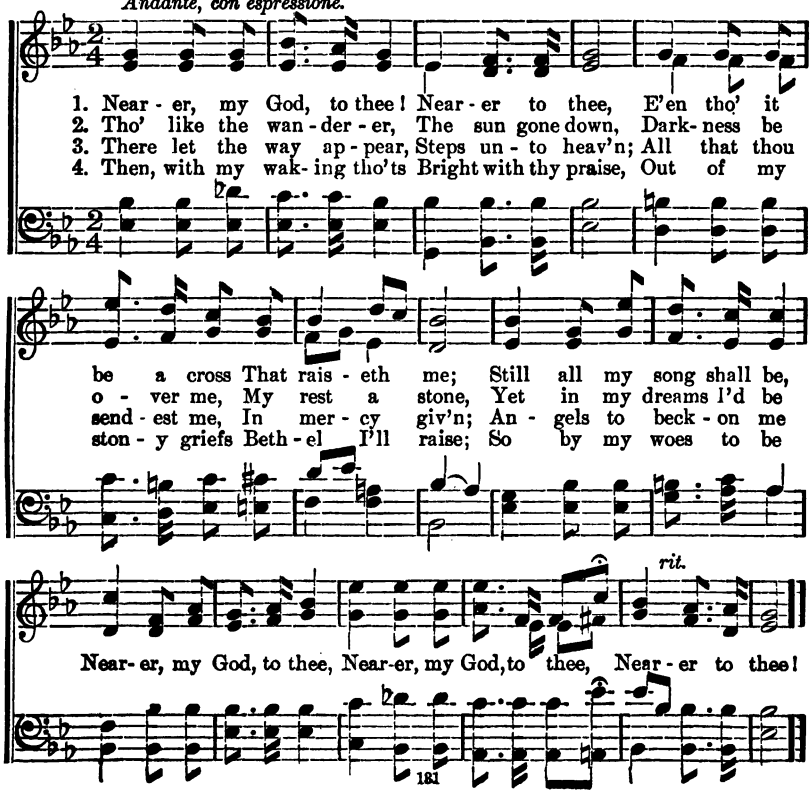
O Morning Land.—Concluded.



No. 131. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Mrs. Sarah F. Adams. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Andante, con espressione.



No. 132. Heaven Seems Nearer.

A. W. S. (Closing Hymn.) ARTHUR WILLIS SPOONER.

Softly, with feeling.

1. Twi - light is fall - ing Soft on the sea, Faint stars are gleaming far o'er the lea; Like bells of heav - en, sweet voic - es come,
2. Twi - light is fall - ing Soft ev - 'ry - where, Lift - ing our spir - its to God in pray'r; Like dews of ev'n - ing, bless-ings de - scend,
3. Twi - light is fall - ing O'er vale and hill, Peace like a riv - er, our hearts shall fill; Love like a ban - ner o'er us is spread,
4. When falls the twi-light Of life's brief day, When from the hill- tops, light fades a - way;—Faith sees a dawn- ing, end - less and fair,

p CHORUS.

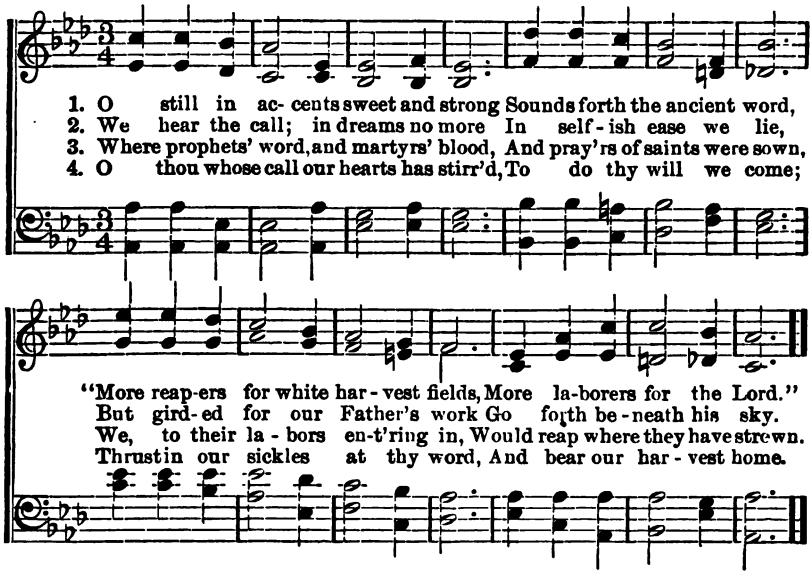
Wak- ing fond mem'ries of days that are gone.
While in commun- ion our hearts sweetly blend.
Vis - ions of glo - ry are hung o - ver - head.
E - ter- nal morning shall break o'er us there.
} Heav- en seems nearer

f *rit.*

when daylight dies, When gates of glo - ry are swung in the skies.

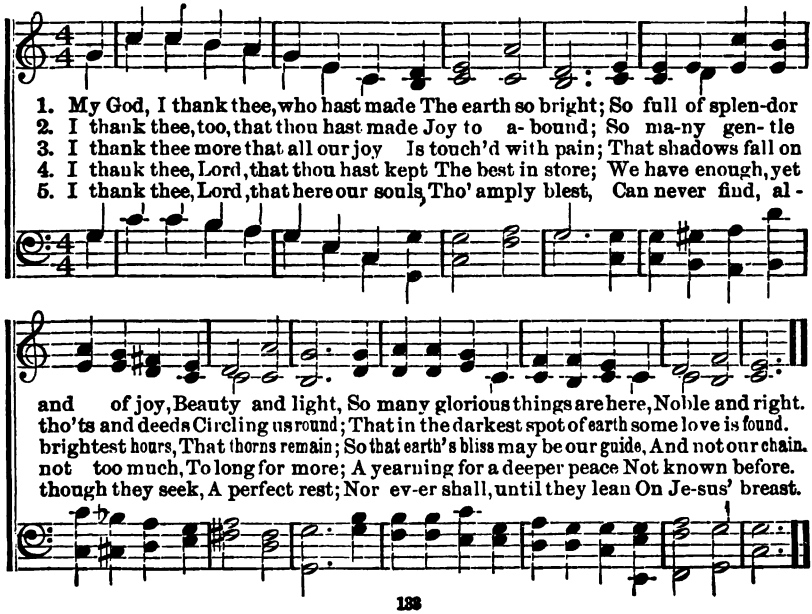
No. 133. O Still in Accents Sweet.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW. (Chappell. C. M.) WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



No. 134. My God, I Thank Thee.

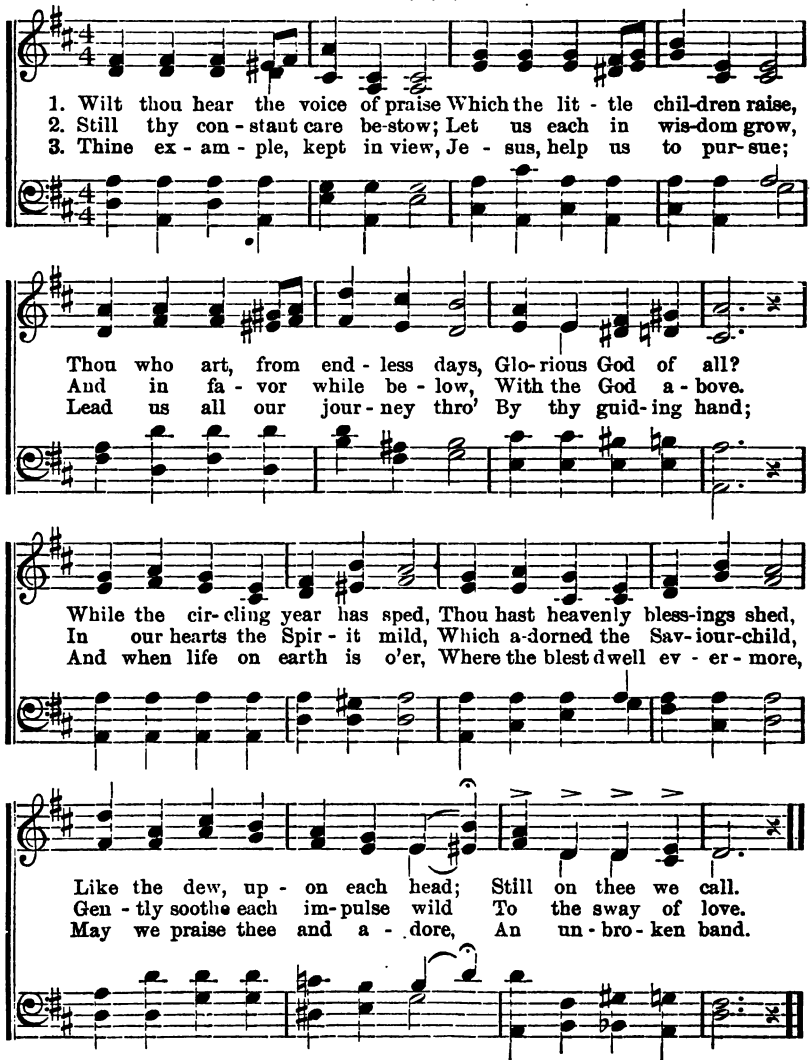
ADELAIDE A. PROCTER. (Wentworth. 8s, 4s. 6l.) FREDERICK C. MAKER.



Songs for the Little Ones
and for Special Occasions.

No. 135. Wilt Thou Hear the Voice of Praise?

CAROLINE L. RICE. (French. 7, 7, 7, 5. D.) WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



No. 136. Clap Your Hands for Joy.

J. H. K. J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1. Tho' our years are young and our strength is weak, Tho' we can-not work like men,
2. Tho' we can not go to the far off lands, We will gladly vol - un - teer,
3. When our lives were bought, he the ransom paid, And he made us white as snow;
4. We shall sing at last with the blood-washed throng, On the bright celes-tial shore;

We will raise our hands and for Je-sus speak, We will praise him all we can.
All to raise to Je-sus our lit-tle hands, And to praise him far and near.
So then raise all hands, for the Saviour said We should praise him here below.
Then we'll raise our hands till in sweeter song We shall praise him ev-er-more.

REFRAIN.

Clap your hands for joy, cheerful songs now bring, Ev'ry little girl and boy;

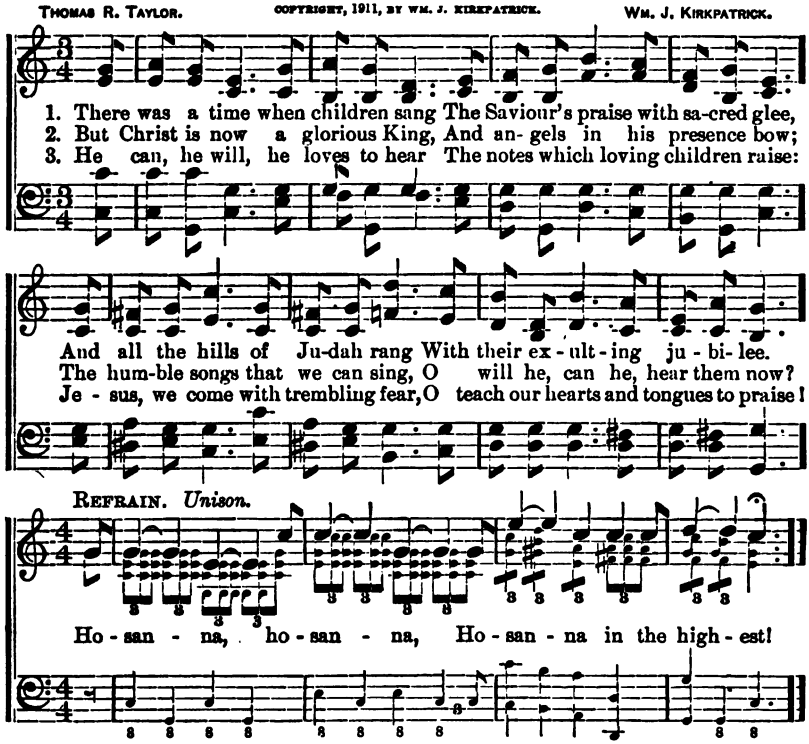
Je-sus loves to hear lit-tle children sing; Clap your ti-ny hands for joy.

NOTE.—Let the class raise their right hands while singing, "raise our hands," etc. All clap hands four times while singing, "Clap your hands for joy." Also clap hands on the closing words, "Clap your tiny hands for joy."

No. 137. There was a Time When Children Sang.

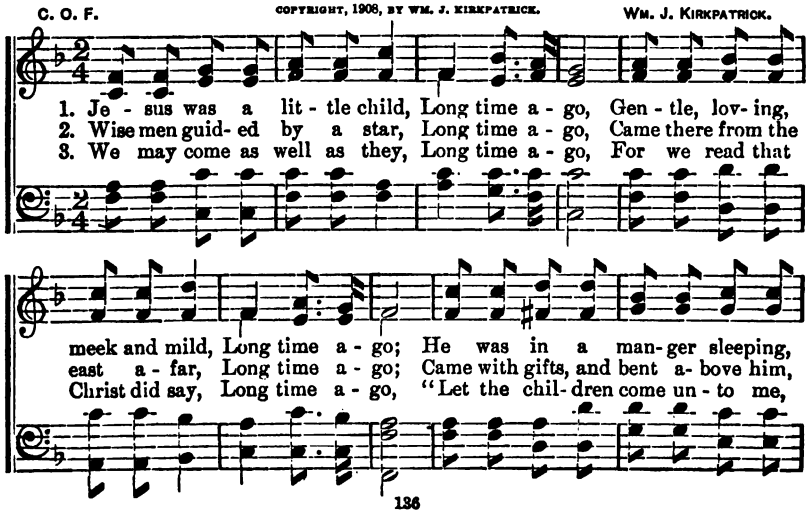
(Hosanna.)

THOMAS R. TAYLOR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

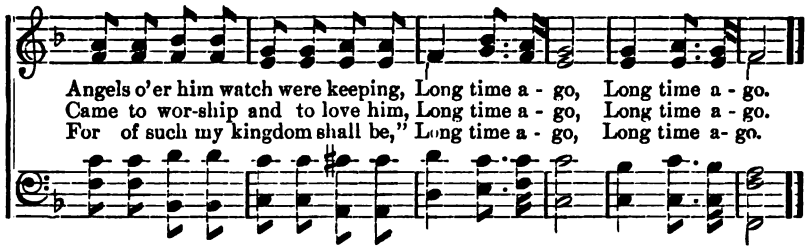


No. 138. Long Time Ago.

C. O. F. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

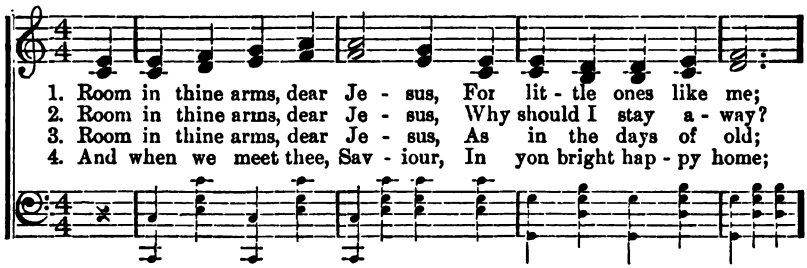


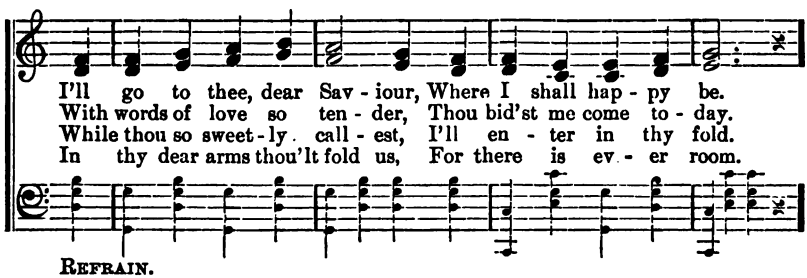
Long Time Ago.—Concluded.



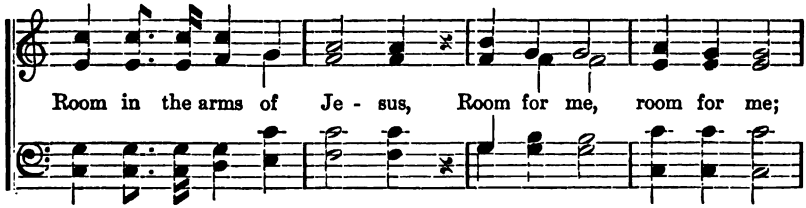
No. 139. Room in Thine Arms, Dear Jesus.

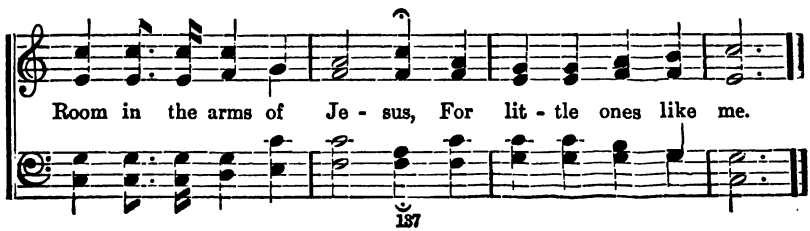
EMMA PITT. FROM "SILVERY ECHOES." USED BY PER. J. H. KURZENKNABE.





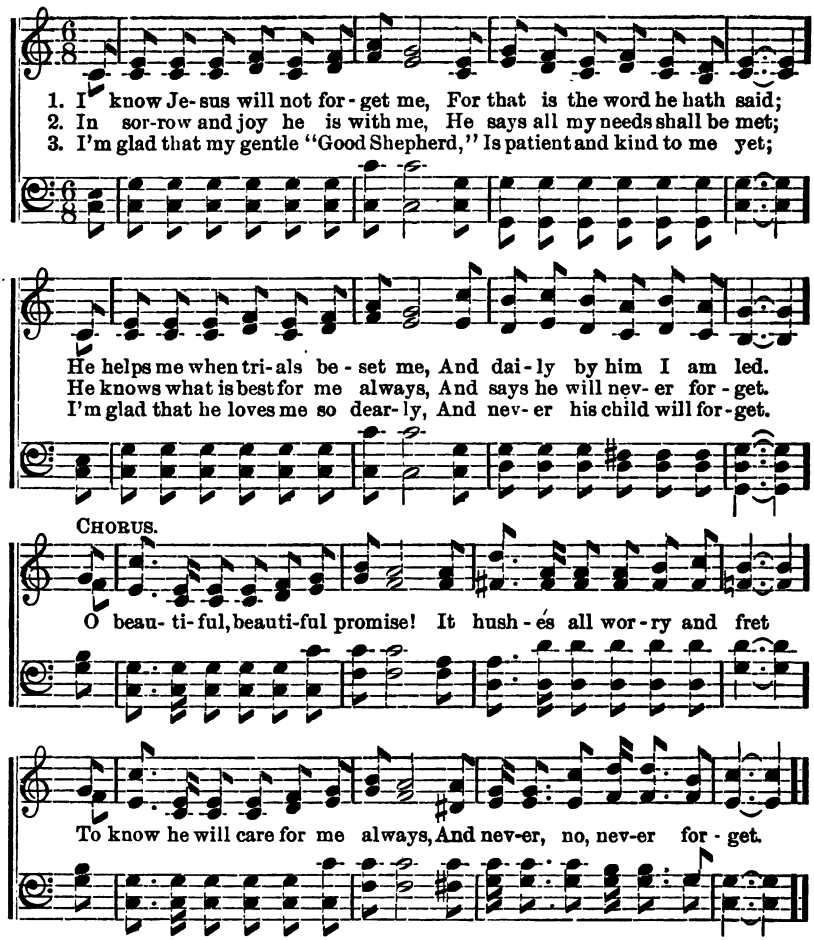
REFRAIN.





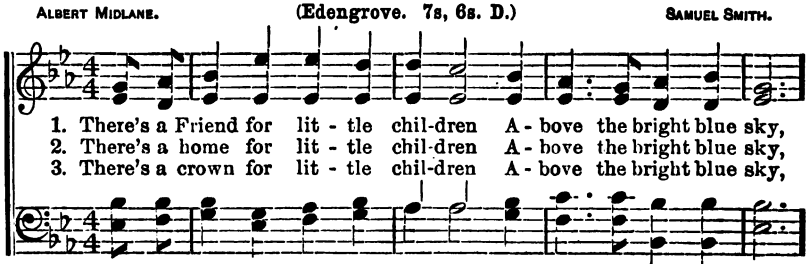
No. 140. Jesus Will Never Forget.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Harry Grey.

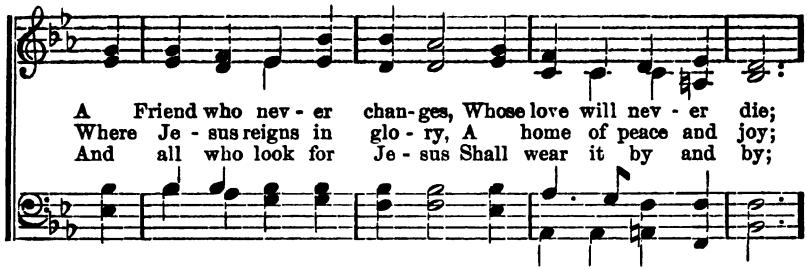


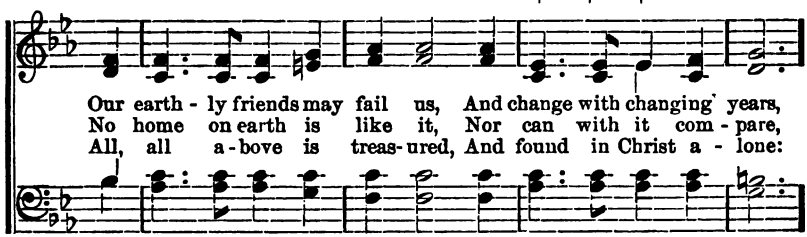
No. 141. There's a Friend.

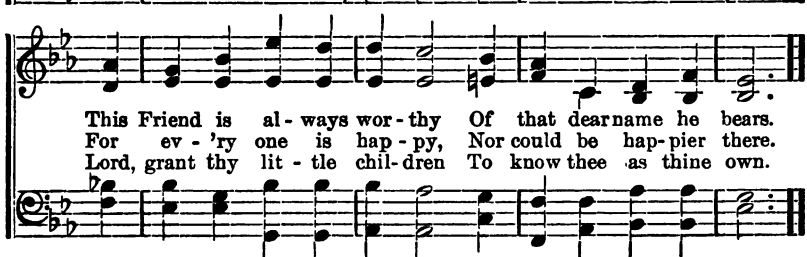
Albert Midlane. (Edengrove. 7s, 6s. D.) Samuel Smith.



There's a Friend.—Concluded.

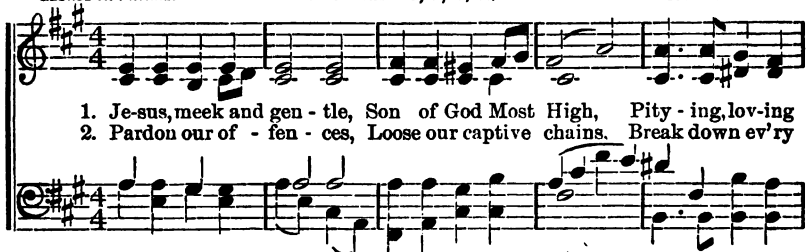


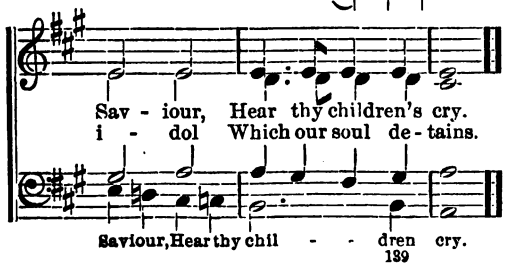




No. 142. Jesus, Meek and Gentle.

GEORGE R. PRYNNE. (Merrial. 6, 5, 6, 5.) JOSEPH BARNBY.





3 Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love;
Draw us, holy Jesus,
To the realms above.

4 Lead us on our journey,
Be thyself the way
Through terrestrial darkness
To celestial day.

No. 143. Shining for Jesus.

F. C. H. FRANK C. HUSTON.

1. We are Je-sus' sunbeams, shining ev- 'ry day, From the darksome places
2. In the love of Je - sus we will ev- er shine, O, the blessed priv'lege
3. Je - sus ev - er loves us, he is ev- er true, He will not forsake us

driv- ing gloom a- way; Shin-ing for the Mas-ter with a kind-ly ray;
that is yours and mine; Send-ing forth the gra - ces of our Lord di-vine,
all the journey thro'; We will try to serve him, and his will to do,

CHORUS. *Unison to parts*

We will ev - er shine for Je - sus. Shin-ing, shining brightly ev-'ry day,

Harmony.

Shin - ing, shin - ing all a - long the way; With a kind - ly deed and

ev - er - pres - ent smile, We will ev - er shine for Je - sus.

No. 144. Welcome, O Beautiful Easter Time.

JULIA H. JOHNSON. (The Awakening.) WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Welcome, O beau- ti - ful East - er time, Sweet are the ech - o - ing
2. Un - der the cov - er of sleet and snow, Safe - ly the flow - ers have
3. Je - sus, who slept in the gar - den tomb, Wak - ens the lil - ies that

bells that chime; Fair are the flow-ers that seek the light, Af - ter the
slept be - low; Now, as the sun beams and rain-drops fall, Glad-ly they
bud and bloom. Life ev - er - last-ing to us he gives; Je - sus is

CHORUS.

win-ter's long, qui - et night.
wake, at their Mak - er's call.
ris - en, the Sav - iour lives.
Lis - ten, O lis - ten! The

cres. *m cres.*

tune - ful bells Call us to praise to - day. Earth is a -

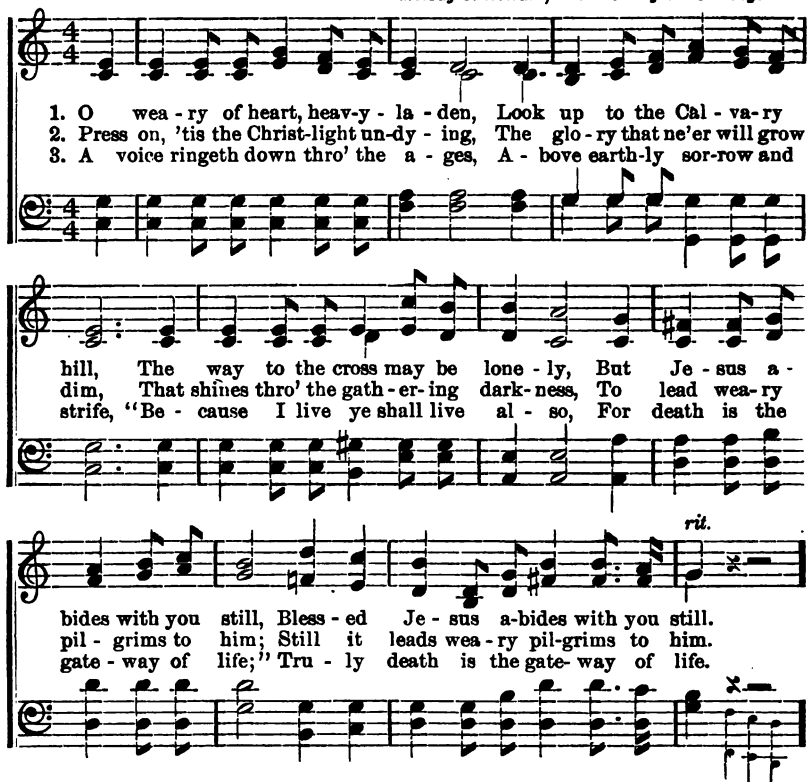
ff

wak-ing, the glad day is breaking, Let us give thanks, and pray.

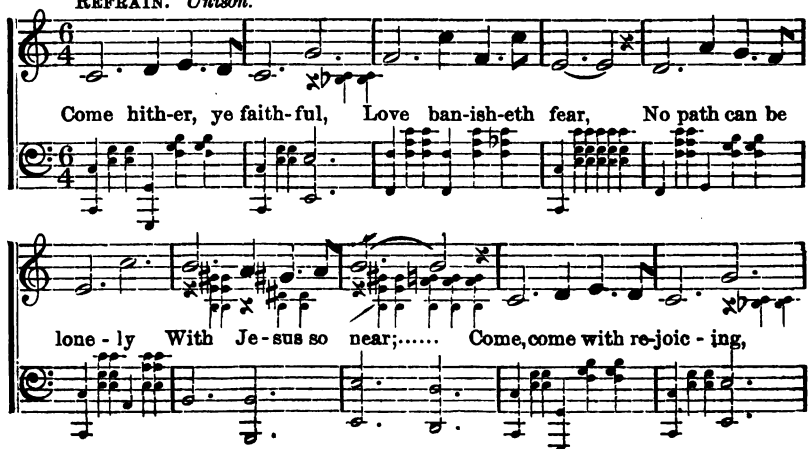
No. 145. Life and Light Forever.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. ADAM GEIBEL.

Melody of Refrain, Paul Rodney's "Calvary."



REFRAIN. *Unison.*



Life and Light Forever.—Concluded.

cres. *mf*

Hail our ris - en King! Life and light for- ev - er, Life and light for-

Harmony.

f rit.

ev - er, Life and light for - ev - er, Christ to us doth bring.

No. 146. O Worship the King.

ROBERT GRANT. (Lyons. 10s, 11s.) F. J. HAYDN.

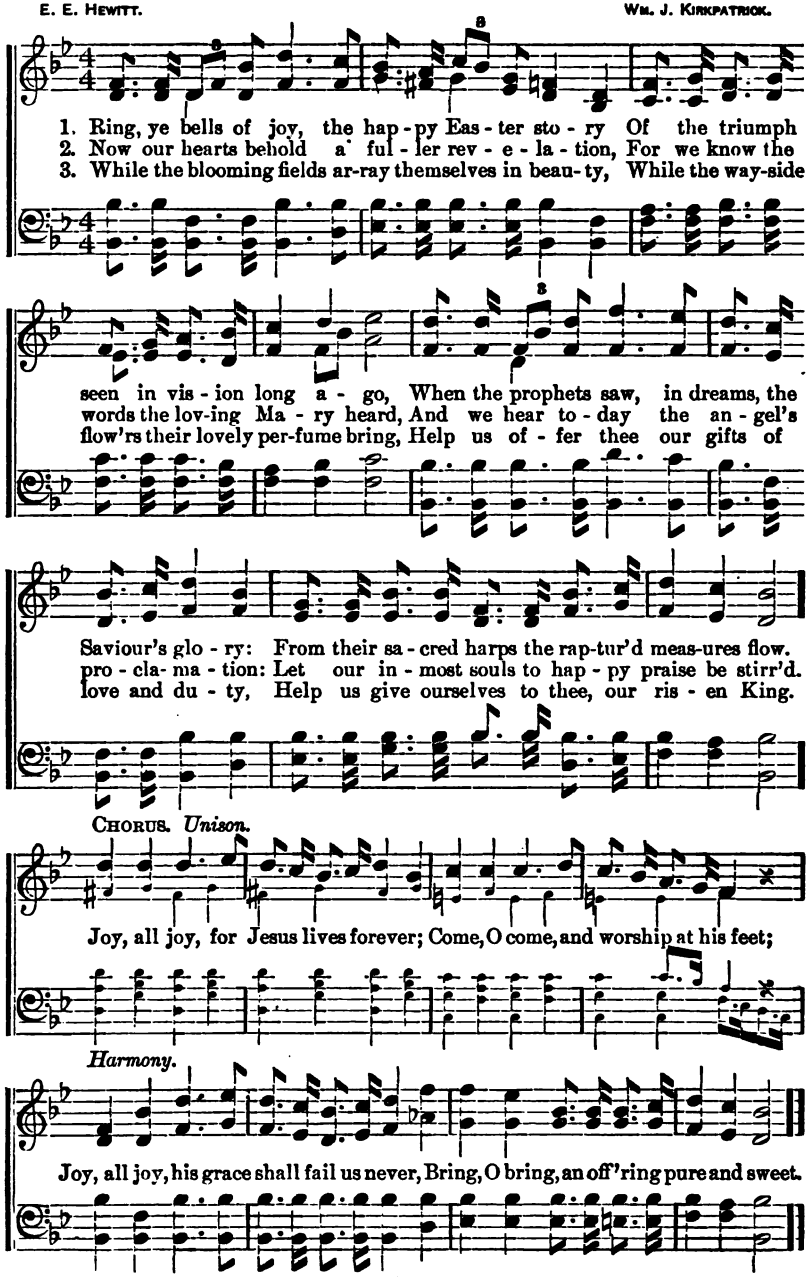
1. O wor-ship the King all glo-rious a - bove, And grate-ful - ly
2. O tell of his might, O sing of his grace, Whose robe is the
3. Thy boun- ti - ful care what tongue can re - cite? It breathes in the

sing his won - der - ful love; Our Shield and De - fend - er, the
light, whose can - o - py space; His char- iots of wrath the deep
air, it shines in the light, It streams from the hills, it de-

An - cient of days, Pa - vil-ioned in splendor and gird - ed with praise.
thun-der clouds form, And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.
scends to the plain, And sweetly dis - tils in the dew and the rain.

No. 147. Ring, ye Bells of Joy.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



No. 148. Crowned in Thy Glory.

Mrs. R. N. Turner. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Crown'd in thy glo - ry, and cloth'd in thy pow'r, Son of the
2. Not as the hum - ble and sor - row - ful One, Come thou, O
3. Come as the Con - quer - or com - eth to - day, Bring - ing us
4. Nev - er was vic - to - ry great - er than thine! Help me thy

High-est a - rise! Thus to be - hold thee this won - der - ful hour,
Sav - iour di - vine! Rise in thy glo - ry; thy bat - tle is done,
hope and re - lease; An - gels be - fore thee in ho - ly ar - ray,
glo - ry to see! So that thy blest res - ur - rec - tion be mine,

Chorus.

O - pen my heart and my eyes.
Pow'r and do - min - ion are thine.
Sound - ing the bu - gle of peace.
Rise, O my Sav - iour, to me!

Sing to our Sav - iour a

glo - ri - ous song, Raise the loud an - them on high, An - gels a -

round him the ech - oes pro - long, Prais - ing him, Lord of the sky!

No. 149. There's a Song in the Air.

JOSIAH G. HOLLAND. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. There's a song in the air, there's a star in the sky! There's a
2. There's a tu - mult of joy o'er the won - der - ful birth, For the
3. In the light of that star lie the a - ges impearled, And that
4. We re - joice in the light and we ech - o the song That comes

rallentando. *ff* *a tempo.*

moth-er's deep pray'r, and a ba - by's low cry! And the star rains its
Vir-gin's sweet boy is the Lord of the earth. Ay! the star rains its
song from a - far has swept o - ver the world. Ev - 'ry hearth is a -
down thro' the night from the heav - en-ly throng. Ay! we shout to the

dim. rallentando.

fire while the beau - ti - ful sing, For the man-ger of Beth - le- hem
fire while the beau - ti - ful sing, For the man-ger of Beth - le- hem
flame and the beau - ti - ful sing In the homes of the na-tions that
love - ly e - van- gel they bring, And we greet in his cra - dle our

a tempo. *cres.* *rit.* *lento.* *ff*

cra-dles a King! For the man - ger of Beth - le- hem cra-dles a King!
cra-dles a King! For the man - ger of Beth - le- hem cra-dles a King!
Je - sus is King! In the homes of the na-tions that Je - sus is King!
Saviour and King! And we greet in his cra - dle our Saviour and King!

No. 150. O Little Town of Bethlehem.

(St. Louis. 8s, 6s. D. Irregular.)

PHILLIPS BROOKS. LEWIS H. REDNER.

1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee lie!
2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry, And gath - ered all a - bove,
3. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly, The won - drous gift is giv'n!
4. O Ho - ly Child of Beth - le - hem! De - scend to us, we pray;

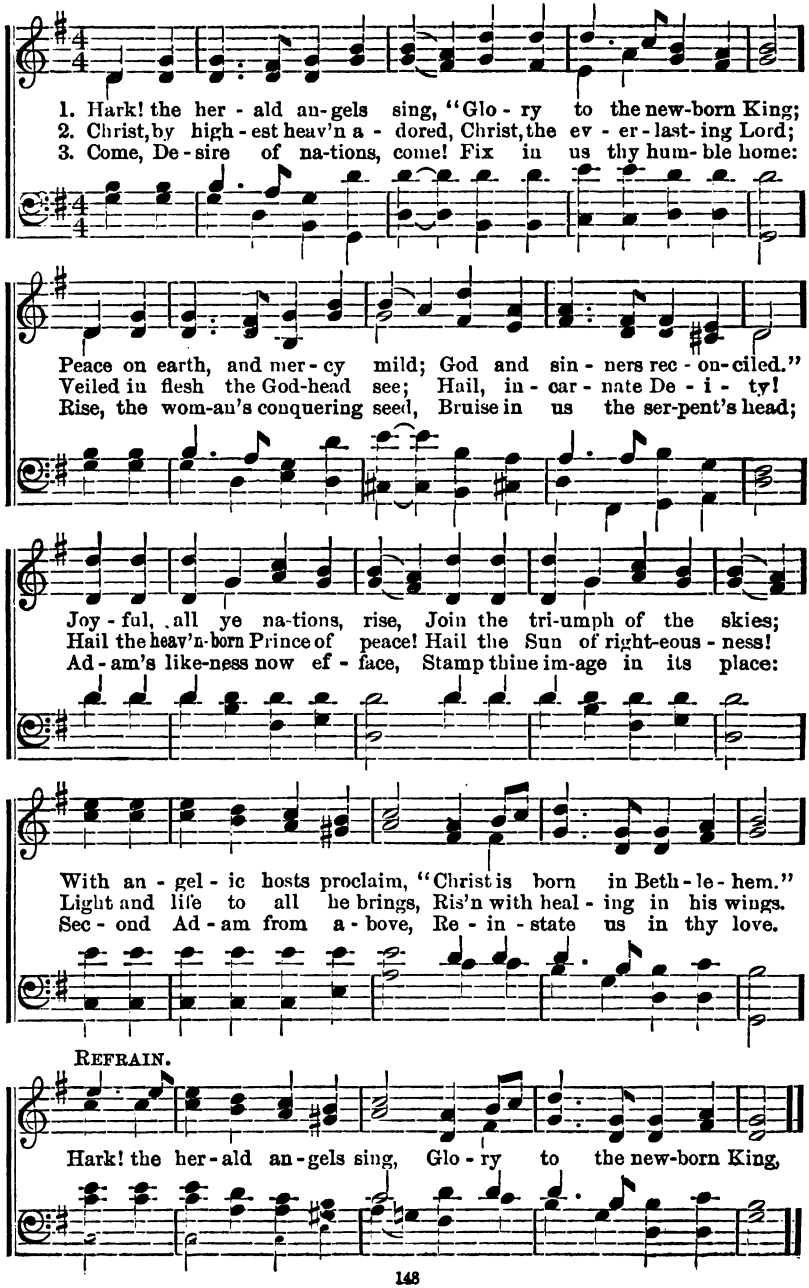
A - bove thy deep and dreamless sleep The si - lent stars go by;
While mor - tals sleep, the an - gels keep Their watch of wond'ring love.
So God im - parts to hu - man hearts The bless - ings of his heav'n.
Cast out our sin, and en - ter in, Be born in us to - day.

Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light;
O morn - ing stars, to - geth - er Pro - claim the ho - ly birth,
No ear may hear his com - ing, But in this world of sin,
We hear the Christ - mas an - gels The great glad ti - dings tell;

The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.
And prais - es sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth!
Where meek souls will re - ceive him still, The dear Christ en - ters in.
O come to us, a - bide with us, Our Lord Im - man - u - el!

No. 151. Hark! the Herald Angels.

CHARLES WESLEY. (Mendelssohn. 7s. D.) FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.



No. 152. Silent Night.

J. F. Warner. Franz Gruber.

Andante.

1. Si - lent night! hallow'd night! Land and deep si - lent sleep,—Soft-ly glit-ters bright Bethlehem's star, Beck'ning Is - ra-el's eye from a - far, Where the Sav-iour is born,— Where the Sav-iour is born.
2. Si - lent night! hallow'd night! On the plain wakes the strain, Sung by heav-en - ly har-bin-gers bright, Fraught with tidings of boundless de-light, Je - sus, the Sav-iour has come,— Je - sus, the Sav-iour has come.
3. Si - lent night! hallow'd night! Earth, a - wake, si-lence break, High your anthems of mel - o - dy raise, Sing to heav - en in cor - di - al praise, Peace for - ev - er shall reign,— Peace for - ev - er shall reign.

No. 153. For the Man of Galilee.

S. J. Duncan-Clarke. Tune.—"Mendelssohn," opposite page.

1 Shout aloud the stirring summons
O'er the land from sea to sea,
Men are wanted, men of courage,
For the Man of Galilee.
O thou Man of Galilee!
Thou who died to set me free,
‖: We will follow only thee,
Blessed Man of Galilee! :‖

2 Men are wanted, men of purpose,
Men of high or low degree,
Each to be a fellow-worker
With the Man of Galilee.
O thou Man of Galilee!
In the fight to set men free.
‖: We will follow only thee,
Glorious Man of Galilee! :‖

3 From the counting house and college,
From the forge and factory,
Lo, there throngs a loyal legion
For the Man of Galilee.
O thou Man of Galilee!
We will follow only thee,
‖: Faithful service ours shall be,
Blessed Man of Galilee! :‖

4 Onward! are his marching orders,
He who leads to victory,
Onward! till the world is taken
For the Man of Galilee.
O thou Man of Galilee!
We will follow only thee,
‖: Thou our peerless leader be,
Glorious Man of Galilee! :‖

No. 154. Our Flag.

(It is suggested that American Flags be waved during the singing of this hymn.)

EDWARD A. COLLIER. REV. BENJAMIN E. DICKHAUT.

March time.

f *mf* *cres.*

Marcato.

1. Hail, O flag, in ev-'ry breeze now streaming,
2. Few thy stars, when dim-ly on our na-tion
3. Hal-lowed flag! from no-ble sires de-scend-ing,

Near and far, o'er land and sea un-furled; How thy col-ors,
Dawned the light of freedom, hard-ly won. Now, be-hold! a
We, their sons, be-side each honored grave, Pledge to thee our

Ped. ✱ *Ped.* ✱

as a bea-con gleaming, Sig-nal—freedom to the whole wide world!
clustered constel-la-tion! Ev-'ry star a nev-er set-ting sun!
loy-al-ty un-end-ing, Pray—our father's God, our coun-try save!

Ped. ✱

Red of blood out-poured for thy de-fend-ing—White of peace and
When sea-waves, a-gainst the heav'ns prevailing, Pale the glo-ries
So may we, when last up-on thee glancing, See thy blue with

Ped. ✱ *Ped.* ✱

Our Flag.—Concluded.

pur - i - ty di - vine— Blue of truth, the ty-rant's fetters rending—
of the vault of night, War and trea - son may, thy stars as - sail-ing,
not one star ef - faced; See thy splen - dor still full high ad-vanc-ing,

Ped. *

rall. colla voce. CHORUS.

In all skies with billowy beauty shine.
Quench their flame for liberty and right. } From thy folds, O, be there blotted
Not one stripe pollu-ted or e - rased.

nev - er, This em - blaz - oned mot- to from of yore— "Lib - er - ty

rall.

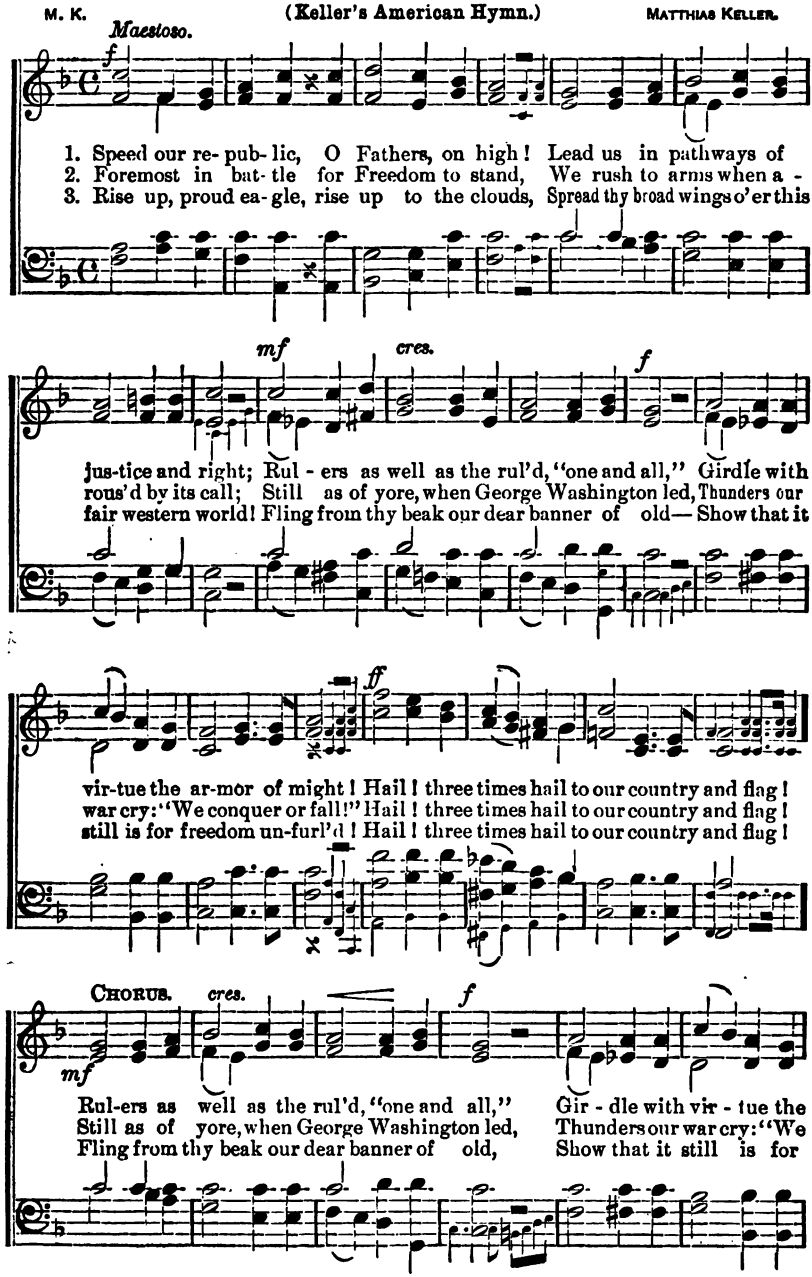
And Un-ion, now, and ev - er! One, in - sep - a - ra - ble, ev - er - more!"

f

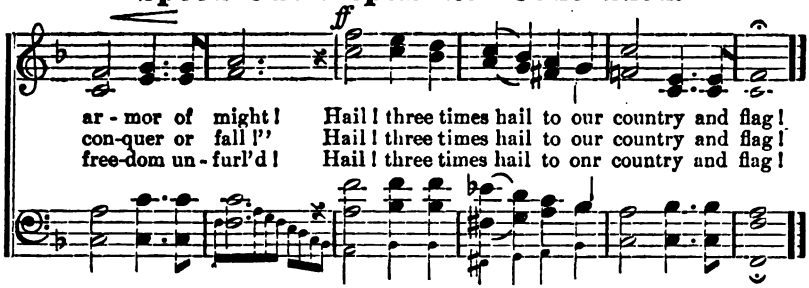
No. 155. Speed Our Republic.

USED BY PERMISSION.

M. K. (Keller's American Hymn.) MATTHIAS KELLER.

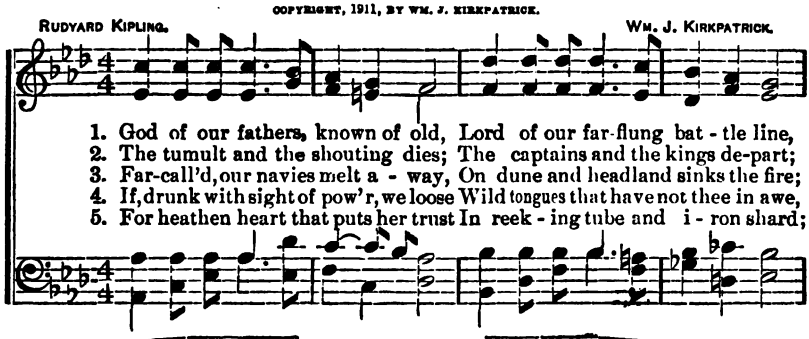


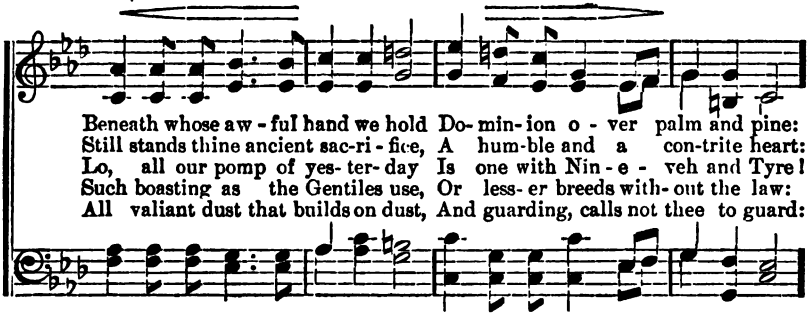
Speed Our Republic.—Concluded.

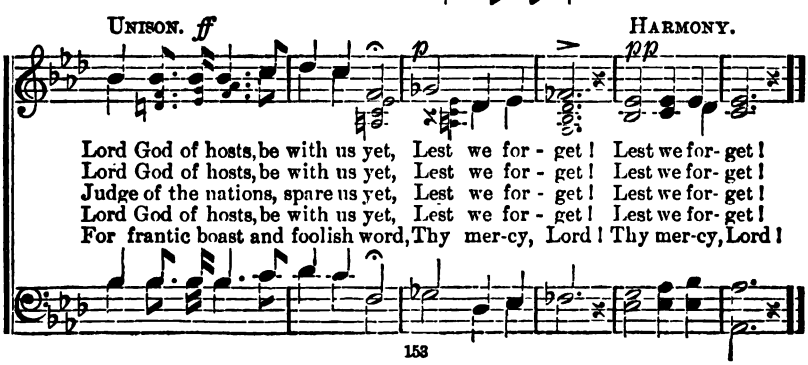


No. 156. Lest We Forget!

RUDYARD KIPLING. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

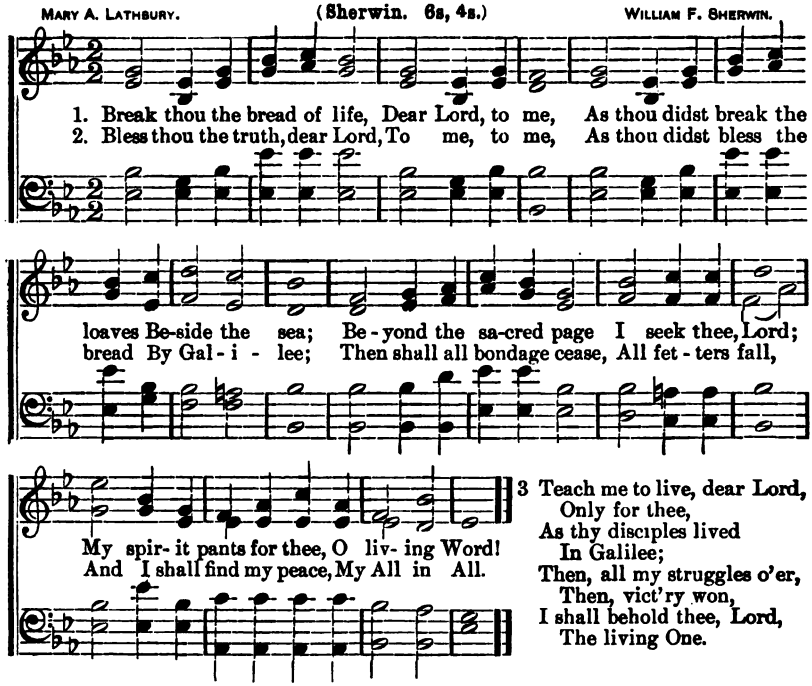






No. 157. Break Thou the Bread of Life.

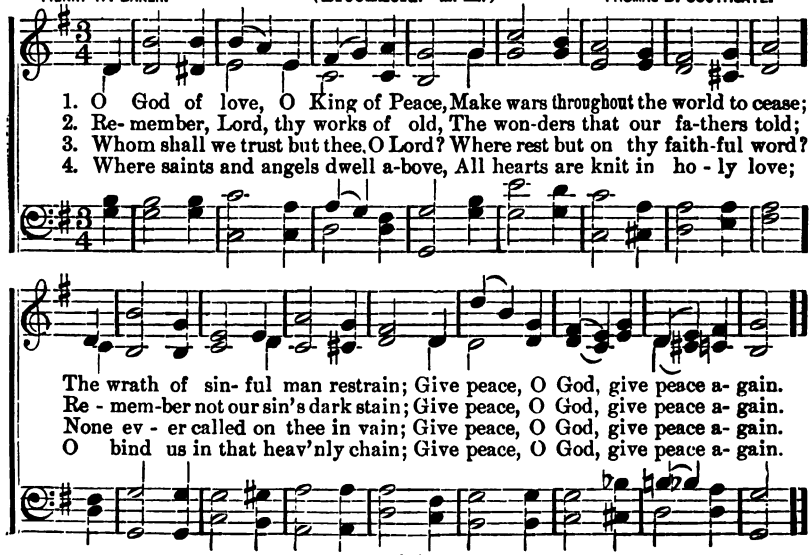
MARY A. LATHBURY. (Sherwin. 6s, 4s.) WILLIAM F. SHERWIN.



3 Teach me to live, dear Lord,
Only for thee,
As thy disciples lived
In Galilee;
Then, all my struggles o'er,
Then, vict'ry won,
I shall behold thee, Lord,
The living One.

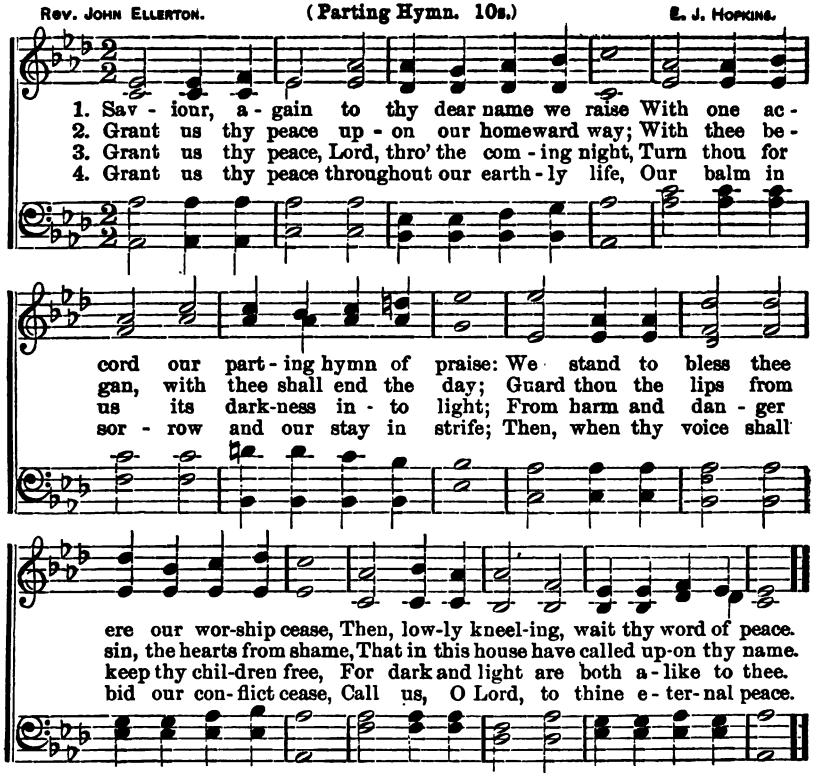
No. 158. O God of Love. (Hymn for Peace.)

HENRY W. BAKER. (Brookfield. L. M.) THOMAS B. SOUTHGATE.



No. 159. Saviour, Again.

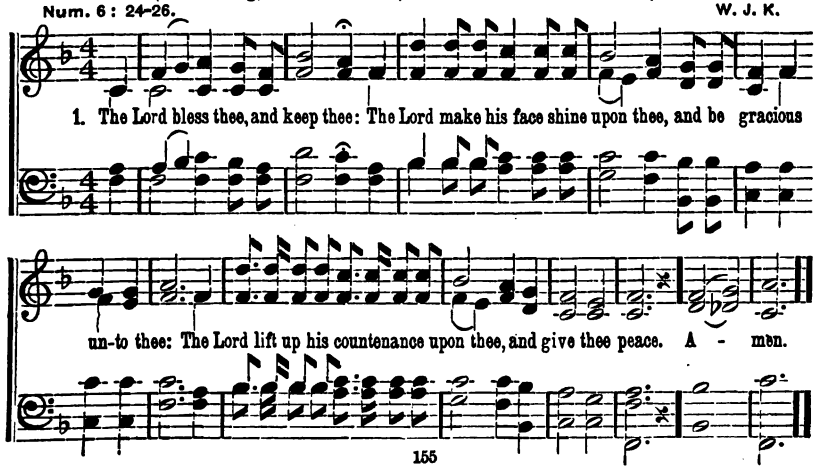
Rev. John Ellerton. (Parting Hymn. 10s.) E. J. Hopkins.



No. 160. The Lord Bless Thee.

(For closing, or other service, in the absence of a minister.)

Num. 6 : 24-26. W. J. K.



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